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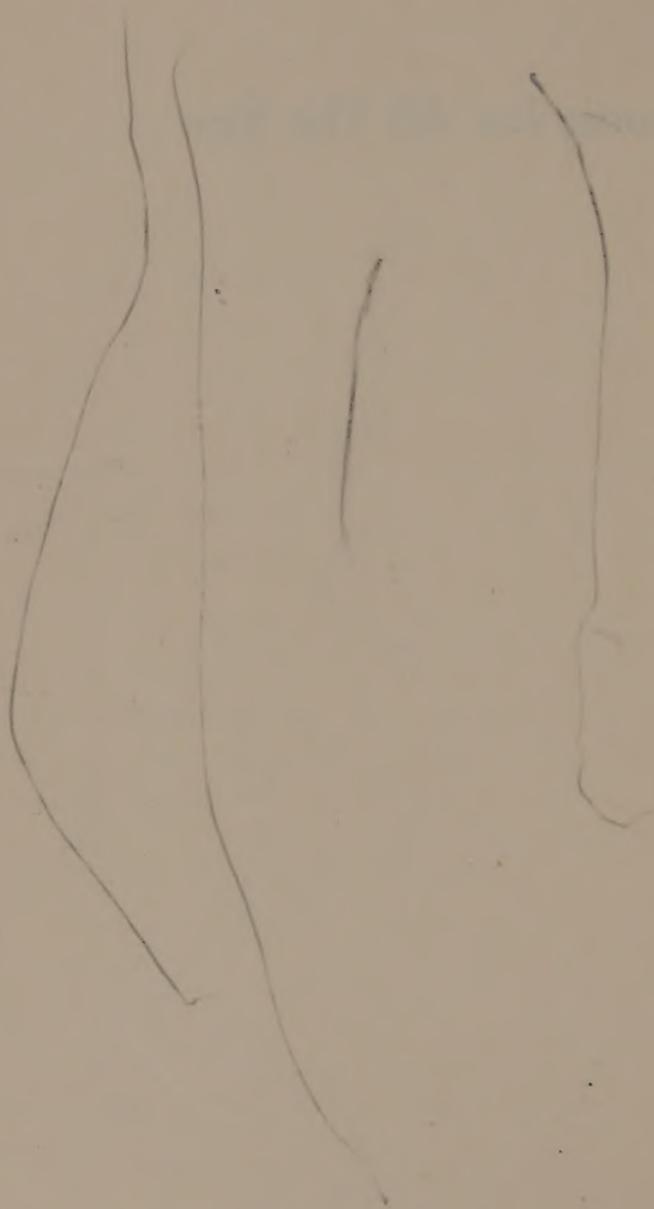
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Stories For All The Year



Stories For All The Year

Every-day Life Stories
Religiously Interpreted

By SARA WARD STOCKWELL



PHILADELPHIA

THE JUDSON PRESS

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PREFACE

In the work of religious education there has seemed to be a special need of story material that children themselves may read, or that parents and teachers may read or tell to children. The purpose of this book is to provide such story material, and to show the working out of religious truth in the life of a child in the varied experiences that come to him throughout the year. That the stories are seasonal and have a definite sequence will, I hope, give them added value.

It is the author's earnest wish that these stories may interest both girls and boys and help them to live truer, happier lives.

Teachers and parents using this book as a supplementary book in religious education are referred to the appendix in which the stories have been listed according to topical, ethical interest, and have been graded according to the age of the child.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
1. A NEW COAT	1
2. THE GIVER OF ALL GOOD GIFTS	2
3. A WALK IN THE DEEP SNOW	4
4. WHEN EDWARD WAS AFRAID	7
5. MAKING THE DAY HAPPY	9
6. A WONDERFUL BOOK	13
7. COMING HOME IN THE DARK	17
8. THE BLUE NECKTIE	19
9. THE KINGDOM OF HAPPINESS	22
10. EDWARD SEES A BIG PARADE	26
11. SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY	28
12. GRANDMA MACKAY	30
13. THE MAGIC AIRSHIP	31
14. THE GOOD SHEPHERD	35
15. BUILDING A HOUSE	37
16. THE MARCH WIND AND THE SEEDS	41
17. IN THE HOSPITAL	44
18. ISADORE	49
19. A STORY ABOUT SEED AND SOIL	52
20. A DOER OF THE WORD	55
21. SANDWICHES AND CHOCOLATE CAKE	57
22. LEARNING THE MULTIPLICATION TABLES	58
23. MAKING THE KINGDOM OF HAPPINESS GROW	59
24. WHEN FATHER WAS AWAY	61
25. WHAT CAME UP IN EDWARD'S GARDEN	63
26. HONORING THE KING	65
27. HONORING JESUS ON THE PLAYGROUND	69
28. WHEN EDWARD WAS A TRUANT	71
29. NEW NEIGHBORS	76
30. STORIES OF JESUS' LAST DAYS ON EARTH	78
31. NATURE EASTER STORIES	82

Contents

	PAGE
32. BIBLE EASTER STORIES	83
33. WHAT EDWARD DID WITH HIS EASTER PLANT	88
34. A RIDE THROUGH THE COUNTRY	89
35. THE QUARREL	90
36. A BREAKFAST ON THE SHORE OF GALILEE	93
37. BIRDS IN THE RAIN	96
38. GRANDMA MACKAY GOES TO ANOTHER HOME	99
39. A NEW FRIEND	101
40. WHAT EDWARD AND STEVE PLANTED IN THEIR GARDENS..	102
41. GARDENS—RAIN—SUNSHINE	103
42. FORGIVENESS	106
43. MEMORIAL DAY	111
44. NEIGHBORS OF OTHER LANDS	113
45. THE STORY OF ROBERT MORRISON	116
46. WEEDS IN THE FIELDS	118
47. THE MISSIONARY PARTY	119
48. THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND	124
49. THE STORY OF THE WHITE LAMB AND THE BLACK LAMB..	128
50. MAKING OTHERS HAPPY	130
51. TALKING TO OUR UNSEEN FRIEND	132
52. THE THUNDER-STORM	136
53. JALMER AND THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL PICNIC.....	139
54. THE GOOD SAMARITAN	143
55. A LONG JOURNEY	146
56. BEING A SOLDIER	153
57. A GARDEN, A BOY, AND A FRIENDLY HOP-TOAD	155
58. BEFRIENDING A RICH BOY	160
59. BESIDE THE BROOK	162
60. EDWARD HAS A NARROW ESCAPE	165
61. BEFRIENDING AN ENEMY ON GRANDPA'S FARM	168
62. COWS AND HENS AND KITTENS	173
63. HONEYBEES	177
64. A GAME OF CROQUET	179
65. PLAYING ROBINSON CRUSOE	182
66. SWEET APPLES	184
67. A CAT AND A DOG BECOME GOOD FRIENDS	187

Contents

	PAGE
68. THE SWIMMING-POOL	188
69. GERANIUMS FOR A WINDOW GARDEN	193
70. "WHAT, FATHER?"	194
71. A DAY IN THE WOODS	195
72. THE SEASHORE	199
73. EDWARD CLIMBS A FORBIDDEN TREE AND EATS TOO MANY APPLES	203
74. THE PICTURE STORY-PAPER	205
75. A DREAM IN THE GARDEN	206
76. MONEY TO SAVE AND GIVE AND SPEND	208
77. THE CHURCH ON A WEEK-DAY	209
78. A BAG OF SUGAR AND A WET AFTERNOON	210
79. THE RIGHT KIND OF FUN WITH A B-B GUN	213
80. THE MIND TREASURY	216
81. WHO GAVE IT ALL?	218
82. FINDING A LOST PURSE	220
83. LONG DIVISION AND A BOY OF THE MOUNTAINS	223
84. TWO NEW BLOUSES AND A WOOD-PILE	226
85. THE STORY OF THE RECHABITES AND OTHER TEMPERANCE STORIES WHICH EDWARD HEARD AT SUNDAY SCHOOL	229
86. A HUNGRY BOY AND A CHOCOLATE CAKE	235
87. A MAN WHO DID NOT SAY NO	237
88. HALLOWE'EN AND THE GOLDEN RULE	239
89. CRUEL PLANTS AND TRAPS	243
90. EDWARD'S PART IN A PLAY AT SCHOOL	244
91. A BROKEN WINDOW	247
92. A HUT AND A HOME	249
93. EDWARD'S THANKSGIVING GIFTS	253
94. NEIGHBORS ACROSS THE STREET	254
95. THANKSGIVING DAY	258
96. HELPING A FRIEND	259
97. FORGIVING A FRIEND	260
98. A CAN OF PINEAPPLE	262
99. ENEMIES	263
100. THE OTHER BOY	265
101. CHRISTMAS SECRETS	268

Contents

	PAGE
102. GIFTS OF SERVICE	270
103. THE CHRISTMAS PARTY	272
104. CHRISTMAS GREETINGS BETWEEN ENEMIES	274
105. EDWARD PLAYS SANTA CLAUS	275
106. CHRISTMAS DAY	276
107. "WHEN I GET BIG"	281
108. COASTING ON EVERGREEN HILL	283

1

A NEW COAT

The first thing Edward looked for when he opened his eyes on New Year's Sunday morning was his new coat hanging on the back of the chair near his bed. For a moment he feasted his eyes upon it. He put out his hand and touched its firm, brown, woolly surface. Then he jumped out of bed, gathered his clothes from the foot of the bed and tucked them under one arm, carefully hung his new coat over the other arm, and went down-stairs to get dressed in the warm living-room.

Mother was already there beside the fire in her low chair, holding Baby Ethel in her lap.

Edward hung the coat on the back of a chair that he might see it as he dressed.

"You are the best mother in the world to buy me such a nice coat," he said to his mother.

"You should be grateful to Father, too, for your new coat," said Mother, "for I bought it with his money. And there are others, too, to whom you should be grateful for your new coat—the merchant who put it in his store where I found it, the tailor who made it, the farmer who raised the wool for it, and Some One else who made the wool grow on the back of a sheep."

"I know," said Edward. "I must first of all thank God for it, for he made the wool grow on the back of a sheep. And Baby Ethel may thank him for the wool blanket that is wrapped about her. And, Mother, you may thank him for the warm wool sweater you have on."

"Baby Ethel is too little to say 'Thank you,'" said Mother, "but you and I can sing a song of thanks."

And together Mother and Edward sang:

Father, we thank thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light;
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the day so fair.

"'All that makes the day so fair' means my new coat just now," said Edward.

2

THE GIVER OF ALL GOOD GIFTS

Edward was in his place in Sunday school that New Year's Sunday morning. His teacher, Miss Hammond, talked with the children about Some One who gave good gifts to all the people of the world.

"He sends rain and sunshine to make wheat and corn and fruits and vegetables grow," said Miss Hammond. "Our mothers could not give us our nice breakfasts if it were not for him. We could not have any cotton or woolen clothes if he did not first make

cotton to grow in southern cotton-fields, and wool to grow on the backs of sheep. And we could not have any pleasant, warm houses to live in if he did not first make big trees to grow to make lumber for houses and fuel for fires. Who is this Giver of all good gifts?"

Up went Edward's hand, and he said, "He is God."

"Yes, he is God," said Miss Hammond, "and he is our heavenly Father, for he made us too. Here in the Bible it tells that he made all things. One Bible verse says, IN THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED THE HEAVEN AND THE EARTH. Another says, GOD MADE MAN. So we say, when we pray, OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED BE THY NAME. And we say also, EVERY GOOD GIFT AND EVERY PERFECT GIFT IS FROM ABOVE, COMING DOWN FROM THE FATHER."

The pond, a half mile from Edward's home, was now covered with thick, smooth, shining ice. After school on Monday afternoon Edward ran home for some bread and jelly and his new skates and hastened to the pond to join other boys and girls who with their skates and sleds and dogs were having a merry time.

Edward put on his skates, and slid and tumbled down, and got up again and again, until at last he was beginning to learn to skate. Joyously he followed in the wake of other boys and girls, going round and round the pond, until it began to grow dark. Then he started alone on the half-mile walk home. His legs

were tired and his hands and his feet were cold, but his cheeks were red and his heart was happy.

As he walked home in the crisp cold of the winter evening he saw, up in the deep blue sky, the evening star. Seeing the beautiful star made him think of God, his other Father, whose home was in heaven.

"He made the stars," thought Edward. "He made the world, he made me, he made the ice-pond, he made everything. And every day he gives us gifts."

Then he remembered one of the Bible verses he had learned in Sunday school:

EVERY GOOD GIFT AND EVERY PERFECT
GIFT IS FROM ABOVE, COMING DOWN FROM
THE FATHER.

3

A WALK IN THE DEEP SNOW

By noon the snowing and blowing had ceased. The sun came out and made the outdoor, white world look very beautiful and inviting.

After dinner Edward and his father wrapped up warmly and put on their overshoes and went for a walk through the deep snow, along the road that led to the woods.

"It is like a new world, with the snow over every hill and meadow and bush and tree," said Edward's father. "And it is a very beautiful world. HE HATH MADE EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL."

That is a Bible verse, Edward, that tells us that it was God who made all the beauty of the earth. And did you know, son, that the snow is really a warm blanket covering the seeds and roots that are sleeping under the ground? HE GIVETH SNOW LIKE WOOL. That is another Bible verse. In the autumn God puts to sleep many plants and insects and animals of the outdoor world, and when the weather gets cold he sends them a cover of snow to keep them warm."

"Like the warm, winter comfortable on my bed at home," suggested Edward.

"I know about another warm cover," said Edward presently. "It is the bark around the trunks of the trees. Every year it grows thicker and thicker. We learned that at school."

"Look!" exclaimed Father. "Up in that evergreen tree are some chickadees."

Edward looked and saw some plump, bright-eyed little birds flying around some cones hanging amid the thick, green, needlelike leaves.

"It is dinnertime for them, and they are going to eat the nuts from those cones. But wouldn't you think they would be cold in this winter weather?"

"Oh no, they are not cold," said Edward triumphantly. "They have a warm coat, a coat of feathers. And the feathers are oiled and make a raincoat, so the birds cannot get wet in rainy weather. The leaf buds, too, wear raincoats all winter long. We learned all that at Sunday school. Oh, look, Dad. There is a

squirrel, running up that tree! And he has a coat, too, a warm, furry one."

"Is it not wonderful," said Father, "how God takes care of birds and animals in winter, keeping them warm and giving them shelter and food? Back there, amid the thick leaves of the evergreen tree, those winter birds were finding warm shelter and food. That little squirrel is probably going to a cozy nest in a hollow tree, where he has a supply of nuts and acorns for *his* dinner. And other winter birds, snowbirds, blue jays, and sparrows, will have for their dinners berries and seeds that grow on tall bushes and weeds which the snow has not covered. And that makes me think of another Bible verse."

"Oh, I know that one," put in Edward. "It is, YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER FEEDETH THEM. We learned that at Sunday school."

"There are two things that you and I can do to help the birds in winter," said Edward's father. "One is to put out pieces of suet and baskets of crumbs for them for an extra treat. The other is to break the ice in some spot by the edge of the brook, when the weather is very cold, so the birds, and other outdoor creatures too, may be able to get a drink."

"Let us go over to the brook now," suggested Edward, "and if it is frozen over we will break the ice, so the birds can get a drink."

That afternoon, when Edward had returned home, he got his note-book and wrote in it all of the Bible

verses which he and his father had thought of, on that walk through the woods in the deep snow, his father helping him to remember them.

4

WHEN EDWARD WAS AFRAID

On Tuesday afternoon after school Edward had to stay at home to take care of Baby Ethel while Mother went to the store.

Baby Ethel lay in her carriage, her blue-and-white wool blanket over her, her blue eyes wide open, playing with her own little hands. All Edward had to do to take care of her was to stay in the living-room with her, and push the carriage back and forth if she cried, which he did for a long time.

Presently Baby Ethel's hands lay still on the coverlet, her eyes closed, and she fell asleep.

With Baby Ethel asleep, and the room so still, and the dark coming on, Edward began to feel lonely and forsaken. He wondered what kept Mother so long. He wished and wished that she would come.

Then in the stillness Edward heard a creaking sound. It came from the direction of the kitchen. He listened and heard it again. He felt terribly frightened. He dared not go to the kitchen door and look into the room to see what made the mysterious noise. He tiptoed close to Baby Ethel's carriage and crouched down

beside it. He wished his sister would wake up and cry, that he might not hear the creaking sound again. But hear it he did, again and yet again, and every minute he was becoming more frightened.

Then Edward's glance fell upon a picture hanging on the wall. It was a picture of a man sleeping on the ground near a ladder that had angels on it, coming down and going up. Often Edward had heard the Bible story that went with that picture. He knew the sleeping man was Jacob, far away from his home, and lonely. He remembered that God had been very near to Jacob that night and had taken care of him.

Edward thought also of the Bible story of how God had taken care of the Baby Jesus, when he was in danger, and of the Bible verse HE CARETH FOR YOU. And he said to himself: "God took care of Jacob and he took care of the Baby Jesus, and he will take care of Baby Ethel and me. And I'm going to try not to be afraid."

The creaking came again, but Edward kept his eyes fixed on the picture and thought of that story of long ago, and tried to pay no attention to the mysterious sound.

Then he heard his mother's step in the hall, and the next minute she was standing in the doorway of the living-room, her arms full of bundles, her comforting voice saying: "Mother was gone such a long time, wasn't she? But it was a long time before I could get waited on, and then there were so many things I had

to get. But you and Baby were all right, so nice and cozy here beside the fire."

"Oh, Mother," said Edward, "I did get so scared! I guess I was silly, though. I didn't mind so much after awhile. But, Mother, there was the strangest creaking sound coming from the kitchen, and I was awfully scared until I looked at that picture of Jacob and remembered that God was taking care of Baby Ethel and me."

Mother went at once to the kitchen, followed by Edward, to see what had made the creaking sound. On a chair stood a large clothes-basket, filled with clean clothes that had been washed and dried that day.

"Why, it must have been the basket," said Mother. "I have known a basket to creak in the strangest way. I am glad you were brave enough to try to get over being afraid. I am glad you remembered that God is always taking care of his children, and they need never be afraid, when they love him and are trying to do what is right."

5

MAKING THE DAY HAPPY

Edward awoke with a croupy cough the following Saturday morning. Mother rubbed his throat and chest with camphorated oil and put on warm pieces of flannel, and had him wear a woolen blouse, and told him he must stay in the house all day.

All this made Edward feel very cross. He did not like to have flannel on his throat and chest, he did not like to be bundled up in a woolen blouse, which, he declared, pricked his skin and made him feel uncomfortable. Above all, he did not want to stay in all day, for he had planned to have a jolly time playing outdoors in the snow.

"Breakfast is ready," came Mother's cheery voice, just as Edward was thinking all these grumpy thoughts.

"Don't want any," he mumbled.

Father came in and went to the window and pulled up the shade. The sun was just rising above a hill, lighting with gold the eastern sky. "The sky is very beautiful this morning," said Edward's father.

"Yes," assented Edward's mother, "the sky is very beautiful."

"It is a fine morning and I think it is going to be a fine day," said Edward's father.

But Edward's mother sighed. "There is something wrong about the morning," she said. "It is Edward's face. Look at Edward's face."

Father looked at Edward sitting in the low chair by the fire. He saw his frowning, cross expression, and he, too, sighed.

"No," he said, "I see it is not a fine morning after all, for dark clouds are gathered in Edward's face."

"With such a clear sky and such a beautiful sunrise it is a pity that it should not be a fine morning," said Edward's mother regretfully.

Edward, by the fire, stole a look at his parents and saw how sober and disappointed they looked. Yes, by being cross he really was spoiling the morning for them. He began to feel sorry. He decided he was not going to spoil the morning for them. "I am not going to be cross even if I do have to wear this woolen blouse and stay indoors," he said to himself.

He came and took his place at the breakfast-table. The frown was gone. He even smiled a little.

Mother began to look happy. Father began to look happy.

"Ah!" said Mother, "the sun is beginning to shine in Edward's face. It is a fine morning, after all."

"Yes," agreed Father, "and I think it is going to be a fine day."

That day Father and Mother had to go away for the afternoon, and Aunt Marian came to stay with Edward and Baby Ethel until they came home.

Aunt Marian was a teacher of little children in a public school and knew of many interesting games and stories for children, and could always think of something pleasant for them to do. On this particular afternoon she said to Edward,

"How would you like to make a snow-man?"

"Mother said I couldn't go out and play in the snow today," replied Edward.

"You will not have to go out in the snow to make our kind of a snow-man," said Aunt Marian. "Here in this warm room we shall make him. And

"Our snow-man shall be made of clay,
And he will never melt away."

"But we haven't any clay," said Edward.

"We will make some out of flour and salt and alum and water," said Aunt Marian.

"I'd like to make a clay snow-man," said Edward, his eyes brightening with anticipation. "But I didn't know you could make clay out of flour and salt and—what else did you say?"

"Alum," said Aunt Marian. "It takes only a little alum, and I have brought some of that with me. The flour and salt we may get from the pantry."

Into a bowl Aunt Marian put one cup of flour, one-half cup of salt, one teaspoon of alum, and a little water, and stirred the mixture with a spoon, and there in the bowl was some nice white modeling clay.

Edward laughed gayly. "I can make a fine snow-man with that," he said.

Baby Ethel awoke just then and had to be taken up and given her bottle of milk, and Aunt Marian let Edward make the snow-man.

"This snow isn't a bit cold," remarked Edward, as he worked away, using bits of a toothpick for eyes and nose and mouth, and buttons down the front, and a cap of paper for his head. "I shouldn't have believed you could make such a good snow-man," declared Aunt Marian, when it was finished.

"I've thought of something else to make," said Edward; "an Eskimo's snow hut."

After Edward had made several snow huts Aunt Marian announced that she had thought of something else to make. "It is a water-pitcher with two handles, such as is used in the land of Palestine, where Jesus lived. We might also make a model of a fountain like the one that is in Nazareth today."

"Oh yes, let us make them both," said Edward.

Aunt Marian made the fountain while Edward made the pitcher. As they worked Aunt Marian spoke of the Boy Jesus who had lived in Nazareth, and had probably carried water from the Nazareth fountain to his home, in just such a pitcher as Edward was making.

When Mother and Father came home there were the fountain and the water-pitcher, for them to see.

It really had been a happy day, happy in the morning because Edward had tried to make his father and mother happy, and happy in the afternoon because Aunt Marian had been sorry for a shut-in, half-sick boy, and had thought of something nice for him to do to make him happy.

6

A WONDERFUL BOOK

The next morning Edward's cold was better, and Mother had him wear a warm sweater under his coat and let him go to Sunday school. He was happy indeed because he could again be out in the crisp, cool, outdoors, and greatly enjoyed the mile walk to Sun-

day school. His heart was light and happy that morning, and he meant every word of the song of thanks and praise to God which he sang with the other children of his class.

Miss Hammond's talk that day was about a book that was the most wonderful book in the world.

"That wonderful book is our Bible," she said, and she took a Bible from the table and held it up so all the children could see it.

"This book is full of beautiful and interesting true stories," said Miss Hammond. "It is made up of two parts, the Old Testament and the New Testament. And each one of these two parts is made up of many small books.

"Here in the very first book of the Bible is the story of how our world and its people began. Here, in other parts of the Old Testament are stories of giants, angels, ships, lions, camels, tents, cities, gardens, and many, many other things.

"Here in the New Testament, a little past the middle, are stories of Jesus and his followers, and a description of the heavenly home.

"No other book in the world is so interesting and wonderful as this one, and no other book has so many different kinds of stories. It surely is no wonder that people love this book, the Bible, and think it is the most wonderful book in the world.

"But the Bible is even more than a wonderful, true story-book. It is a guiding light, given to us by the

heavenly Father, to show us how to be happy, and to show us the way to the heavenly home."

On the blackboard Miss Hammond then made a picture of a lighthouse, sending its rays of light near and far. And she explained that the Bible was really God's light shining like the light of the lighthouse, lighting the dark places of life, warning against dangers, and showing the way to the harbor of the happy, eternal home in heaven.

"The Bible is God's Word," said Miss Hammond, "and if we study it, and try to obey its laws, we shall be letting this light of God guide us, and teach us how to do what is right, and lead us to the heavenly home."

Then on the blackboard, under the picture of the lighthouse, Miss Hammond wrote this Bible verse, for Edward and his classmates to learn: THY WORD IS A LAMP UNTO MY FEET, AND A LIGHT UNTO MY PATH.

On the way home from Sunday school Edward thought about what Miss Hammond had said about the Bible. He had not known before that it was such a wonderful book. He wished he had a Bible of his very own. He decided that he would ask his mother to get him one for his birthday, which was coming soon.

Stories of Giants

That Sunday afternoon Edward brought the family Bible to his father, as he sat in his Morris chair beside the fire.

“Daddy,” said Edward, “at Sunday school this morning my teacher said the Bible was the most wonderful book in the world, and she said it had stories of giants, and lots and lots of other things in it. Will you find a story of a giant and read it to me?”

Edward’s father took the Bible and opened it to a book in the Old Testament, called the Book of Numbers (chapter 13, verses 17 to 33) and he read about giants that were long ago found in the land of Palestine. Then he turned to the Book of First Samuel (chapter 17), and read a story about a great giant of the Philistines, called Goliath, and how David the Shepherd Boy had conquered him.

When the Bible had been put away, and Father was reading his *Literary Digest*, Edward sat for some time sober and thoughtful.

He was thinking of a boy who lived on the corner down the road some distance. His name was Harold Johnson, and he was in Edward’s grade at school. Harold was teasing and quarrelsome, and sometimes used swear words, and sometimes said and did things that were dishonest. Few people liked Harold, but this did not seem to trouble him. He seemed sometimes to take pleasure in making trouble for others and being just as mischievous as possible.

When Mother came in with Baby Ethel and sat down on the couch beside him he spoke to her of Harold.

“He doesn’t go to Sunday school, mother,” he said, “and I guess he never has Bible stories at home, and

how is he to learn about God and how to do what is right and get to heaven?"

"You might invite him to go to Sunday school with you," suggested Mother.

"Guess I will," said Edward.

The very next day when Edward was walking to school with Harold he said, "We have a fine Sunday school at our church, and a dandy teacher. If I stop for you next Sunday do you want to go along with me to Sunday school?"

"No," replied Harold.—"I don't want to go to any old Sunday school."

7

COMING HOME IN THE DARK

Just as Mother was setting the table for supper on Monday evening she discovered that the bread-box was empty, and she told Edward he would have to go to the store for bread.

"It will be quite dark when you are coming home," she said, "but you will be able to see the light in the kitchen window, and I shall be standing there at the window watching for you, and I am sure you will not be afraid."

"I won't be afraid," said Edward, going to the closet for his coat and cap.

The store was about a quarter of a mile from Edward's house, but there were no other houses on that

side of the road and he knew his mother, standing at the kitchen window, could see him almost all the way. So even if it were dark when he was coming home he wasn't going to be afraid:

It was indeed dark when Edward came out of the store, the bread tucked under his arm.

He peered through the darkness in the direction of his home and there, sure enough, was the light in the kitchen window.

He was not afraid, but it was very windy and cold and unpleasant outdoors that winter evening, and he thought he would surely be glad when he was back again in his cheerful, warm home, with Mother and Baby Ethel, and Father, too, a little later, when he returned from work.

He kept his eyes fixed on the light in the window, and was glad as he came nearer and nearer to it, and it grew brighter and brighter.

Presently, as he came nearer and nearer to that home light, he thought of what Miss Hammond had said at Sunday school, the day before, about the Bible being a light to guide us to the heavenly home.

"I guess it is like the light from the window, guiding me to home and mother," thought Edward, "only the Bible guides us to the home in heaven and to God."

That evening Edward asked his mother if she would get a Bible for him for his birthday:

When his birthday came, a few days later, Mother did give him a Bible, one that had large print and

colored pictures. And Father gave him for a birthday present a Boy Scout knife.

8

THE BLUE NECKTIE

"Your blue necktie which Grandma sent you at Christmastime would look well with that blouse," said Mother, as Edward was dressing one morning.

"My old tie looks all right," said Edward hastily.

"Why don't you want to wear the new tie?" asked Mother.

"Because it ties in a bow under my chin," replied Edward. "I guess I'm too big now to wear that kind of a tie."

"Nonsense!" laughed Mother. "I think you would better wear it this morning. What would Grandma think if she knew you did not wear the pretty tie she sent you?"

"All right," said Edward heroically, "I'll wear it."

"That's a sensible boy," approved Mother, as she carefully tied the blue silk tie in a bow exactly under Edward's chin.

Edward went to school quite unhappy, afraid some one would tease him about that tie. He slipped into his seat and immediately got out pencil and paper and went to work on his arithmetic, hoping no one would notice the bow under his chin. Presently he glanced

about, to see if any one had noticed. And there was Harold Johnson, grinning at him, and pretending to smooth out a bow under his own chin.

Edward did not look at Harold again that morning, but he felt sure he had called the attention of other children to his tie, because others looked at him with laughing, teasing eyes.

Now, unhappily, Edward always minded a great deal and became very angry when people teased him. And this morning he became angrier and angrier with Harold, because he felt that he was to blame for the teasing of all the others.

When school was out at noon Harold, with several other boys, caught up to Edward as he was hurrying home.

"Mamma's little baby boy has such a pretty necktie," teased Harold.

Edward turned around and faced Harold. "If you say another word about my tie you'll be sorry," he warned.

"Doesn't our Eddy look sweet with that bow under his chin," went on Harold.

The next moment Edward was upon Harold, giving him blow after blow, right on his head and face.

Harold tried to fight back, but Edward with his fierce anger was too much for him. Then something happened that frightened both Edward and Harold. Blood began to pour from Harold's nose, over his mouth, down his chin, and on his coat. Edward

stopped hitting him then, and Harold ran home, crying loudly.

Edward, too, hurried home, hastily passing Harold's house, wherein the crying boy had disappeared.

Edward's anger was gone now, and he felt very miserable and frightened. Of course Mother saw right away that something was wrong, and she made Edward tell her all about the trouble. Just as Edward finished explaining there came a loud knock at the kitchen door, and there stood Harold's mother, very much excited and angry because of what Edward had done. The worst of it was she said unkind, abusive things to Edward's mother, as if she were to blame.

But Edward's mother was patient with her angry neighbor, and said she would take Edward over and have him apologize to Harold for what he had done.

When Edward saw how red and swollen Harold's face was he really felt sorry for what he had done, and meant every word of his apology. He was disappointed, however, that Harold said nothing about being sorry he had teased him.

At home, after lunch, the question arose as to whether or not Edward should wear the blue necktie to school that afternoon.

"I don't want to wear it," declared Edward.

But Mother said: "I think you ought to wear it, just to show that you have enough self-control not to get angry and want to hurt people just because they tease you."

That afternoon Edward did wear the blue bow necktie to school. It was the very hardest thing he had ever done. Harold did not try to tease him, but several of the other children did. But Edward gave no sign that he cared about their teasing, and soon they stopped it. And all the time Edward *had* cared, and he had won a great victory over himself by acting as if he did not mind.

That evening when Edward went up to his room to go to bed he looked long at the picture of the Boy Jesus that stood on his dresser. He knew he never hurt any one. He was always loving and self-controlled, and so helped others to be loving and self-controlled.

"I want to be like him," thought Edward, deep down in his heart.

He knelt beside his bed and, at mother's suggestion, for his bedtime prayer he said this verse:

Help me to do the things I should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all I do, in work or play,
To grow more loving every day.

THE KINGDOM OF HAPPINESS

On the wall of Edward's Sunday-school room was a picture of Jesus standing in a boat near a shore, with

fathers and mothers and children gathered about him, listening to all that he was saying. It was of what Jesus was telling them that Miss Hammond spoke the next Sunday.

“Very earnestly these people of Galilee listened to Jesus,” said Miss Hammond, “because he was telling them something that no one had ever before told them. He was telling them how they might belong to a new Kingdom, a Kingdom of Love and Happiness, which he called the Kingdom of Heaven. And of course they listened earnestly to the great new Teacher because every one wanted to know about that Kingdom.

“Can you think what Jesus told them to do if they wanted to belong to that Kingdom? They were to be sorry for their sins and do what was right.

“One day Jesus took his fishermen friends and some other dear friends up to a beautiful, quiet place on a mountain. He sat down on the mountainside, and his friends sat down near him and listened as he talked to them.

“He spoke of the beauty of the flowers which God had made. He told them that God took care of all the little birds, and he said that God cared for the people of the world even more than he cared for the little birds.

“Don’t you think those friends of Jesus felt very happy in that beautiful, quiet place on the mountainside as they listened to Jesus?

“That day the great Teacher told his friends just

what kind of people were to belong to his Kingdom of Happiness. They were those who loved others, those who had only pure, good thoughts, those who tried to make peace in the world, and those who stood bravely for the right. He said the people who did all these things would be ‘blessed,’ which means that they would be very happy.”

Miss Hammond then wrote on the board one thing that Jesus said that day on the mountain, this Bible verse: BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART.

And she explained to Edward and his classmates that to keep their hearts pure they must shut out all evil and unkind and impure thoughts, and let only good and beautiful thoughts dwell within their minds.

The Rule of the Kingdom

“Ever so many people,” said Miss Hammond, “wanted to belong to the Kingdom of Happiness that Jesus told about. But all who belonged had to obey a certain rule. That rule I will write on the board under the other Bible verse, and we will all learn it because it is very important. It is, WHATSOEVER YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO TO YOU, DO YE EVEN SO TO THEM.

“That meant they were to treat other people just as they would like to have other people treat them. That meant that every one in the Kingdom was to be kind to every one else; no one was to be selfish, no one was to quarrel, no one was to hurt any one.

“ This rule which Jesus gave is today the great rule of happiness, and those who obey it belong to the Kingdom of Heaven.

Treasure in the Kingdom of Happiness

“ One day Jesus talked with his friends about having treasures in the Kingdom of Heaven. What is a treasure? It is not some good thing that we should like to keep? There are many beautiful and good things in the world that we may have just for a while. We cannot always have roses and lilies and other lovely flowers, or fresh fruits. We all know that even if we take the very best care of our clothes they wear out and we have to get new ones. We know, too, that the houses of wood or brick that we live in also wear out and will some day tumble down. If a little girl had a treasure of candy or fruit, and she put it in a drawer or in her pocket to keep for a long time, it would spoil. If a little boy had a treasure of a jack-knife that, too, would wear out and get broken after awhile, or it might be lost or stolen.

“ But how about silver and gold? Could not a man always have treasure of silver and gold? No indeed, for he might lose it, or some one might steal it. And even if these things did not happen, some day the man would die, and then the treasure of silver and gold would be his no longer. Perhaps you have heard stories of pirates of long ago who buried their treasures of silver and gold under the ground, and then went

away and never lived to come back and get their treasures again.

"No one has ever been able to keep an earthly treasure forever. There is just one kind of treasure that we may keep forever. This treasure is the kind we win as we obey the rule of the Kingdom of Happiness, and try to love and help others just as we would like to have others love and help us.

"Whenever you do a kind deed then you win a treasure in the Kingdom of Heaven. When you are loving, patient, and helpful, when you bravely speak the truth and stand for the right, when you give to help others—when you do these things to please Jesus the King, then you are winning for yourselves treasures in His Kingdom of Happiness that will last forever. And this Bible verse, which I will write under the other two, is what Jesus tells all of us to do: LAY UP FOR YOURSELVES TREASURES IN HEAVEN."

Edward liked those stories about the Kingdom of Happiness. He told his mother about the verses about it that were on the blackboard, and she helped him to write them in his home note-book.

EDWARD SEES A BIG PARADE

On Wednesday Edward was excited and happy because his Uncle John was coming at noon to take him

in his automobile to a neighboring city where he would see the President. There was going to be a big parade, and Edward was going to sit with his uncle in the automobile on a street corner, and see the President ride by.

At last the hour of the parade arrived, and Edward sat in the auto, waiting for the President.

Presently he heard the excited voices of near-by people saying: "He is coming! There he is!"

"Yes, there he is," said Edward's uncle, pointing to a certain man in a large automobile.

"Why, he is just like other men," said Edward with disappointment.

"Of course," laughed Uncle John, "did you think he would be different?"

"I thought he would be more wonderful than other men," said Edward.

At home Edward told his mother about the big parade and how the President looked just like other men. "Didn't George Washington and Abraham Lincoln look more wonderful than other men?" he asked.

"No, Edward, they did not," answered Mother. "These two American heroes, and other heroes, too, became great because they were noble and good, and did so much to make our land free and happy. We set apart days to celebrate their birthdays and erect statues to their memory because they did so much to help us."

"But we must not forget that there is Some One who has done more for us than all the great men who ever lived. This is God, our heavenly Father. He has

given us the beautiful world to live in, and filled it with good things for us to enjoy. He has given us food and clothes and homes and friends, and he sent the Lord Jesus to be our Helper and Saviour and Friend. Each one of us has to look to him each day for life and health and strength. Because God is so great and good, and because we are so grateful to him, we honor his name, and we worship him. No man has ever been great and good enough to be worshiped, but God is so much greater and more holy even than we can understand, that he is worthy to be praised and worshiped. Of him we say truly, THINE IS THE KINGDOM, THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOREVER AND EVER."

Many times after that, when Edward said that last part of the Lord's Prayer, he thought of what his mother had told him about God the heavenly Father.

11

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY

On Thursday afternoon Mother and Edward went to the store to buy valentines, for the next day was Valentine's Day.

First of all a big, gay valentine was chosen for Father. Then a lovely, lacy one for Virginia, a little girl in Edward's class at school. Virginia had blue eyes and pale gold hair and sweet and gentle manners.

Edward bought valentines for other children in his class, but this loveliest one he planned to give Virginia.

Edward did not buy a valentine for his mother. That was because he already had one for her, a beautiful heart-shaped one, which he had made at school.

It was at school the next day that Edward heard the beautiful, true story of Saint Valentine.

Long ago in a land across the sea there lived a man named Valentine, who longed to do great and beautiful and noble things.

One of Valentine's friends was a great singer, one was a great doctor, one was a great painter, and one was a great teacher.

Valentine knew he could not be a great singer, a great doctor, a great painter, or a great teacher. He wondered and wondered what he could do.

Then one day he seemed to hear a voice within saying to him, "Do little things to help other people, Valentine, and make them happy."

Valentine began to do little things to make other people happy. What he did most of all was to give flowers from his garden to people when they had birthdays, or when they were sick or sad. He made many people happy by doing little things to help them, and he was greatly loved and was called a saint.

When Valentine died the people were very sad. They wanted to do something to honor his memory. "Let us call the fourteenth of February his day," they said, "and make other people happy on that day." So

it became the custom, on Valentine's day, for friends to send to one another beautiful pictures of flowers and loving words of greeting. And when today we give valentines to our friends to make them happy we are honoring the memory of the good saint who became famous just because he did little deeds of helpfulness.

12

GRANDMA MACKAY

Grandma MacKay was one of Edward's friends. She was not Edward's own grandmother, but a kind, friendly, old Scotch lady, who lived in a little house near a wood, not far from the school.

Years before a few friends and neighbors had begun to call her "Grandma," and now she was "Grandma" to all the children of the neighborhood, who loved her because she always had a friendly smile for them, and seemed so interested to hear about both their troubles and their happy times, and so ready to give them wise, kind advice.

Edward went often to see Grandma MacKay. Sometimes he went to her house on an errand for his mother, to take fruit or a magazine to the shut-in old lady. Sometimes on the way home from school he stopped to visit her because he liked to sit in her pleasant kitchen and look at the quaint rag carpet on the floor and the geranium plants in the window, and listen to the kettle

singing on the shining stove, and eat a piece of her delicious ginger cake. Sometimes he would tell her about his studies at school and show her some of his handwork, and talk with her about what he was going to do when he grew up.

After school on Valentine's Day Edward went to Grandma MacKay's house to give her a valentine and to show her the valentines he had received that day. The old lady thanked him for the beautiful valentine, which he, himself, had made. Then she went to her window garden and picked several fragrant red blossoms and green leaves from her geranium plants, and tied them into a little bouquet, and gave them to Edward, saying, "There, now, is a valentine for you."

13

THE MAGIC AIRSHIP

Edward had been sick with the measles. He was beginning now to get well, though his face was still red and speckled. He wanted to get up out of bed, but Mother would not let him do that lest he catch cold. He wanted to look at picture- and story-books, but Mother would not let him do that either because his eyes were weak. Outside it was storming, and for a while Edward looked out the window and watched the snow and sleet coming down. But soon he grew tired of doing this and began to feel very cross and

unhappy because he had to lie there and could not do anything he wanted to do.

In the afternoon Aunt Marian came to see him, bringing him a big orange. She squeezed the juice from the orange and gave it to him to drink, and that cheered him a little, but soon he was looking quite unhappy again.

"Now, Edward," said Aunt Marian, "you must not feel so sad. It won't be long before you are all over the measles and are running about again. And now let's think of something pleasant that we can do. I have it. Let's think of the good times we are going to have next summer when the weather is warm and sunny, and flowers and summer birds are here again."

"First there will be the Sunday-school picnic," said Edward, brightening, "with rides on the merry-go-round and a sail on the lake. Then we will go to see Grandpa and Grandma on the farm."

"Oh, I've thought of something," said Aunt Marian. "Let us play a game of make-believe. We will make believe that it is next summer, and you and I are just arriving at your Grandpa's farm. First we will spend a little time visiting with Grandma and Grandpa, then we will unpack our suitcases and put our clothes in order in the closet and dresser drawers of the guest-room. And then—what shall we do next?"

"We will run out to the barn and the barnyard," said Edward eagerly, "and see the chickens and ducks and Brindle-cow."

For quite a while Edward and Aunt Marian played this game of make-believe, drinking Brindle-cow's fresh, creamy milk, eating fresh eggs that came from hens' nests in the barn, eating corn-on-the-ear, newly picked from Grandpa's corn-field, playing wild games of tag and hide-and-go-seek in the wide stretches of field and woodland around Grandpa's house. Then Aunt Marian said: "Now we are back home again. What shall we do? Are there any good times to be had at home in the summertime?"

"Oh yes," said Edward. "We can go down to the brook and sail some boats. Last year I made a lot of little boats, a whole fleet of them, and sailed them in the brook. And oh, Auntie, now we can take along that sailboat you gave me for a Christmas present."

"Isn't it nice," said Aunt Marian, "that we can have such happy times remembering the good times we have had and thinking of the good times we are going to have? Whenever we are sick or whenever there is disagreeable winter weather we can forget about those things and just be happy with happy thoughts."

"So we can," agreed Edward. "Just now I forgot all about the measles and the storm."

"That was because you were using one of the best gifts that God has given us," said Aunt Marian, "the gift of the imagination. This gift of the imagination is a wonderful, magic airship that will take us at any time to pleasant places, wherever we want to go. Is it not a wonderful gift?"

After Aunt Marian had gone Edward lay in his bed with a happy look in his eyes, thinking of that airship "Imagination."

"I'm going to sail in it often," thought he. "I think I will go somewhere in it right now. Let me see, where shall I go?"

On the wall at the foot of Edward's bed hung a picture that he liked to look at. The picture showed a little white house on a green, sunny bank beside a stream. Just then Edward had a happy thought about that picture. "I will make believe that a boy of my age lives in that white house," he thought, "and I'll pretend that I will go to see him and play with him beside that stream. His name shall be Ben, and I will go to see him often, and we shall have happy times playing together. We won't quarrel because sometimes I shall let him have his way, and sometimes he will let me have mine. Maybe sometimes he will invite me to have supper with him in that little white house. Time I made the first visit. Ho! off I go! Hello, Ben, old top, how are you?"

Later Mother came into the bedroom and wondered as she saw Edward lying there quietly, with his eyes fixed on the picture at the foot of the bed, a happy, absorbed look on his face. She did not know that Edward had found happiness by making use of one of God's best gifts, the wonderful gift of the imagination.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

The following Sunday morning Edward set forth in his airship and took a long, swift voyage across the sea to the land of Palestine. It was the Bible story that Father read to him that led him to take this voyage, the story of the Good Shepherd.

It is morning in the land of Palestine, and sheep and little lambs are running out from the sheepfold. Above them there is the sunshine and blue sky, before them is their beloved shepherd. The shepherd goes on before, along the winding path among the hills, and the sheep and little lambs trustfully follow him. And we, too, shall go with this Eastern shepherd that we may see how he takes care of his sheep.

The way today is uphill, and new and strange, and from a distant hilltop comes the cry of a wild animal, but the sheep keep close to their shepherd, following in the path he has made, and are not afraid.

Now they have reached hillsides that are green, and here is the quiet spring whose overflowing waters have made these hillsides fresh and green. Here in these beautiful, safe pastures there is food and drink. To this beautiful, safe place this shepherd had all the while been leading his sheep.

Now it is afternoon, and the sky has grown clouded and dark. A storm is coming from the north. The

shepherd calls his sheep, and they follow him as he leads them back to the fold. With their shepherd near the old sheep have no fear of the darkness and the thunder and lightning, and the lambs, too, trustfully follow with the others.

But one little lamb stumbles, frightened, into the brambles, and is bleating piteously. The shepherd takes the little, frightened lamb up in his loving, strong arms, and carries it down the rough path. The little lamb nestles close to the shepherd's breast and is no longer afraid.

How dark it is now, and how cold the wind! But just before them is the safe, warm fold, made by the loving shepherd for his sheep. One by one the sheep and lambs enter in, while the shepherd stands at the gate, with loving looks and words for all. And if any are sick or hurt he takes special care of them, pouring healing oil on bruised places.

Now the night has come. Outside are storm and darkness and wild animals, but within the fold the sheep and little lambs sleep peacefully, with the shepherd keeping watch.

So all day long the loving, strong, Eastern shepherd takes care of his sheep.

Jesus the great Teacher lived in the land of Palestine, and knew how Eastern shepherds take care of their sheep. And one day he told his friends this story.

Once there was a shepherd who had one hundred sheep. Every day he took loving care of these sheep.

One evening after he had brought his sheep to the fold he found that one was missing. The good shepherd went to a mountain, in the cold and the darkness, to look for the lost sheep, and at last he found it and brought it safely home.

That story made the people who listened to Jesus very thoughtful. They knew he was telling about himself when he was telling that story. For once he had said to them:

“I am the Good Shepherd, and you are my sheep. I love every one of you just as a good shepherd loves every one of his sheep. Other people in the world also are my sheep, and I must bring them also into my fold. And all those who follow me will I bring to my safe Kingdom, where they shall be happy forever.”

After the story Edward pasted in his note-book a picture of a shepherd and his sheep. Under the picture he wrote this Bible verse: THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

15

BUILDING A HOUSE

By Monday Edward was well of the measles, but had a sore throat, so could not go back to school, nor go out to play. Happily something began to happen that day that made the whole week pass quickly and pleasantly for him. To the lot next to Edward’s yard some workmen with picks and shovels came and began

to dig a cellar foundation for a new house. Edward was delighted at the prospect of having some new neighbors. "Perhaps they will have a boy my own age," he said hopefully.

"Perhaps," said Mother.

On Wednesday afternoon Mother with Baby Ethel in her lap sat at the window and joined Edward in watching the workmen. She told him about all the different kinds of work that would have to be done before the house was finished. How, when the digging was done, masons would come and build the foundation walls, how carpenters would then put up the timbers and beams and rafters of lumber and build the house, how masons would come again and build the chimney, and, later, lath and plaster the walls to make the interior warm, how the plumber would come and put in the water, and the electrician would put in the lights, and how painters would make the interior walls and floors smooth and beautiful.

"My!" said Edward, "what a lot of work before a house is finished!"

Mother smiled and said, "Do you know, Edward, that you, too, are building a house, one that it takes a long, long time to build?"

"Do you mean my body house that is growing bigger and bigger every day?" asked Edward.

"That is one house you are building," replied Mother, "and for that you need, of course, good, plain food and plenty of exercise and sleep. But there is

still another house that you are building. This house you cannot see now, but it is going to last forever. When your body house is worn out this other house will stand."

Edward's curiosity was now aroused. "What house is it?" he asked.

"It is called a character house, and you are building it as you live your life day by day. What you think and do and say all help to build this house.

"Once Jesus told his friends a story about the lives of two men and about two houses. He had just told them, as they sat near him on a mountain, that they were to try to be pure and good and strong in thought and word and deed, and that they were to love one another. Then he said to them:

"Those who remember to do all the things I have told them to do will be like a man who built his house upon a strong rock. One day a terrible storm came. The rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and they all beat against that house, but it did not fall, because it was built upon a strong rock.

"Those who hear these commands of mine and do not obey them will be like a foolish man who built his house upon the sand. On the day when the storm came that house fell and was destroyed."

"So on that mountain long ago Jesus told his friends how to build a strong character house that would be sure to stand when the winds and storms of temptation and trouble beat upon it.

"The man who is going to build that house next door," continued Mother, "will see to it that there is a strong, firm foundation of brick or stone, on which the whole house may stand.

"If you and I want a strong, firm foundation for our character house we must build carefully and well by obeying Jesus' commandments and trying always to do what is right."

Edward sighed uneasily. "I think it is hard always to do what is right," he said.

"No one on earth can always do what is right," said Mother, cheerfully. "Everyone sometimes forgets and sometimes makes mistakes. But the important thing for us to do is to keep on trying. We are to try to make ourselves do the right things."

Edward laughed gayly. "I see," he said, "when I get up in the morning I must begin to order myself around and say, 'Edward, you must get dressed promptly,' and 'Edward, you must eat all of your cereal,' and 'Edward, you must do your arithmetic.'"

Mother, too, laughed. Then with seriousness she added, "You might also say, 'Edward, you must not hurt any one,' and 'Edward, you must always tell the truth.'"

"And I must make myself mind me," concluded Edward wisely.

"Yes," agreed Mother, "you must be master over yourself. And here is a little verse about building a character house for you to learn:

“I am building every day,
By deeds I do and words I say,
A house that shall be mine alway.”

In exactly two minutes Edward had learned that verse.

16

THE MARCH WIND AND THE SEEDS

Edward was disappointed in the weather the first Sunday of March. He thought it was time winter went away and spring came. There had been a few warm, sunny days that had melted the snow and Edward thought spring had come, and now today there were gray skies, and a strong, chilling wind blowing against him as he walked to Sunday school. And look as carefully as he would he could not see a single green leaf or a blade of green grass coming up from the ground.

The Sunday-school room, though, was warm and cheery, with bright curtains at the windows and a blooming primrose plant on the table.

Miss Hammond and the children of his class were glad indeed to see Edward after his absence of two weeks.

The talk that morning was about daisies and buttercups and clover blossoms and other growing things that were coming soon to make the earth beautiful.

“Where are all the daisies and buttercups and clover

blossoms now?" asked Miss Hammond. "On the way to Sunday school we could not see a single one. What happened to them all last autumn?"

A girl raised her hand. "They went to sleep," she said.

"Yes, the heavenly Father put them all to sleep," said Miss Hammond. "The lovely petals of the blossoms wore out in the wind, and in the cold of autumn, just as your dresses and suits wear out when you have worn them a long time. I wonder how many of you are going to have new dresses and suits this spring?"

Many hands went up. Edward had heard his mother say she was going to buy him a new brown suit, so he, too, raised his hand.

"The daisy and buttercup and clover plants are also going to have new dresses and suits, lovely new green leaves, and beautiful, fragrant petals on their blossoms. Then there will be ever and ever so many new baby daisies and buttercups and clover blossoms coming up from the ground to have new dresses and suits. Do you know what these babies are now?"

"Seeds," said one child promptly.

"Yes, they are seeds lying under the ground. And today I have a story to tell you about some little seed babies.

"Once there were many, many little seeds, all growing on some plants. One day in autumn the wind blew hard, and the little seeds were blown right off the mother plants down to the ground.

“ It began to grow cold. Then the heavenly Father covered the little seeds with a brown and red and gold blanket of leaves.

“ By and by it grew colder. Then the heavenly Father covered all the little seeds with another blanket, a soft white blanket of snow. The little seeds, all cozy and warm under their two blankets, went to sleep.

“ All winter long the heavenly Father kept his little seeds warm and took care of them. One day he made his sun shine so warm and bright that the white blanket of snow melted. Then he made his wind blow, just as it is blowing today, so the wet, muddy earth would become dry, and the little seeds would not get too much soaked with the cold water that was under the ground. Every day the heavenly Father made his sun shine more and more brightly, to warm the earth. Then he spoke to his little seeds that were under the ground, telling them to wake up and begin to grow.

“ The little seeds at once obeyed the heavenly Father’s voice. They pushed and climbed, sending little roots down into the soft ground and green stalks up toward the sunshine. The heavenly Father watched his little seeds trying hard to grow, and every day he helped them, sending sunshine to warm them, and gentle rains to give them water to drink.

“ At last the little seeds were seeds no longer, but beautiful plants with green leaves and blossoms. They grew and grew, and there were so many of them that the green meadows became full of daisies and butter-

cups and clover blossoms, and the earth was very beautiful.

"The heavenly Father had taken care of his seeds and had helped them to grow that he might make the earth beautiful in the springtime. And the sun and the rain and the wind had all been his helpers."

On the blackboard Miss Hammond wrote two Bible verses for the children to learn. They were: HE MAKETH HIS SUN TO RISE AND SENDETH RAIN. HE BRINGETH FORTH THE WIND OUT OF HIS TREASURES.

As Edward walked home he did not mind so much the blowing of the March wind against him. For he knew that it was helping to dry the wet, cold earth, that little seeds might soon begin to grow.

17

IN THE HOSPITAL

Edward's throat would not get better, and the doctor said, when Mother took him to his office, that it was because his tonsils were diseased and ought to be taken out, the sooner the better.

Some one was found to take care of Baby Ethel, and on Tuesday morning Edward and his mother were taken by the doctor in his car to the hospital in the city ten miles away.

The doctor had telephoned the day before and had

arranged for the operation, and a white bed in the children's ward was all ready for Edward.

Mother and the doctor spoke cheering words to him, telling him he would be put to sleep with ether and would not feel the pain of the operation, and when he awoke it would all be over. To be sure, they said, his throat would feel sore, but the soreness would wear away after a while.

Still Edward felt frightened and unhappy, particularly so because Mother had told him she would have to go home after the operation, and leave him in the hospital with strangers, until his father and the doctor came the next day to take him home.

"I want you to stay with me," protested Edward.

"Mother would like to stay, dear," said Mother, "but you know I have to go home and take care of Baby Ethel. No one else knows how to fix her milk and put her to bed. Then, too, I must get Father's supper and breakfast ready. And you will be quite all right. The hospital doctor and the nurses are sure to be very kind to my boy."

"But I don't know any of them," objected Edward, "and I'm going to feel awful lonesome."

"One dear friend is going to be with you all the time, Edward," said Mother, "the loving heavenly Father is going to be with you. You remember how he was with Jacob when he was sleeping on the ground, far away from his home and his father and mother. He is going to be with you, too, and take care of you.

And it won't be long before tomorrow afternoon, when Father and the doctor will come to take you home."

When Edward awoke after the operation, he lay on his bed in the children's ward, and Mother was sitting in a chair beside him, smiling at him. His throat was very sore and he felt sick, but he knew he must be all right, else his mother would not sit there and smile so serenely.

"It is all over," she said, "and now you are going to get better. Don't try to talk. Just shut your eyes and go to sleep."

Edward did not feel like talking or staying awake. He was glad to shut his eyes and go to sleep.

When he awoke he did not feel quite so sick. But the chair beside his bed was empty. His mother had gone. He felt lonely and forsaken, and wanted to cry, for his mother, for his father, for his home.

"I mustn't cry," he told himself; "I mustn't be a baby and cry."

What was it Mother had said? That she had to go home to take care of Baby Ethel. Yes, of course she did. And he mustn't be a baby and cry because he felt lonely without her. Something else Mother had said. About God the heavenly Father being with him, just as he had been with Jacob, when he was far away from home. Yes, of course the heavenly Father who took care of Jacob, who takes care of plants and birds and squirrels, this same kind heavenly Father, who knew about all the children in the world, was with him and

taking care of him. Often at Sunday school he had sung with the other children the song:

When I run about all day,
When I kneel at night to pray,
God sees.

When I'm dreaming in the dark,
When I lie awake and hark,
God sees.

Need I ever know a fear?
Night and day my Father's near;
God sees.

No, he wasn't going to cry. He felt happier now. A white-capped, white-aproned nurse came up to his bed and smiled at him. "Your mother had to go away," she said, "but you are all right, and I'm going to take good care of you until your father comes tomorrow."

Edward smiled a little in response, to show her that he was going to be brave about his mother being away. Then, too, several children in other beds in the ward were looking at him, and he wanted them to see that he could be brave. He was particularly interested in the occupant of the bed next to his, a thin, pale boy with big, patient eyes who glanced at him now and then.

Toward evening the nurse brought in supper trays for the children who were able to eat some supper. Edward could not eat because his throat was so sore.

The nurse gave him spoonfuls of cold water, and promised him ice-cream for breakfast the next day. Edward noticed that the boy in the bed next to his had to be fed by a nurse and ate very little. "His name is Justin," said Edward's own nurse. "He has been here a long time."

The next morning Edward had his ice-cream. When he had finished it Justin spoke to him.

"Feel better, now, don't you?" he said. "I know, for I had my tonsils out and I felt better the next day after I had some ice-cream. My throat is all well now, but I have something the matter with my back, and so I can't go home."

Edward gave Justin a friendly nod, but could not think of anything to say to him. Anyway his throat was still very sore, and no one expected him to talk.

Edward was happy when, in the afternoon, his father and the doctor came to take him home. He felt sorry indeed for Justin because he could not go home.

The next day he had a happy surprise. One of the boys of his class at school came to see him and brought him letters from the boys and girls of his class. The teacher had let them write letters to Edward instead of doing other written language work. All the children wrote that they were sorry he had been sick for such a long time and hoped he would soon be well and able to come back to school.

ISADORE

"THIS IS MY COMMANDMENT, THAT YE LOVE ONE ANOTHER AS I HAVE LOVED YOU. If we want to do something to please Jesus then we may love one another here in our Sunday school, in our homes, in our week-day school, and wherever we are."

That was what Miss Hammond had said to Edward's class on Sunday.

As Edward wrote in his home note-book that special command of Jesus to love other people, he thought of Isadore the Jewish boy at school who had such a hard time because none of the other children liked him. The other children slighted him and said rude things to him and teased him, just because he was a Jewish boy. Their mothers went into Isadore's father's store and bought for the children new suits and dresses and shoes and stockings. The children were glad to wear the new things that came from Isadore's father's store, and yet they treated Isadore unkindly and made him unhappy.

Edward had oftentimes joined with the other boys in playing teasing pranks on Isadore and making him unhappy. Now he felt rather ashamed to remember those times. He knew that if Jesus were a boy in his school he would be kind to Isadore, whom no one else

liked. And he knew he would please him now if he would be Isadore's friend.

Then there came to Edward's mind that rule of the Kingdom of Happiness, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." If he were to obey that rule he would just have to be kind to Isadore. Well, he did want to do something to please Jesus and show him that he loved him and was trying to obey his commandment, and he did want to belong to the Kingdom of Happiness. And he made up his mind that he would try to like Isadore and be a friend to him.

The next morning Edward went early to school, as usual, before the doors were open, that he might have some fun on the playground before school. He found some other boys already there, and among them was Isadore. But Isadore was not playing with the other boys. He stood by the boys' door, lonely and friendless, looking on as the others played. Edward really felt sorry for him.

"Hello, Isadore," he said. "Want to race me to the big maple tree and back?"

Isadore's face brightened. "Yes, I'll race you," he said, and off they went.

Edward won the first race, and Isadore the second. Of course there had to be a third race to see which was the victor, and this time both reached the goal at exactly the same time. "It's a tie," declared Edward; "we both won. And I'll say that you're a fast runner."

The doors opened then, and the bell rang, and the boys began to file in.

Isadore was among those who went directly into the classroom and took their seats. Edward and several other boys lingered in the hall to get a drink.

"Say, Ed," whispered two of the boys, "let's hide Isadore's cap like we did last week, only we will find a harder place this time so he will have to look longer."

Edward remembered how one morning of the week before Isadore had spent almost a whole recess trying to find his hidden cap. "No," replied Edward, "I don't want to. That's no fun." And he passed on into the classroom followed by the other boys, and Isadore's cap was left hanging on its hook.

At recess time Edward made a point of playing with Isadore and soon some of the other boys were playing with him. No one treated him meanly or called him "sheeny." Isadore, treated kindly, proved to be a good-natured and agreeable playmate. His beaming face and joyous voice showed how happy he was.

Edward was even happier than Isadore. He had not known he would so much enjoy being a friend to Isadore.

In the afternoon Isadore brought to school a large chocolate cocoanut bar wrapped in tin-foil paper and gave it to Edward. Edward knew then that Isadore was grateful because he had become his friend.

A STORY ABOUT SEED AND SOIL

As Edward and the children of his Sunday-school class gathered about Miss Hammond one Sunday she showed them some wheat-seed and talked with them about how it would grow if it were planted in good, fertile soil. Then she told them this story, that Jesus once told, about seed and soil.

Once upon a time a man went out to the fields to sow some seed. As he scattered the seed some of it fell by the wayside, and the birds came and ate it. That seed, of course, did not grow at all.

Some of the seed fell on ground that was stony, where there was only a little soil. That seed came up, but when the hot sun shone it was scorched, and it withered away because it had no root. That seed also was wasted.

Some of the seed fell among tangled thorns. That seed also came up, but the thorn plants choked it so it could not bear any fruit, and that seed was wasted.

But some of the seed fell on good ground. That seed was not wasted. That seed grew and grew, and brought forth much fruit.

When Jesus had finished telling this story, some of his friends asked him what it meant, and he explained to them its meaning. He said that the seed was like the Word of God. Many people hear it. But some

people's hearts are like the wayside ground. They do not heed God's Word, so they do not remember it.

Some people's hearts are like the stony ground, where the wheat grew just a little while. They remember God's Word for just a little while; then they forget it.

Some people's hearts are like the thorny ground, where the wheat was choked. They hear God's Word, but they are too selfish to be kind and helpful, and to do God's will.

But some people's hearts are like the good, rich soil, where plenty of good wheat grew. These people hear God's Word and remember it, and they remember to do God's will and to be kind and helpful.

"All of God's Word is good, like this good wheat-seed that I hold in my hand," said Miss Hammond, "but not all the people who hear God's Word are careful to let it grow in their hearts and minds, so that it will bear fruit. When we hear Bible stories that tell us how to be happy and helpful we are hearing God's Word."

"One Sunday morning four boys went to Sunday school, and were in the same class. The boys' names were Harry Heedless-Boy, Dicky Don't-Care, Charlie Care-a-Little, and David Do-Well. That Sunday morning the Bible story was about loving and helping people. Harry Heedless-Boy heard the story, but he did not think about it, so of course he did not remember to do anything at all about it. Dicky Don't-Care heard that

story, but he said to himself: 'I don't want to love and help people. I'd rather tease them and bother them and have some fun.' That was queer kind of fun, wasn't it? And there was Charlie Care-a-Little. He heard that Bible story, and he said to himself: 'I like that story about loving and helping people. I guess I'll try to love people and help them.' But Charlie really did not try. He was too busy having a good time himself to remember about helping other people. Now I will tell you about David Do-Well. He heard that Bible story and he said to himself, 'I like that story and I am going to love people and try to help them.' And when David was coming home from Sunday school he saw some big boys teasing a little boy, and he said to them: 'Say, now, you know that's not fair. How would you like it if you were a little kid, and some big fellows came along and teased you?' Those big boys did feel a bit ashamed of themselves, and they went along and let the little boy alone. David, you see, remembered the truth of that Bible story and did something right away to help some one.

"After those four boys heard that Bible story Harry was just the same kind of a boy that he was before; Dicky was the same kind of boy that he was before; Charlie was the same kind of boy that he was before; but David was a better boy than he was before."

The Bible verse Edward learned that day, and wrote in his home note-book, was BE YE DOERS OF THE WORD, AND NOT HEARERS ONLY.

A DOER OF THE WORD

Edward's mother had visited Sunday school on Sunday, and she had heard Miss Hammond tell the story about seed and soil, and about those who did not care and those who did care about obeying God's Word. At home she said to Edward: "You do not want to be like Harry Heedless-Boy or Dicky Don't-Care or Charlie Care-a-Little. You want to be like David Do-Well. Let me see, what shall we call you? How would Edward Earnest-Boy do? That would mean that you were earnest and really tried to do what your Bible verses tell you to do."

"That would be a good name," said Edward. He remembered how he had tried to help Isadore at school. When he had been a friend to the friendless Jewish boy he thought he might have been called a doer of God's Word. He thought his mother would say so if she knew, but somehow he did not feel like telling her or any one else about it. If he talked about it he thought it would seem like boasting, and he did not want to be a silly boaster. So he did not tell any one about it, but just had that happy feeling inside of him that comes to all who try to make others happy.

In the middle of the week the doctor came to prescribe for Baby Ethel who was cutting teeth and had a little fever. He looked at Edward's throat and said

it was now quite all right. He remarked that he had just the day before taken another boy to the hospital to have his tonsils out, and he had been put in the same cot Edward had had. That made Edward think of Justin, and he asked the doctor if he was still there.

"He is still there," the doctor replied.

When the doctor had gone Mother suggested that Edward send several of his picture- and story-books to Justin, to make a little pleasanter those long hours of the day which he had to spend in bed. "Doing something to help poor Justin would be one way of being a doer of God's Word," she said.

"Yes, it would," agreed Edward. "It would be obeying the verse that says to do to others as you would have them do to you. For if I were sick in a hospital for a long time I would like to have some one send me some picture- and story-books."

Several of the brightest and most interesting of Edward's books were selected, and also some of his Bible-story papers that he had received at Sunday school, one of which told about Jesus and the heavenly home.

The Bible-story papers were put together and made into a book and tied with green ribbon.

All the picture- and story-books were then made into a neat package and sent that very day by parcel post to the hospital, for Justin.

SANDWICHES AND CHOCOLATE CAKE

The Bible verse that Edward learned and wrote in his note-book one Sunday was this: WHETHER THEREFORE YE EAT, OR DRINK, OR WHATSOEVER YE DO, DO ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD.

Supper that evening was brought into the living-room on a tea-wagon. There was a plate full of egg sandwiches and a chocolate cake and a pitcher of milk.

Said Edward, "I want, please, one sandwich and three large pieces of chocolate cake."

Mother looked shocked, but Father laughed. "You mean that just the other way around, don't you, son? Three sandwiches and one piece of chocolate cake?"

Edward grinned. "Sure, that is what I mean, dad," he said, "if Mother will cut the piece of chocolate cake good and big."

When it came time to serve the chocolate cake Mother did give Edward a generous piece. "And now, son," she said, "if you will eat this one piece slowly you will get much enjoyment out of it, and it will do you much more good than three pieces would."

And Mother, of course, was right.

LEARNING THE MULTIPLICATION TABLES

At school Edward was not doing well in arithmetic. Monday his teacher sent a note home saying he was falling behind the others of his class and could not be promoted in June unless he did better work. She added that it seemed to be because he did not know the multiplication tables that he could not get his examples right.

"You must learn your multiplication tables," said Father and Mother severely.

"I'll try to learn them, honest I will," said Edward. "I don't want to stay behind my class."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Father. "If you learn those tables by Saturday I will give you a quarter to spend in any way that you choose."

"All right," said Edward with enthusiasm, "I bet I'll know them."

Edward was an unusually good boy that week both at home and at school. The reason for this was that he spent all his spare time quietly and industriously studying the multiplication tables. By Saturday noon he knew them all and received the reward of the twenty-five cents.

At once he went to the store to buy candy, and he spent all of the money for some big, sugary, jelly drops.

All the way home he ate the jelly drops, one after another, as fast as he could chew them and swallow them. There were just a few left when he got home, and he soon finished eating them.

When suppertime came he felt sick and uncomfortable, and did not want anything to eat.

"I know what is the matter with him," said Mother to Father. "He spent all of that quarter this afternoon for candy and has made himself sick eating it. Tonight he will have to have some bitter medicine to make him well again."

Edward hated the taste of the bitter medicine, but he took it meekly because he wanted to feel all right again. This, as Mother told him, was the price he had to pay for being foolish and intemperate.



MAKING THE KINGDOM OF HAPPINESS GROW

"How many of you are going to have a garden this year?" asked Miss Hammond at Sunday school the next Sunday.

Many children raised their hands and said they were going to have gardens of flowers, or radishes or lettuce or other vegetables.

"After the soil has been ploughed and the beds have been made ready, and the seed has been planted, who

Stories for All the Year

is it that will make our gardens grow?" asked the primary teacher.

"The heavenly Father," answered Edward.

"Yes," said Miss Hammond, "the power of the heavenly Father, that we sometimes call nature, will make them grow. One of the most wonderful things that God, the heavenly Father, does is to make things grow. He makes tiny seeds grow to be beautiful plants and good food to eat. He makes boys and girls grow to be fine, strong, useful men and women."

"Jesus once told this story about how big, beautiful things can grow from little things:

"There was once a man who put some seed into the ground. Then he went away. He could not make the seed grow. All he could do was to plant it in the ground. Then God sent his sun and rain, and the seed grew. Soon there were little green plants all over the field. The plants grew tall and became stalks of grain. Then the time of the harvest came, and the man took his sickle and cut down the grain, for it was ready to be threshed and ground and made into good bread. And just as the beautiful field of wheat grew from little seeds, so God's great and beautiful Kingdom will grow from small beginnings."

"The Kingdom of God is also like a tiny mustard-seed that grows to be so big that birds can make nests in its branches."

"When Jesus told these stories his Kingdom was small, but now it is already a great Kingdom. What

Jesus said has been coming true. It has been growing and growing from small beginnings. Do you know what these small beginnings were? They were kind words and deeds. Jesus, himself, started that Kingdom to growing when he taught people to love and help others, those who were strangers as well as those who were friends. And today we may help him to make that Kingdom grow."

24

WHEN FATHER WAS AWAY

Tuesday noon found Mother and Edward sitting down to dinner without Father. Monday evening he had gone to New York on a business trip, and he would not get home until Wednesday. Monday evening Mother and Edward and Baby Ethel had gone to Aunt Marian's house to supper and to stay all night, and so had not missed Father very much. Now they were home and having their first meal without him, and they were lonesome indeed. Just as they were eating dinner and thinking how much they missed Father, the postman came and brought them a letter from him, a loving, happy letter, telling them that he thought much about them all and would be so glad when he was home with them again, telling them about some of the sights he had seen, and telling them that by tomorrow noon he would be home again, eating dinner with them. The letter cheered Edward and

Stories for All the Year

his mother. It somehow made Father seem very near to them.

That evening after supper Mother did what Father often did when he was home—she read aloud a chapter from the Bible.

“A chapter from the Bible is like a letter from God the heavenly Father,” she told Edward. “You know how that letter from Father today made us happy and made him seem near to us. Well, reading a portion of God’s Word every day will also make us happy and make God seem near to us. The Bible is a message from God the heavenly Father, telling us that he is near us, loving us, and caring for us, and guiding us. The wonderful thing about God is that he really can be near us and guide us, as no one else can, for he is a wonderful Spirit Being who can be anywhere at any time.”

It was Psalm 96 that Mother read that evening. The last three verses of that psalm are full of the joyful news of the coming of God to his people. This is what they say:

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.

Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice

Before the Lord: for he cometh to judge the earth: he will judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

WHAT CAME UP IN EDWARD'S GARDEN

"Mother, what do you suppose?" exclaimed Edward as he ran excitedly in from the back yard. "There's a lot of little green plants coming up in the garden, and they look like radishes."

"We have not planted any radish seed yet this year, so they can't be radishes," replied his mother.

"Please come and see," begged Edward. "They do look so much like radishes."

Mother went out and looked at the little green plants. "No, dear," she said, "they are not radishes. They are weeds. You see, weeds come up whether we plant them or not. Weeds in a garden are like evil, selfish thoughts in our hearts. We don't invite the bad thoughts to come at all, and we don't want them, but still they come. And we have to try hard not to let them get in, or, if they do get in, we have to try hard to get them out again. Sometimes, too, wrong things look to boys and girls like good things, just as these weeds look like radish plants. Boys and girls have to trust their parents and teachers to tell them what things are good and what things are bad."

"Good and beautiful and helpful thoughts, Edward, are like the lovely flowers and delicious fruits and vegetables that, after careful planting and cultivating,

grow in our gardens. *They* are the flowers and fruits of the gardens of our hearts and minds. And they will not come into our hearts and minds unless we plant them there. We plant these good and beautiful and helpful thoughts by heeding God's voice within us that tells us to do what is right, and we plant them also by reading and studying his Book, the Bible, and obeying its beautiful, fair laws. We keep these lovely plants growing in our hearts and minds by being kind and doing helpful deeds for others, which is just what God's voice and his Bible tell us to do.

"Soon we shall dig up these weeds, and plant here radish seeds, and then we shall have radishes."

After supper, when the lights were turned on, Mother helped Edward to make in his note-book, with his colored crayons, a picture of a garden of flowers and fruits. Under the picture she helped him to copy and color this verse:

My heart shall like a garden be,
Of flowers and fruits so fair;
For good and helpful thoughts only
Shall I let enter there.

HONORING THE KING

STORIES EDWARD HEARD AT SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Happy Ride to Jerusalem

One spring day Jesus and his helpers came to the little village of Bethany, which was quite near the city of Jerusalem. Here Jesus sent two of his helpers on an errand. "Go into the village," he said to them, "and there you will find a young colt. Loose the colt and bring it to me."

The helpers found the young colt and brought it to their Master. Some friends of Jesus threw their cloaks over the colt's back, and Jesus sat on the colt and began to ride toward Jerusalem.

Then it seemed that the many friends who were with Jesus just tried to see how much they could honor him. Some spread their cloaks in the road, so he might have them for a carpet to ride over. Many broke off green branches from palm trees on the roadside and scattered them along the road that he might have a green pathway. All the people sang: HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID: BLESSED IS HE THAT COMETH IN THE NAME OF THE LORD; HOSANNA IN THE HIGHEST.

Along the country road to the gates of the city and into the city rode Jesus, followed by his friends.

"Who is this?" asked some of the people in Jerusalem.
"This is Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee," was the answer.

In the Temple

If we had been in Jerusalem that day we would have seen that the largest and most beautiful building in all the city was the Temple. Into the courts of this Temple Jesus went. He found people who were buying and selling in God's house, using it as a place to get money for themselves. This displeased Jesus, and he sent away all these people. Then blind and lame people came to him in the Temple, and he healed them.

Many people were in the Temple. Some were Jesus' friends, some were his enemies. Among the friends of Jesus were some children. It may be that these children had heard the grown-up people tell of wonderful miracles that Jesus had done, how he had healed sick people and brought the dead back to life. As they saw this Man with the noble, kind face, who could do so many wonderful things, their hearts were filled with love and admiration for him, and there in the Temple they showed their love by singing praises to him.

"Hosanna to the Son of David," sang the children of Jerusalem.

Jesus' enemies, hearing these songs of praise, frowned and said crossly to Jesus, "Do you hear what those children are saying?"

"No one can sing songs of praise better than the

children," was Jesus' answer. How happy those children must have been!

In the Home in Bethany

In the village of Bethany lived Mary, a dear friend of Jesus. Once when Jesus came to Mary's house in Bethany she left everything to sit at his feet and listen to him. At another time when her heart was sad because her brother had died, she went to meet Jesus and told him of her sorrow, saying, "Master, if you had been here, my brother would not have died." And Jesus rewarded her faith in him by bringing her brother back to life.

Mary's heart was full of love for Jesus. Often she thought of him and of what she could do to honor him. At last there came a day when she did do something to honor him. It happened in this way.

Jesus was at supper with his friends in a house in Bethany. He had told some of his friends that soon he would leave them and be crucified and buried. Perhaps Mary had heard this. Perhaps she wanted to do something to honor him before these sad things happened.

While Jesus sat at the supper-table she came in and began to pour a fragrant ointment on his head. When Jesus' helpers saw the beautiful alabaster jar that had contained this ointment, and when they smelled its fragrance, they knew that it was the very best kind of perfume that could be bought. They knew that it had

cost a great deal of money. "Why has this woman wasted so much money?" they asked.

"She has not wasted the money," answered Jesus. "What she has done has honored and pleased me. And the story of what she has done shall be told to the whole world, wherever the story of my life is told. She shall be honored because she has honored me."

Honoring the King Today

After telling the stories Miss Hammond talked with the children about what they owed to Jesus, and made them feel that they, too, wanted to honor and praise him. Then she wrote on the blackboard these four ways in which they could today honor Jesus, their Greatest Friend.

- (1) By singing songs of praise to praise and thank him.
- (2) By showing reverence for his name and for his church.
- (3) By helping to keep his church looking orderly and beautiful.
- (4) By bravely standing, during all the week, for what is right.

Then Miss Hammond said, "Today I would like to have several children stay a short time after Sunday school to help me put away pictures and story-papers and books and make our Sunday-school room look orderly."

Before Miss Hammond could say any more many

hands went up. Miss Hammond chose three children, two girls and Edward, to stay and be her helpers.

They helped to put pictures and extra story-papers in neatness and order in the cabinet, and they helped to arrange the chairs in order and neatly pile up the song-books. And as they helped to make their Sunday-school room orderly they felt that they were doing something to honor Jesus.

27

HONORING JESUS ON THE PLAYGROUND

Jimmy Dent was older than any of the other boys in Edward's class at school. He had stayed behind other boys of his age because he had not been able to pass in reading and arithmetic. But though Jimmy was poor in reading and arithmetic he was good at playing games, and he knew how to play baseball. Now that fine spring weather had come he set to work, at recess periods, to organize a team among the boys of the class.

Edward and seven other boys were eager to learn to play baseball and belong to Jimmy's team. That made, with Jimmy himself, nine boys, which was just the number needed.

It was not long before these boys under Jimmy's instruction learned about a baseball diamond, a home

plate, and the duties of pitcher, batter, catcher, and so on.

One Saturday afternoon they met in the school yard for the first practise game.

That afternoon the other boys found that Jimmy had one bad habit they had not known about before. It was the habit of using swear words whenever he got excited or whenever things did not go the way he wanted them to. During recess time on school days he had not given way to this habit because a teacher had been present on the playground, and Jimmy knew she would not allow it. But today with no teacher on hand to reprove or punish him he seemed to think it was quite smart to use profane language.

Most of the boys did not seem to mind, but Edward minded a great deal. Whenever Jimmy, in excitement or anger, shouted the name of God or of Jesus Edward felt very uncomfortable. For while Edward, in carelessness or disobedience, often did things that were wrong there was one thing he would not do, and that was to speak in fun or excitement or anger the name of God the heavenly Father or of his Son Jesus. From what he had been taught at home and from what he had learned at Sunday school he had come to see how wonderful and loving and kind the heavenly Father and the Lord Jesus were, and he wanted to speak of them always with reverence. So he felt uncomfortable and troubled as he heard Jimmy swear, and made up his mind that he would say something about it.

"Quit that swearing, won't you?" he said to Jimmy.

"I won't," answered Jimmy, "not for a kid like you!" And he swore again, angrily and loudly.

Edward threw down the bat that he was about to use. "Then I'm going home," he declared, and he walked off.

Shouts from the other boys followed him. "Come back here," they yelled. "You know we've got to have nine to play this game. You've got to come back!"

"I'll come back if Jimmy will stop swearing," said Edward.

"All right, I'll stop," said Jimmy, suddenly becoming good-natured. And that was the end of Jimmy's swearing at the baseball game.

28

WHEN EDWARD WAS A TRUANT

Tuesday was a fine, sunny day. At noon, on the way to school Edward was waylaid by Jimmy Dent, who showed him pockets that bulged with fishing-tackle, bait, potatoes, and matches.

"Come on over to the pond and go fishing this afternoon," urged Jimmy. "I've got enough fishing-tackle and bait for two. We'll make a camp-fire back in the woods and cook the fish, if we catch any. And if we don't catch any we'll roast potatoes in the camp-

fire. We'll get home about the time school's out, and our mothers won't know we haven't been to school. Come on, Ed; we'll have a lot o' fun."

A half hour later Jimmy and Edward sat side by side on the bank of the pond, with fishing-poles suspended over the water.

It was a long time before either of them got a bite, but at last Jimmy's cork began to bob and he pulled in his line, only to find at the end of it a small "shiner." "He's too small to bother with," declared Jimmy, and threw it back into the water.

Presently Edward landed a "Johnny-roach," but that, also, was too small to bother with.

After a while the boys got tired of fishing and not catching anything worth while, and they went into the woods to build the camp-fire and roast the potatoes.

They took off their sweaters and threw them over a big rock, and set to work to gather papers and small sticks and pile them on one side of the big rock, and make the camp-fire.

"We'll have to let the fire burn a while so as to have lots of embers to roast the potatoes in," said Jimmy. "While it's burning let's go to the spring and get a drink. I'm awful thirsty."

"So am I," said Edward. He followed after Jimmy and did not know that one of the sleeves of his red sweater hung down on the side of the rock on which the fire was beginning to burn.

The boys lingered by the spring, playing with the

water. When they returned from the spring the sweater sleeve was burned up to the elbow.

Edward was grieved and frightened at what had happened, grieved because he had thought a great deal of his comfortable, warm, red sweater, and frightened at what his mother would say when she saw it. "I'm going home," he told Jimmy.

"It's too soon," objected Jimmy. "It won't help any to go home right now, before school is out. You better stay, and we'll roast the potatoes and eat them."

Edward thought Jimmy, perhaps, was right about that and so he stayed. But the potatoes, when they ate them, were charred and black on the outside and raw in the middle, and, eaten without salt, quite tasteless. Edward wished he had not stayed for them.

Presently the two boys heard in the distance the sound of children's voices, and knew that school was out, and it was time to go home. How Edward wished that he were returning home from school with a clear conscience and a whole sweater!

All the way home Edward tried to think what he would tell his mother about the burned sweater which he carried slung over one shoulder. At last he decided he would say that after school he had been playing with some matches that another boy had given him, and had accidentally set it afire. That was not so very far from the real truth, he told himself.

But when Edward gave his mother that explanation she just looked at him in a strange, surprised, sorrow-

ful way, and simply said, "Where were you all the afternoon?"

Then she knew he had played truant. There was the telephone. Probably his teacher had telephoned that he and Jimmy were absent.

"Where were you?" repeated his mother sternly, and Edward decided he had better tell her the truth.

When he had finished his mother still looked at him in that strange, surprised, sorrowful way. "Edward," she said, "your shoes are wet and muddy, your clothes are soiled, and your face has black dirt on it. You may hang up your sweater and go to the bathroom and wash yourself and put on your night-clothes and get into bed."

Never in his life had Edward felt so miserable as he did the rest of that afternoon as he lay in bed. He wished and wished his mother would come to his room and be nice to him again. But his mother did not come until suppertime. Then she said no word to him, but silently set before him a tray on which was a bowl of bread and milk, and then sat down in a chair at the farther end of the room, to wait until he had eaten.

Although he was hungry Edward could hardly swallow the bread and milk. He could hardly bear it that his mother should sit there, so silent and sorrowful, and not say anything at all to him. When he had eaten the last spoonful and was handing her the tray he said, "I'm sorry, Mother, and I won't ever do it again."

The sorrowful look left his mother's face then, and she kissed him good-night.

In the morning Mother set before Edward a delicious breakfast of cereal, egg, orange, and cocoa. Edward was very hungry, and he was very grateful for that good breakfast. He would have enjoyed it immensely if it had not been for the thought of the burned sweater. He missed it that very moment, for, on chilly mornings like this one, he had always put it on as soon as he was dressed, and worn it while he ate his breakfast. What a queer-looking sweater it now was with half of one sleeve burned off! He wondered uneasily if his mother would make him wear it to school just as it was. But here was Mother now, standing before him, holding up his sweater.

"I did the best I could to make it look well," she said. "I cut both sleeves off at the armholes, and sewed the armholes with a button-hole stitch to make them look neat. It is now a sleeveless sweater. Of course it will not be as nice and warm as it was before, but with the summer coming on you will not so much need the sleeves. And you will have to get along with it because I cannot afford to buy you another sweater until fall."

"Oh, Mother!" said Edward joyously, "I'd much rather have a sleeveless sweater for summer!"

Mother handed him the sweater and he put it on, and ate the rest of his breakfast in comfort and happiness, thankful that his wrong-doing had been forgiven.

Gratefully he thought of his mother. Why had she forgiven him and mended his sweater and prepared such a nice breakfast for him, when he had done what was wrong? The answer was, he knew, because she loved him.

Edward thought love was indeed a wonderful, beautiful, magical thing. Then he remembered how on the blackboard at Sunday school he had once seen, written in large letters the words GOD IS LOVE.

29

NEW NEIGHBORS

For many weeks carpenters had been busy building the house next door. One afternoon a moving van stopped before the new house and the driver and his helper began to unload furniture and carry it into the new house. Then toward evening an auto stopped before the house, and there stepped from it a man and a woman and a slender girl about ten, and a plump boy about eight. The auto drove on, and the man and the woman and girl and boy disappeared into the new house.

"They've come," said Edward jubilantly, "the new neighbors! And oh, Mother, there's a boy!"

"He looks younger than you," said Mother.

"It won't matter if he is a little younger," said Edward.

He could hardly wait for the coming of the next day which was ~~Good Friday~~ and a "no-school" day. "He'll come out to play, most likely," he said, referring to the boy next door.

But the next day there was a downpour of rain and children could not play outdoors. Often that morning Edward looked out of the window over at the new house, hoping to see the new boy neighbor come to the window of his house. At last he did come, and looked curiously over at Edward.

The new neighbor had a round, good-natured face. Edward liked his looks. Just for fun he made believe his two hands were a pair of telescope glasses and put them up to his eyes and looked through them over at the boy in the opposite window, who laughed and made his hands into telescope glasses and looked over at Edward. Edward twisted the muscles of his face into a funny grin, and the new boy did that, too. Then each boy tried to see who could make the funniest face and had a great time laughing at each other.

After dinner Edward thought it would be fun to take some of his toys to the window and hold them up and show them to the new boy. But though Edward waited long at his window the new boy did not appear at his.

The next day was clear and sunny, and Edward went outdoors early and waited patiently for the new boy to come out.

But a long time passed, and he did not come. By

and by his sister came out on the back porch with her doll.

"Where's your brother?" asked Edward. "Isn't he going to come out?"

"He is sick," replied the girl. "He is sick in bed with the measles." 

"Tough luck!" said Edward sympathetically, and went off to play with some other boy of the neighborhood.

30

STORIES OF JESUS' LAST DAYS ON EARTH

WHICH EDWARD HEARD AT SUNDAY SCHOOL

Enemies Plot Against Him

"Who is Jesus, and why does he do so much to help others?" the people wondered. Presently Jesus told them. "I am the heavenly Father's Son," he said, "and I help you because I want to show you how much the heavenly Father loves you. Because he loves you so much he sent me to be your helper. And I have helped you because I, too, love you, and want each one of you to belong to my Kingdom of Happiness."

Now there were in the land of Palestine some enemies of Jesus who were very angry because Jesus said he was God's Son, and because he talked about his Kingdom, which was just the same as saying he was

a King. And these enemies plotted together to kill Jesus.

Jesus with His Friends

One evening Jesus had supper with his helpers in an upper room in Jerusalem. He told them then that he was soon going to leave them. He told them how much he loved them, and he said they were to obey his commandments and work for him, and were never to forget him. He told them he would some day give each one of them a place in his kingdom. Then he and some of his best loved helpers left that room and went out of the city up a hill to a quiet garden where there were olive and cypress trees.

Jesus in a Garden

In the garden that evening Jesus felt very sad. He had loved the people of the world and had tried very hard to help them. But some would not like him and would not be friends with him, and he knew they were just waiting for a chance to hurt him.

He loved all the people in the world, even his enemies. And he could hardly bear the thought that people he loved were going to kill him. In the garden that night he prayed to God and God sent an angel to strengthen and comfort him.

For a long time Jesus prayed. Then he returned to his helpers. He found them asleep on the ground, and he awoke them, saying, "Watch and pray."

Soon there was in the garden the sound of many feet. Jesus' enemies had found out where he was. Judas, who had been one of Jesus' own helpers, had told them. And now they had come to take Jesus away as a prisoner.

Jesus in the Hands of His Enemies

Out of the garden and into the city to the house of the high priest they led Jesus. The next morning they took him to Pilate, the Roman governor of that land.

"This man says he is a King," said the enemies of Jesus. "Is not the Roman emperor our ruler? Does not Jesus speak against the government when he says he is a King? We have brought him to you that you may have him killed because he says he is a King."

Pilate looked at Jesus and spoke with him. "This man is fine and noble," thought he, "and no plotter against the government."

He tried to persuade the Jewish people that it would be very wicked to kill Jesus. But they would not listen to him and they cried out, "Crucify him!" At last Pilate let them have their way, and Jesus was taken away to be crucified.

Jesus on the Cross

At any time Jesus might have escaped from his enemies. But because he was willing to suffer and die to save others from their sins he let them put a crown of thorns upon his head and nail him to a cross.

He let them make fun of him and hurt him, and he said no unkind word to them. Instead, he prayed for them, saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." No, they did not know they were killing one who truly loved them, the great Saviour and King of all the world. If they had known this how sorry and ashamed and afraid they would have been.

At the head of the cross Jesus' enemies had written the words: "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews." And while he suffered on the cross they laughed at him and said: "If he is God's Son and has so much power, let him save himself and come down from the cross! He saved others but he does not seem to be able to save himself."

What they did not know was that Jesus would not use his great power to save himself. He would willingly die that people might believe in his Kingdom of Love and Happiness.

Strange things began to happen as Jesus hung on the cross. The morning sun was darkened, and the curtain hanging before the holy place in the Temple was torn apart.

Then from out the darkness came Jesus' voice saying, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

The suffering was over then. The Lord Jesus had died for others. For all the people of the world he had given his life.

NATURE EASTER STORIES

The Bulb and the Flower

One spring day mother showed Edward a hard, brown bulb.

"Last spring," she said, "there grew a beautiful, flowering daffodil plant that gave forth beauty and fragrance until its lovely blossoms died. But though its blossoms withered the plant did not die, and even after its leaves had withered and nothing of the plant was left above the ground, still it was not dead. Its life was folded away in this bulb, under the ground. When we plant this bulb it will grow again and blossom into a beautiful daffodil, like these daffodils on the table."

"This is one story of life after death that we read in God's Book of the Outdoors."

The Caterpillar and the Butterfly

"Another story we read as we see what happens to the caterpillar. First the caterpillar has to crawl on the ground or along branches. It cannot go far, and it cannot go fast. Then, when autumn comes, it winds about itself a thick, warm cocoon blanket and goes to sleep for the winter. In the spring it awakens, and it is not a caterpillar any longer, but a beautiful butterfly that has a happier, freer life than it had before."

New Life the Gift of the Heavenly Father

"What is it that makes a bulb like this one grow again? Would planting it and watering it make it grow if God's wonderful power did not quicken all the earth to bring it back to life and beauty? No, it would not. We know that no bulb or seed or root could grow of itself, but grows only because God the heavenly Father gives it new life. If he did not make the bulb to grow it would in time be a dead thing, never to live again.

"It is God's power, too, that enables the caterpillar to become the beautiful, happy, free butterfly.

"So our friends who have died, and we, too, when we have died, shall some day live again because of the love and power of the heavenly Father, who sent his only Son Jesus, to live and die and rise from the grave and be alive forevermore that we, too, might live forever."

BIBLE EASTER STORIES

WHICH EDWARD HEARD AT SUNDAY SCHOOL

The First Easter Day: The Morning

"Let us visit our dear Master's grave," said two of Jesus' friends on the third morning after he had died. These friends of Jesus were women and both were

named Mary. With their offerings of fragrant spices they journeyed toward the tomb in the rock in which Jesus had been buried.

Perhaps as the two Marys walked toward the tomb they heard the joyful song of birds in the olive and fig trees. Perhaps they thought, "How can those birds sing so joyfully when our dear Master is dead?"

But the birds that morning had a better reason for singing joyful songs than they had ever had before. For a very glad and wonderful thing had happened. Jesus had come forth from the grave. He was alive forevermore, and because he had arisen from the grave his faithful friends and followers would also arise from the grave and be alive forevermore.

When the two Marys reached the tomb they saw a shining angel sitting upon a great stone that had been rolled away from the door of the tomb, and the angel told them of the wonderful thing that had happened. What the angel said, and what happened next is here told in the words of the Bible, in the last chapter of the Book of Matthew.

"And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified. He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

"And go quickly and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him; lo, I have told you.

"And they departed quickly from the sepulcher

with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word.

"And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet and worshiped him.

"And Jesus said unto them, Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me."

The Afternoon

Two men were walking along the country road that led from Jerusalem to the little village of Emmaus. They were friends of Jesus, and they were talking sadly about his death on the cross. As they walked and talked another man came up to them and walked along beside them.

"Tell me what it is you are talking about, and why you are so sad," he said.

"Are you a stranger here and do not know what things have happened in Jerusalem?" asked one of the men, whose name was Cleopas.

"What things?" asked the stranger.

Cleopas and his friend then told the Stranger of Jesus the great prophet and of his death on the cross.

They told him also how some women had gone to the tomb that morning and had been told by angels that Jesus was alive. They told him how they had hurried to the sepulcher and had found it empty, just as the women had said it was.

The Stranger listened to all they told him. Then he began to talk about Jesus the Saviour, and of what was written in the Bible about him.

Cleopas and his friend listened eagerly to all the stranger told them. It made them happy to hear him tell about their dear Friend Jesus. And there was something beautiful and wonderful about this Stranger that made them love him. When they reached their home in the village they did not want him to leave them. "Abide with us," they said.

The Stranger went with them into their house. As he sat at supper with them he took bread and blessed it and gave some to each.

Suddenly Cleopas and his friend knew that this Stranger was Jesus himself, their own dear Master. At that moment Jesus disappeared from their sight, leaving them with hearts full of wonder and joy. They said to each other, "Did not our hearts grow warm within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he explained to us the Scriptures?"

The Evening

It was evening of the first Easter Day. John and Peter and other friends of Jesus were together in a room in a house in Jerusalem.

They were thinking of what they had heard that day, of the wonderful news that Jesus had risen from the grave. We think they must have been very quiet because their minds were so full of wondering, happy

thoughts about Jesus. Had he really risen from the grave? Was he really alive? Would they see him again?

The door opened and Cleopas and his friend came into the room.

"We know Jesus has risen, for we have seen him," said Cleopas and his friend. And they told how he had walked with them and visited them in Emmaus.

While they were speaking Jesus, himself, came into that room, saying, "Peace be unto you."

Jesus stayed in that room only a little while. He spoke words of comfort and blessing to his friends, and told them they were now to work for him. Then he disappeared from their sight.

The friends of Jesus rejoiced because they had seen their dear Master.

Thomas, who had been one of his helpers, was not in the room when he was there. When he came in the people in that room told him they had seen the Lord Jesus. Thomas thought that was too wonderful a thing to be true. But seven days later Jesus again appeared to his disciples and friends when Thomas was present, and he, too, believed that Jesus was alive.

Since that first happy Easter Day all who believe in the risen Lord Jesus have had the happy promise of eternal life in the heavenly home, the promise that Jesus, himself, gave to his friends.

WHAT EDWARD DID WITH HIS EASTER PLANT

On Easter Sunday Edward brought home from his Sunday school a beautiful, potted daffodil.

Edward's mother made a place for his plant on a table by the window. As she and Edward stood at the window admiring the daffodil they saw the doctor come out of the house next door and drive away in his automobile.

"The boy next door must be quite sick," said mother.

"I'm sorry for him," said Edward. "I remember how sick I was when I had the measles."

"Edward," said Mother, "don't you think it would be nice to give the Easter plant to him to cheer him up a bit?"

"Sure, it would," replied Edward. "I'll take it over to his house right now."

The boy's mother came to the door and took the plant from Edward and thanked him warmly.

Presently when Edward looked out of his window he saw the plant in an up-stairs window of the new house. He laughed gleefully. "Why, we can see it and enjoy it too, just as much as if we had it here," he told his mother.

"More," said Mother, "because we know the sick boy, lying in his bed, can see it and enjoy it also."

Just then something happened that delighted Edward and made him laugh more gleefully than ever. The sick boy himself, wearing a bathrobe, came to the window, grinned and waved his hand and disappeared.

"I like that boy's spirit," said Mother approvingly. "He doesn't let a thing like the measles make him discouraged."

A RIDE THROUGH THE COUNTRY

After dinner Father got his automobile out of the garage and took the family for a ride along country roads. How delightful it was to see and to hear the new life of the springtime. New green grass was everywhere on roadsides and meadows, maples along the road were opening red blossoms to the warm spring sunshine. From ponds and marshy places came the joyous singing of the young frogs that Edward called the "peepers." Now and then a gay-breasted robin came hopping along somebody's lawn, or some robin up in a tree called out a cheery "How-do-you-do" as the auto sped along. Most interesting of all to Edward were the children that he saw, boys and girls with the glad, gay springtime in their hearts, wearing bright sweaters and straw hats, playing in their front yards, or walking along paths that led to woods and fields.

Everywhere on that happy Easter day, on roadside and farm, in woodland and meadow, was the new

life of the springtime, the wonderful gift of the loving heavenly Father.

On the way home Father stopped the car and waited while Edward went over to some willow bushes beside a brook and picked a large bunch of pussy-willows.

When he reached home Edward put the pussy-willows in a large jar in a window where they could be seen from the new house. "That boy may get up again and look out the window and see them," he said to his mother. "I wish," he added, "that I knew his name."

"You will find out before long," predicted Mother.

35

THE QUARREL

One morning of the spring vacation week that followed, Harold Johnson, who lived in the house on the corner, came over to play with Edward. Harold and Edward had never been able to get along well together, but in spite of that they played together now and then because they were near neighbors.

On this particular morning the two boys played marbles for a time. Harold soon tired of this game, however, and, seeing some boards in back of the garage, suggested that he and Edward make a see-saw.

Edward went into the garage to find a "horse" for the see-saw. Harold followed and straightway climbed

into Edward's father's car, took the driver's seat and put his hands on the steering-wheel.

"Let's play in here awhile before we see-saw," said he, "I'll be a taxi driver, and you'll be a passenger. You get in the back seat."

"No," objected Edward. "My father wouldn't like to have us play in his automobile. He never lets me do it." Then, as Harold was about to touch a lever, he cried out, "You leave that alone and get out of that automobile or I'll go in and tell my mother!"

Harold climbed out, grumpily. "It isn't such a wonderful automobile that you all need to be so particular about it," he remarked. "It's just a rattling cheap old car, that's all it is. I heard my father say he was surprised your father didn't get a better automobile."

Hot anger swept over Edward. His father's car, that had given the family so many good times last summer and that delightful ride of Easter Sunday afternoon! He wasn't going to let Harold make insulting remarks about it. He'd show him!

His fists were doubled up and all ready to shoot out at Harold when he remembered, just in time, that last fight he had had with Harold, when, in his excitement and anger he had hurt him more than he had intended to, and had made his nose bleed, and Mrs. Johnson had come over and had said unpleasant things to his mother who had not been at all to blame. He decided he would better not have another fight and make more

trouble like that. He seized one end of the "horse" and told Harold to help him carry it out if he wanted to see-saw.

In the fun of going up and down on the see-saw the unpleasant happening in the garage was almost forgotten. Then, as his end of the board touched the ground, Edward accidentally fell off, and Harold was thrown off his end onto some stones and his hand was hurt. At once he began to cry loudly.

"What did you get off for," he demanded of Edward.

"I didn't get off on purpose; I fell off," explained Edward.

"Like fun you did," said Harold angrily. "You got off on purpose, just so I'd get hurt."

"I did not," declared Edward. "I did not get off on purpose, and I'm sorry you got hurt."

"Oh yes, you're sorry!" said Harold scornfully. "You should have been sorry before you did it."

"I tell you I didn't do it on purpose," said Edward, as Harold started for home, crying.

After Harold had disappeared into his house Edward waited a few minutes in anxiety to see if Mrs. Johnson was coming over. He was relieved when soon he saw Harold come out of his house eating a big slice of bread, and go on up the road, probably in search of some one else to play with.

In the afternoon Edward became better acquainted with the girl who lived next door. When she came

out to play in her back yard, Edward went over and asked her what her brother's name was.

"It's Steve," replied the girl, "and mine is Doris."

"Is your brother getting better?" asked Edward.

"Oh yes," she answered. "He's a lot better. He sits up in bed now, and tomorrow he's going to get up and get dressed."

"That's good," said Edward with satisfaction.
"Then he will be coming out soon."

36

A BREAKFAST ON THE SHORE OF GALILEE

Sunday morning was cold and rainy, but Edward put on his rubbers and took an umbrella and went to Sunday school as usual. He found at Sunday school quite a large number of other children who, like himself, did not mind going out in rainy weather.

"Though it is cold and wet outdoors today," said Miss Hammond, "we know that summer is coming, and it won't be long before we shall be planning to go to the woods or the seashore for picnics or camping trips. How many of you like to have a picnic lunch outdoors and eat something that has been cooked over a camp-fire?"

Every child looked happy at the very thought of doing this, and Miss Hammond went on:

"Today I have a story to tell you of how Jesus and some of his friends ate a breakfast beside a camp-fire on the shore of Lake Galilee.

"It was some time after the first Easter Day. Well did Simon Peter and John and other friends of Jesus know he had risen, for twice had they seen him and talked with him. But now they were not with him every day as they used to be. Greatly they missed being with him, and hardly knew what to do.

"'I am going fishing,' said Simon Peter one evening.

"'We will go with you,' said some of the other friends of Jesus.

"Soon they were in their boat on the dark waters of Lake Galilee, fishing in the night-time because that was thought to be a good time to catch fish.

"Into the deep, dark water the fishermen let down their net and waited patiently for fish to come into it.

"During that long night it is quite likely these friends of Jesus thought much about Jesus their Master, remembering the loving, helpful deeds he had done, remembering his stories about the Kingdom of Heaven, remembering how he had promised to give each one of them a place in that Kingdom.

"Where was Jesus now, they wondered. He had arisen from the grave, but he had not yet gone to the heavenly home. He was still somewhere in the land of Palestine. So through the long night these fishermen thought of Jesus.

“ Early morning came, but no fish had come into the net. The fishermen were tired and hungry and disappointed. Then in the early morning light on the shore they saw a man.

“ ‘ Cast your net on the other side of the boat and you shall find fish,’ the man called out to them.

“ The men in the boat did this, and the net became so full of fish they could not lift it into the boat. Then the fishermen knew the man on the shore must be the Lord Jesus.

“ Simon Peter was so rejoiced that he jumped into the water and waded to the shore to the Master. The other friends of Jesus came quickly in the boat, bringing in the fish.

“ The man on the shore was indeed the Lord Jesus. And there on the sand was a fire burning, and over the fire fish were cooking, and there was plenty of good bread. Jesus, himself, had made ready this breakfast for his fishermen friends.

“ After the breakfast Jesus and Peter talked together.

“ ‘ Simon Peter, do you love me?’ Jesus asked Peter.

“ ‘ Lord Jesus, you know that I love you,’ Peter answered.

“ ‘ Then feed my lambs and sheep, Peter,’ Jesus answered.

“ Peter knew just what Jesus meant when he said that. He knew Jesus’ lambs and sheep were the people of the world. He knew he was to feed them by telling

them how to be friends and followers of Jesus and at last be saved from sin and sorrow and death in the heavenly home.

"Jesus wanted his other friends also to do this same kind of work for him, but he gave Peter this special message because he wanted him to be sure to remember.

"Some days later when Jesus was with his friends on Mount Olivet he was taken up beyond the clouds to the heavenly home. Then these disciples and friends of Jesus remembered that he had told them to carry on his work and tell other people about him and teach other people to live the life of his Kingdom. And they went down from Mount Olivet and began at once to work for him.

"After Jesus arose from the grave he looked just as he had looked before, but he was even more wonderful than before. Now he was a beautiful spirit being, and could go anywhere at any time. After he went to the heavenly home he was like this. He could be with his friends and go with them anywhere. He would be with them even though they could not see him. He said to his helpers, LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS."

BIRDS IN THE RAIN

On Sunday afternoon with a fire in the living-room Edward and his father and mother and baby sister

were comfortable and cozy. But sparrows and robins were out in the yard in the rain, hopping and flying from place to place.

"Poor things! They have no nice fire to warm them," said Edward.

Just then a robin alighted on a branch of a cherry tree near the window and began to sing.

"That bird," said Edward's father, "is neither cold nor wet nor unhappy. If he could speak your language this is what he would probably say to you:

"I am very comfortable and happy, thank you, very comfortable and happy. I have on a nice oiled feather coat that keeps me warm and dry. And I like this rain because it brings up from the ground very nice worms for my dinner, and I can take a bath in the little puddles that it makes. I know, too, that it is helping seeds and roots to come up from the ground. To be sure the weather is a bit chilly, but I know the sun will shine again, and then how warm and bright and beautiful everything will be! Then my mate and I are going to build a nest and have a family of little baby birds to love and care for. And in June there will be cherries! Ripe cherries on this very tree, for my mate, our little ones, and me. Oh, but I am happy. And so grateful to the heavenly Father for all his gifts to birds. And that is why I sing, out here in the rain, because I am so happy and thankful.' "

"Birds always look happy no matter what kind of weather it is," remarked Edward thoughtfully.

"Yes," assented Father. "No matter how cold and stormy it is you never see a bird crying about it."

"It certainly would look funny to see a bird cry," laughed Edward.

"Birds are happy and contented," said Father, "because they do just what God wants them to do, always obeying his will. When we stop to think of it we realize how wonderful it is that a bird, without hands or tools, can build a strong, warm nest. How do you suppose birds ever learned how to build nests, Edward?"

"The heavenly Father taught them," answered Edward. "That's what my teacher at Sunday school says."

"Yes, the heavenly Father taught them how," said Edward's father. "And he taught them how to be our helpers by eating insects and worms that would hurt our trees. He also taught them to sing the happy songs we love to hear. The birds do the things the heavenly Father has taught them to do and wants them to do, and that is why they are happy. Get your notebook, Edward, and we will make in it a picture of a tree and a nest and some birds, and under the picture we will write some verses about birds."

A picture was made of an apple tree with a nest in one of its low-spreading branches and two birds on another branch near by. Under the picture Edward wrote these two verses, the first a Bible verse, the second a verse that Father made up:

I

THE TIME OF THE SINGING OF BIRDS IS
COME.

II

The little birds build their nest
And sing their happy song;
They do the heavenly Father's will,
They're happy all day long.

38

**GRANDMA MACKAY GOES TO
ANOTHER HOME**

For weeks Grandma MacKay had been sick. She was no longer able to water the geranium plants in the window or keep the little kitchen clean and shining. Kind neighbors took turns in doing these things for her, and bringing her broths and jellies and fruits and making her comfortable, as she lay in her bedroom next to the kitchen.

Sometimes when Edward brought some gift from his mother he would stay a few moments near the old lady's bedside. "It does me gude to see you, laddie," she would say.

She was the same cheerful, friendly Grandma MacKay, but in her face there was a look of suffering that made Edward feel distressed and sad. He wished and wished that the doctor would give her some medicine

that would make her well. But though the doctor came regularly and Grandma MacKay obediently took all the medicine he gave her, she still remained in bed and daily grew more thin and white.

However, one afternoon of the third week of April Edward found her looking so happy he thought she must be getting better.

"You are going to get well now, aren't you, Grandma MacKay?" he asked.

"Yes, laddie, I shall soon be well," she answered, smiling at him.

The next morning over the telephone there came the message that Grandma MacKay had died during the night.

"But, Mother," said Edward, in surprise and grief, "she told me only yesterday that she was soon going to be well!"

"She must have had a feeling that she was going to go soon," said Mother.

"Going where?" asked Edward.

"To the heavenly home, dear," answered Mother.

All at once Edward understood. Yes, of course, that was what Grandma MacKay had meant. She had known that she was going to be well in the heavenly home and that was why she had looked so happy.

Grandma MacKay had never talked with Edward about God and the Lord Jesus as his Sunday-school teacher and his father and mother did. But again and again she had urged him to be good. And she had been

good herself, loving people and trying to help them. Surely she, too, had belonged to God's Kingdom of Happiness, where people love and help one another. And yesterday she had known she was going to the heavenly home. And she had been glad!

Into Edward's heart came a feeling of comfort and happiness. How glad he was that there was a heavenly home.

39

A NEW FRIEND

Saturday was a red-letter day for Edward because Steve, the new boy neighbor, now well of the measles, came out to play with him.

Steve was a little slow in his words and actions, but he was friendly and jolly and good-natured, and Edward liked him immensely.

The new playmate took admiring notice of the growing things in Edward's back yard, the broad leaves of stalks of rhubarb, the long, slender, pointed leaves of lilies, the new green thorny branches on blackberry bushes.

"Our yard hasn't got anything growing in it," he said, "but we are going to plant a garden soon."

"You ought to plant some shade trees in front of the house," said Edward. "We've got two in our front yard, two maple trees. Come on around front, and I'll show them to you."

"Those are dandy trees," said Steve, when he saw them.

"Father planted them for my sister Ethel and me," said Edward. "That one over there is Ethel's, and this one is mine."

"That's a good idea," said Steve. "I'm going to ask my father to plant shade trees in front for Doris and me."

40

WHAT EDWARD AND STEVE PLANTED IN THEIR GARDENS

"The fifth of May is garden day," said Edward's father as he began to dig up the soil and make it ready for planting. Edward got the rake and helped by raking out the stones and loose weeds. He was much interested in this garden because one corner of it was his, and he could plant there anything he chose.

Mother came out with packages of seeds, and Edward had a conference with her regarding what would be best to plant in his corner of the garden.

"Lettuce and radishes and nasturtiums would make a lovely garden," said Mother. "The lettuce and radishes grow quickly and would soon be ready to eat, and the nasturtiums would bloom all summer long."

"That's what I'll plant then," said Edward.

Presently Steve and Doris and their father and mother came out with spade and shovel and rake and

packages of seeds, to plant a garden in their back yard. And the two families had a happy time making gardens and visiting together.

When Steve saw that Edward had a garden of his own he had to have one too. He decided to plant string beans and beets and marigolds in his.

By Wednesday evening Edward's and Steve's gardens were planted, each vegetable and flower in its own nice straight row.

"Now we have just got to wait for them to grow," said Steve.

"We have got to wait for the sun and the rain to make them grow," added Edward.

41

GARDENS—RAIN—SUNSHINE

Every day Edward and Steve looked at their gardens to see if anything was coming up. One morning they found some sticks and stones on the smooth garden beds. They rightly guessed that it had been Harold who had thrown them there. Harold had appeared quite angry and jealous of late because Edward played so much with his new friend Steve and did not play with him.

Edward's mother advised the boys to remove the sticks and stones and say nothing to Harold about the matter, and this they did.

It seemed one day that the vegetables were coming up, for a number of tiny green plants were showing above the ground. But Father said they were just weeds, and Edward thought of what his mother had said about weeds being like sinful thoughts that come unbidden into a child's heart and mind.

Wednesday it began to rain, and it rained steadily for three days. At first Edward was glad the rain had come because he knew it would soften the brown coats of the vegetable and flower seeds and help them to come forth and grow. But when the rain continued for so long he began to worry. "The little seed may be drowned," he told his mother.

"Oh no," replied his mother, "there is no danger of that. We really need a lot of rain in the springtime to make things grow."

"Well, I wish it would clear up now," said Edward. "I want to go outdoors to play."

"I think myself that we have had about enough wet weather," admitted Mother.

Then something happened that made Edward and every one else happy. The heavenly Father sent out through the clouds his helper, the great warm sun. The sun warmed the air and dried up the ground. It warmed little seeds and roots under the ground and started them to growing. It cheered and warmed the sparrows and robins and bluebirds and made them sing joyously. It warmed little buds on the trees and bushes that had not yet come out, and they began to

Stories for All the Year

open into leaves and blossoms. The sun made all the outdoor world warm and beautiful.

Edward ran joyfully out to play. Steve and Doris ran joyfully out to play. Mother put Baby Ethel in her carriage on the porch in the sunshine, and she laughed and said "Da-da-da" because she too was happy. And hundreds of other children were happy and thankful that Saturday morning because the loving heavenly Father had made his sun to shine.

That afternoon Edward found in his garden many tiny plants which his father said were lettuce and radishes coming up. Steve had to wait longer for his vegetables to come up because they were the kind that take longer to grow.

That Saturday was, however, a happy day for Steve, for his father took him up the street in the afternoon and bought him a bicycle. When he brought the bicycle home Edward was out in his yard and came over to admire it.

Presently Edward went in and told his mother that Steve had a new bicycle.

"That's fine," said Mother. "Some day Father is going to buy a bicycle for you. But we can't afford it this summer. Next year, perhaps."

"Oh, I don't mind waiting, as long as I'm going to get one some day," said Edward cheerfully. "And I think Steve will perhaps sometimes let me have rides on his."

Edward was right. Steve did share his bicycle with

Edward. That very afternoon the two boys took turns learning to ride on it.

Harold, seeing the two boys from his yard, was more jealous and angry than ever. He seemed to forget that it was because he was teasing and quarrelsome that Edward had not been able to make a friend of him as he had of good-natured, generous Steve.

That evening at supper Edward told his father and mother what he thought of Steve when he said, "Steve's a friend worth having!"

42

FORGIVENESS

When Edward at Sunday school heard a Bible story about forgiveness he thought it would be quite easy to forgive any one. But something happened that very Sunday afternoon that made him change his mind.

Early in the afternoon Edward's father took the family for an auto ride, and when they returned home about tea time they found that some one had cut Edward's little maple tree close to the roots. The upper part of the tree, with all its tender young branches and beautiful new leaves, was lying on the ground.

Edward was heart-broken at the loss of his tree, and very angry at the unknown person who had done the cowardly deed.

While the family were talking about it Steve and his

mother came out. They said they thought Harold Johnson might have done it, as they saw him one time during the afternoon in front of Edward's house.

Edward's father went over to Harold's house and asked him about it. Harold confessed that he had cut off the tree to "get even" with Edward because he would not play with him. He seemed sorry and frightened now at what he had done, particularly so because his father declared he was going to punish him for it.

It was this happening that made Edward understand that it is not always easy to forgive people. Indeed, he felt all Sunday evening and all day Monday that he just could not forgive Harold for cutting off his little tree. All day Monday he would not speak to him.

It may have been because he felt so cross and unforgiving that Edward, himself, did so many wrong things on Tuesday.

The first wrong thing he did was to hurt his baby sister. Baby Ethel had reached the age when her little hands, during her waking hours, were always reaching out for some new thing to play with. That morning as she sat near the table in her high chair she reached out and took Edward's toy engine, that would go when it was wound up, and she dropped it on the floor and broke the spring that made it go. Edward was very angry and gave her hand a hard slap that made her cry heart-brokenly.

Mother was distressed and vexed at what Edward had done. "It was your own fault that Baby Ethel

got your engine because you left it on the table last night instead of putting it away. And it was very naughty of you to hurt her. If you had not hurt her I would have asked Father to fix the engine this evening, but now I shall take the engine and not let you have it for a long time."

"I don't care," said Edward saucily, "'tisn't any good now." And he went out and rudely slammed the door and quickly ran off to school so his mother could not call him back.

At noon Mother looked sober, but she did not say anything about Edward's rudeness of the morning. After he had eaten his lunch she sent him out to sweep the porches and walks.

Edward took a broom and went outdoors, but he dilly-dallied awhile, and it was some moments before he began his work. Then when he had the back porch about half swept he spied the lawn-mower standing up against the garage. The night before his father had brought it home after having had it sharpened, and had left it there by the garage because he was going to use it this evening. Edward had asked him if he might use the lawn-mower, but his father had said, quite decidedly, that he could not. Edward could not see why he shouldn't use the lawn-mower. He would just love to cut the grass with it. Then an idea came to him. If he should use the lawn-mower now, when Father was away, and cut the grass very nicely, why then his father would see that he really could do it, and

might let him mow the lawn all summer. He ran down the porch steps and seized the lawn-mower and began to push it back and forth. He thought he was getting along very well and was quite proud of himself when suddenly he ran the machine into a young rosebush just planted the spring before and broke it off near the roots. As he stood looking at it his mother came out on the back porch and saw what he had done.

"Edward," she said angrily, "you have certainly been a very bad boy today, and after school you will have to be punished. Go to school now. No, you haven't time now to sweep the porches and walks."

At school that afternoon Edward could not put his mind on his books. He kept thinking about the broken rosebush, and wondering how he was going to be punished. Once when he had been disobedient he had been taken down into the cellar and strapped. He did not want to get punished in that way again, and yet he knew that kind of punishment was just what he deserved, and he thought that was probably what he would get.

After school he let Steve go on home without him and he went off alone to the woods.

Presently he got tired of walking and sat down on the stump of a tree, feeling very lonely and miserable, and hungry, too. A long time he sat there. The sun went behind a cloud, and a cold wind began to blow. With sorrow and regret Edward thought of the damage to the rosebush that his disobedience had caused.

Stories for All the Year

Then he thought of his own maple tree and of Harold. Remembering what he, himself, had done that day, he began to have a feeling of sympathy and forgiveness for Harold. "He wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been awful mad," he thought.

Presently he got up and went home. It was supper-time and Father was home, and Mother had been very anxious because Edward had not come home. He told his parents he had not come home because he had been afraid of being punished.

"Suppose we do not punish you this time?" asked Father, who by now had heard all about Edward's misconduct.

"I'll be better," said Edward.

"If he is sorry let us forgive him," said Mother.

"I am sorry," said Edward earnestly.

"All right then, we will forgive him," said Father. "Now, son, see how quickly you can wash your hands and face and get ready for supper."

The next day Edward surprised Harold by speaking to him pleasantly on the way to school.

That evening Edward, himself, had a happy surprise. His father brought home a dozen pansy plants and gave them to him to plant in his garden. Already there were lovely purple and yellow flowers on these pansy plants, and Father said they would keep on blossoming for many weeks.

Edward made a bed for them in his own garden, digging a separate hole for each plant. Firmly he pressed

the soil about the roots, and then gave every plant a good sprinkling of water.

In a day or so the pansy plants were lifting up their pretty flower faces, quite happy and content in their new home in Edward's garden.

43

MEMORIAL DAY

Flags, flags, the red, white, and blue, everywhere! Two of them, even, on each side of the windshield of Father's auto, which the wind rippled constantly as the family rode through towns and villages on Memorial Day.

The road through one town went close by a cemetery, and Edward saw there many flags on many graves.

"Soldiers' graves," Father told him. "On Memorial Day people put flags and flowers on the soldiers' graves to honor their memory."

In one town on the roadside there was a large sign-board with the words HONOR ROLL heading a list of many names.

"That," said Father, "is a memorial of the soldiers of this town who died for their country."

An American flag was draped on each upper corner of this memorial, and from the center hung a green wreath. Flags and wreaths had been placed there to

Stories for All the Year

honor the memory of the soldiers whose names were listed there.

Coming back to his own town Edward looked with new interest at the Soldiers' Monument that stood in the center of the town. That, too, was draped with flags.

"That monument itself is a tribute of honor to our brave soldiers," Father told Edward.

"I wish I could put some flowers on a soldier's grave, Dad," said Edward.

"We have some blue and yellow lilies in our back yard," said Mother. "Why not go and get some and let Edward put some flowers on a soldier's grave?"

They rode home and picked some lilies, and then rode to the cemetery of their own town.

The cemetery was a lovely place that day with green grass and trees, and monuments gleaming in the sunshine, and many of the graves made beautiful with flowers.

While Mother and Baby Ethel waited in the car Edward and his father walked about among the graves. Those that had flags on them were the soldiers' graves, Father told Edward. Edward selected a grave that had a flag on it but no flowers, and he put some of his lilies there. The rest of his flowers he put on the grave of Grandma MacKay.

Edward was greatly interested in the slabs of granite and marble that were beside the graves. Several monuments had crosses on them. "Those crosses," said

Father, "are to help people to remember that Jesus died on the cross that people might live again after death, and have everlasting life. See, here is one monument with a cross that has on it a Bible verse about Jesus and the resurrection."

Edward looked closely at the monument and read these words: HE THAT BELIEVETH ON ME HATH EVERLASTING LIFE.

44

NEIGHBORS OF OTHER LANDS

A missionary who had lately returned from China told this story to the children of Edward's class at Sunday school, the next Sunday.

First, I want to tell you a Bible story about some people of long ago who lived in a city called Nineveh. Nineveh was a beautiful city and so large that it took three days to walk through it. But the people of Nineveh did not know about God, and they grew more and more wicked and unhappy.

Now in another land, not far from Nineveh, there lived some people who did know about God. They were the people of Israel. One day God told one of the teachers of Israel, whose name was Jonah, that he wanted him to go to Nineveh and tell the people there about him and his laws, and show them how wicked they had been, and how they were bringing

Stories for All the Year

great punishment upon themselves because of their sins. Jonah cared nothing about the people of Nineveh.

"I don't want to go to Nineveh and preach to those heathen people," thought he. And he tried to run away so he would not have to go.

Jonah went on board a ship, intending to go to a land that was in quite another direction from that of the city of Nineveh.

But he found that he could not run away from God. Because he was trying to do that he brought trouble upon the people of the ship in which he sailed, and they were almost shipwrecked. At last Jonah said: "I know I am the guilty one. Throw me into the sea and you will have no more trouble." And the sailors were forced to do this to save the lives of all who were on board.

But God loved Jonah and saved him by causing a great fish to carry him ashore.

Jonah was glad then to obey God, and went to Nineveh and gave them this message from God: "In forty days Nineveh shall be destroyed."

The people of Nineveh knew it was because they had been so sinful that this trouble was coming upon them. And they repented of their sins.

Then God forgave them and saved their city from destruction.

Jonah, however, was not pleased because God saved the people of Nineveh. "I told the people their city would be destroyed," thought he, "and now God has

Stories for All the Year

forgiven them and saved their city. What will the people of Nineveh think of me?"

He went outside the city and sat down in the burning hot sun, and did not care what happened to him. But still God loved him, and he wanted to help him and teach him a lesson. So he caused a vine quickly to grow up over him and make shade for him.

For one day Jonah enjoyed the shade of the vine. The next day he found that it had been destroyed by a worm. That day a hot, east wind blew, and Jonah was so miserable without the vine that he wished he could die.

Then God spoke to him, saying: "Jonah, you are grieved because the vine has been destroyed. And should I not grieve for the people of Nineveh, and have pity on them and save them?"

So did God teach Jonah that he loved the people of heathen nations, and wanted them also to belong to his Kingdom.

Many other people of Jonah's time felt just as Jonah had felt. They did not care for the people of other nations. Indeed, they were often ready to fight with the people of other nations and hurt and kill them.

But after a while Jesus came, and he taught his followers that they must love all the people of the world and try to help them all. Then some people just wanted to go to other lands to preach the gospel, and some people wanted to give money to send minis-

ter and doctor missionaries to help the people of other lands.

But now I have a sad thing to tell you. At first in some foreign lands the people did not want to hear about God and about Jesus. They wanted the missionaries to leave them alone. But of course Christian people who were trying hard to work for Jesus would not do that. They knew Jesus had said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel," and they were determined to obey his command.

45

THE STORY OF ROBERT MORRISON

One of these determined workers for Jesus was a man named Robert Morrison, who went to China to preach the gospel. The Chinese people wanted to kill him, and it was not safe for him to go out in the day-time. Of course he could not preach to the people when they treated him like this. However, he thought of one thing he could do. He could learn the Chinese language, and then he could make a Chinese-English dictionary to help missionaries who came in later years to learn quickly the Chinese language and be able to preach to the people.

That is what Robert Morrison did. And how long do you suppose it took him to learn the language and write the dictionary? Sixteen years!

One other thing Robert Morrison did. He taught one Chinaman to love Jesus and be a Christian.

Years later many Christian missionaries did go to China and use Morrison's dictionary and preach the gospel in the Chinese language to the Chinese people.

Today there are thousands of Chinese people who have become Christians. These Chinese people who have learned to love Jesus are so much happier than they were before. For one thing they now love their little girl babies and take care of them. What do you suppose some of the Chinese people used to do? If they had too many girl babies they would just take them to a tower in a lonely country place and leave them there to die.

Now there are mission schools for girls of China, as well as for boys. When I was in China I was in one of these schools, helping to teach little girls to love and obey Jesus, and live useful, happy lives.

One day a little boy was brought to our mission school. He was related to our Chinese cook, and used to help him in the kitchen, and that is how he happened to come to a girls' school. He was a very timid, frightened little child at first. He was even afraid to go across the street. Can you think why? Because he thought evil spirits might get him. After a while he learned about God the heavenly Father, and how he takes care of little children, and then he was no longer afraid, and began to be merry and happy.

WEEDS IN THE FIELDS

Tuesday afternoon Edward went over to see Steve's garden and found it looking so nice that he felt ashamed of his own, which had many weeds in it. He went home and set to work to pull out the weeds that had come up between the rows of lettuce and radishes and nasturtiums and pansies. His mother came out with her sewing and sat on a lawn seat and watched him approvingly.

As Edward pulled up the weeds he threw them over the fence into an adjoining field. "They can grow there if they want to," he said. "It's all right for weeds to grow in the fields, isn't it, Mother?"

"Oh yes, they can't do any harm there. Indeed, some weeds in the fields are quite beautiful and useful. Most of the weeds that we see in the fields help to make the fields green, and beautiful with flowers, like daisies, buttercups, and clover. And in the autumn many of the weeds in the fields have seeds on them that the birds are glad to eat. So the heavenly Father had a purpose in making weeds grow in the fields, and on the waysides."

"But we do not want weeds growing in our gardens, for if we did let them grow there they would soon crowd out garden flowers and vegetables."

"How do weeds get in the garden?" asked Edward.

"Mr. Wind is a good friend to all kinds of plants," replied his mother. "He scatters the seeds of all of them as he sweeps over the countryside. Some he sows in our gardens as he passes over them."

"Just wait till I catch Mr. Wind sowing any more weed seeds in my garden," said Edward with mock severity, as he threw the last weed over the fence.

With a hand trowel Edward then carefully hoed the soil about the roots of the plants in his garden. When his work was finished the little garden looked so beautiful it was a pleasure for him to look at it. His mother said, "You will be surprised now to see how it will grow."

47

THE MISSIONARY PARTY

In the middle of the week came a post-card for Edward from Miss Hammond which said:

You are invited to attend a missionary party in the Sunday-school room on Saturday afternoon, at three o'clock. Please bring two picture post-cards (old ones will do), and five cents to help children of other lands.

Edward stood the card against a vase on the side-board so he would be sure to remember to go to the party.

Saturday afternoon found a goodly number of children gathered in the Sunday-school room, all looking very nice in their pretty, clean dresses and suits. Most

of them had remembered to bring the two post-cards and the five cents. Some had brought much more than five cents.

The first thing the children did was to practise the Children's Day song they were to sing the next day. Then they listened to a story about Zambi, a little boy of Africa, who used to be afraid of many things, and often was quite cross and unhappy until he went to a mission school and learned about Jesus and how he loved all the children of the world, and was ready to be a Friend to a little black child, or to any other child, who would love him and obey his commandments, how Zambi learned to trust Jesus and was never afraid, how he learned to obey his commandments and began to live a loving, unselfish, happy life.

The money they had brought to the party was to be sent to Africa, Miss Hammond said, to help other little black children like Zambi to have a mission school where they might learn about Jesus and his Kingdom.

The picture post-cards, too, were to go to little children like Zambi, to brighten the lives of little black boys and girls in Africa who did not have any pictures in their homes and would think a picture post-card was a very nice thing to look at.

The children then recited this Bible verse, which is one of Jesus' commands to us: GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE.

“We are going to help to preach the gospel in

Africa," said Miss Hammond, "by sending our money there to help the work of the Christian missionaries. And we are going to send the picture post-cards to the little African children to show them that we love them and want to do something to make them happy."

The offering was then put in a box with a small opening in the cover, on which were pictures of children of different nations. Then they sang this prayer song:

Dear Lord Jesus, now we pray,
Bless the children far away;
Bless the gifts we bring to thee,
For thy work across the sea.

Miss Hammond then told the children that the money they had from time to time put in the missionary box was the following week to be taken out and sent away. Half of it was to be sent to the Home Missionary Society to help children of America, and half of it was to be sent to the Foreign Missionary Society to help children of other lands.

Then they gathered about a table and each one pasted two picture post-cards together, back to back, and put a pretty, red ribbon loop and bow at one end. Some of the post-cards just had pasted on the address side a piece of white paper on which a missionary might write a Bible verse.

"The boy in Africa can hang this on the wall," remarked Edward, as he pulled the ribbon through his two cards. "And when he has looked at one side a

long while he can just turn it around and have a new picture to look at."

By this time the children were hungry, and Miss Hammond gave to each one a sandwich, some animal crackers, and some candy, tied in a paper napkin.

Then came the merry time of playing games.

First of all was the game "Hide the African Boy," played just like "Hide the Thimble," but instead of a thimble it was a tiny doll with face painted brown that was hidden.

"Going to Africa" was played next, a game played with chairs just like "Going to Jerusalem."

Next came the "Game of All Nations." The children sat in chairs in a circle, with chairs enough for all except one child, who stood in the middle of the circle. The child in the middle went to each child and whispered that he or she belonged to a certain nation, saying to some, "You are a Chinese child," to others, "You are an African child," to others, "You are an Indian child," and to others, "You are a Filipino child," and so on. Then he stood in the middle of the circle and called out, "Chinese and Africans change places!" At which all the children who were Chinese and African had to get up and run to find another chair, and the child in the middle ran and tried to get a chair for himself. If he was successful another child, who had not gotten a chair, would be "It," and the game went on, this child calling to change places any nations that he chose.

Edward was "It" once, and he thought it was great fun to call out, "Chinese and Indians change places!" or "Africans and Filipinos, change!" He had once before played a game that was something like this, called "Fruit Basket," but he thought the "Game of All Nations" was far more fun.

Last of all came "Japanese Tag," when a child who was "tagged" had to hold on to the place where he was "tagged" as he ran about and tried to "tag" some one else.

Just before they went home Miss Hammond said that many flowers would be wanted for the church the next day because it was Children's Day. She told the children she would be glad if they would pick some daisies that afternoon or evening and bring them to church early the next morning to put in one of the big flower jars on the pulpit stand, to help make God's house look beautiful.

After supper that evening Edward went out to a meadow to pick the daisies. Steve and Doris came out to help him.

Edward had been disappointed because Steve and Doris had not yet come to Sunday school, though he had more than once invited them to go. That evening they told him they were going the very next day. "I've got a new, white dress and a new hat, and Steve has a new suit and a new cap, and we are going to Sunday school tomorrow," declared Doris.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Edward was very happy as he went to church early the next morning, carrying his bunch of daisies, and taking Steve and Doris with him. Joyously he joined with the other children of his class in singing this their Children's Day song:

Children's Day, Children's Day!
Happy, happy Children's Day!
Sunshine, birds, and flowers say,
Sing for joy on Children's Day.

God the Lord from above,
Sends the sunshine, birds, and flowers,
Watches o'er us night and day,
Fills with joy the passing hours.

Every day, every day
We will thank him for his care,
For his love that sent the sunshine
And the birds and flowers fair.

Children's Day, Children's Day,
Happy, happy Children's Day;
Sunshine, birds, and flowers say,
Sing for joy on Children's Day!

Earnestly he listened to this story which Miss Hammond told, about Jesus, the children's Friend:

"Was Jesus a Friend of little children? At first the people of Palestine did not know that he was.

“ True it was that once when he was in Cana he had cured a little boy who was sick in Capernaum. The boy’s father had come to Jesus and asked him to make his child well, and Jesus had cured the boy. But had he cured the little boy because he loved him and was sorry for him, or had he done it just to please the boy’s father?

“ Then there was the time when Jesus had spoken to a girl who was dead and called her back to life again. Had he done that because he loved the little girl, or because he wanted to help her sorrowing father and mother?

“ But one day Jesus did something that taught every one that he did love little children. His helpers had been talking about which of them would be the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven. Jesus took a good little child and he placed him in the midst of his disciples and he said: ‘ If you would be truly great in God’s Kingdom you must turn away from thoughts of being greatest or richest or wisest in the things of this world, and you must be like this little child, loving and trusting God. He who is humble, like this little child, shall be great in the Kingdom of Heaven.’

“ Those helpers of Jesus had perhaps never before thought of a little child as being great in God’s Kingdom. They listened earnestly and thoughtfully as he told them more about children and his Kingdom.

“ ‘ When people are kind to little children they are helping me,’ said Jesus. ‘ Do not slight them or

treat them unkindly, for they are very important in God's sight. He loves and cares for every one. I, too, love and care for every one. I am like a shepherd, and the children are like my lambs. You know that if a shepherd lost one of his lambs he would be grieved, and he would go out to find it, and when he had found it he would be very glad. I, too, want every one of my lambs to belong to my Kingdom.'

"Later Jesus journeyed southward toward Judea. One day some mothers brought their children to him that he might bless them. Perhaps these mothers thought, 'If Jesus will touch our children and bless them, they will be sure to be good and happy all their lives.'

"But the disciples said to the mothers: 'You should not bring your children to Jesus at this time. Don't you see that he is busy teaching the people?'

"Jesus saw the children, and he heard what his disciples had said. He stopped talking to the grown-up people, and he said to his disciples, 'Let the little children come to me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

"Then he gathered those little children about him and blessed them. And the people of that part of Palestine also learned that Jesus did love little children and was their friend.

"Some time after this when Jesus was in the Temple in Jerusalem the children came there and sang praises to him. Jesus' enemies tried to drive out the children,

but Jesus stopped them and looked lovingly at the children and said, ‘No one can sing songs of praise better than the children.’ And the people of Jerusalem learned that he loved little children.

“How glad we are that Jesus, up in the heavenly home, knows about the children of today and loves each one of them, that he loves Jack and Grace and Margaret and Edward, and all the rest of us. When he loves us so much don’t you think we ought to do all we can to please him? One way in which we can please him is to be kind to our own little brothers and sisters, or to other little children in our neighborhood. If we were only two or three or four years old we should want older boys and girls to be kind to us, shouldn’t we? Then too, we can please Jesus by helping other people. Once he said that when we help other people it is just the same as helping him. All this week let us watch out for times when we can help people. If we are real helpers, trying to make other people happy, then we belong to his Kingdom of Happiness.”

After the story the children marched into the church auditorium, and went up on the platform, back of the flowers on the pulpit, and sang their Children’s Day song. Then they took their places with the congregation of fathers and mothers and friends that were seated in the church. Junior children then came round with flower-trimmed baskets, and took the offering,

which was to be used to help educate older boys and girls to be workers in God's Kingdom. Then all the people in the church stood up and sang,

There's a Friend for little children,
Above the bright, blue sky;
A Friend who never changes,
Whose love can never die.

49

THE STORY OF THE WHITE LAMB AND THE BLACK LAMB

Sunday afternoon Mother read to Edward a story from a book written by a lady named Mrs. Booth. This is what the story was about:

There was once a little white lamb who had a kind shepherd, and a safe fold, and beautiful pastures. One day this lamb took a long, long walk and came to a place that was cold and bare and lonely. There he met a little forlorn-looking black lamb.

"Why do you live in such a cold and bare and lonely place, and why are you so unhappy?" asked the little white lamb.

"Because I have no other place in which to live, and no shepherd to take care of me," sadly answered the little black lamb.

"Why do you not come to the country in which I live?" asked the white lamb. "There are sunny, green

pastures there, and cool, sweet waters, and a warm, safe fold, and best of all, a dear, kind shepherd."

"Oh," said the black lamb, "how I would love to have a kind shepherd!"

"Our kind shepherd would be glad to have you in his fold, for he loves all lambs, whether they are white or black."

"Can it be that he would love a black lamb like me?" questioned the poor black lamb.

"Oh, yes, I know he would love you," answered the white lamb.

"But alas! I do not know the way to your country," sorrowed the little black lamb.

"Come with me and I will take you there," said the little white lamb.

And the white lamb and the black lamb journeyed together to the kind shepherd, who welcomed them both and gave both a place in his safe and beautiful fold.

Edward knew the little white lamb was like a child who already belonged to God's Kingdom; he knew the little black lamb was like a child who did not yet belong to that Kingdom; he knew the kind shepherd was Jesus. And he felt more than ever that he wanted to do something to help children who did not know about Jesus and his love. That afternoon with Mother's help he wrote in his home note-book these verses, one a Bible verse and the other a little rhyme: "Jesus said, I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD."

Children of the southland warm,
Children of the northland cold,
For each little child there's room,
In the heavenly Shepherd's fold.

50

MAKING OTHERS HAPPY

When Edward came home from school Monday afternoon he found his mother lying on the couch with a wet cloth tied around her head, and Baby Ethel fretting beside her.

"My head aches because I am so tired," Mother said. "If I could get a little sleep I think the headache would go away."

Now, thought Edward, is the time when I may please Jesus and be a real helper. "I'll take Ethel out in the kitchen and shut the door so you can go to sleep," he said.

"I'm sure she would cry," said Mother, "and then I would hear her and of course I could not go to sleep. But if you wish you may take her out in her carriage and wheel her up and down near the house. That would make her happy and I could rest."

"Sure I'll do that," said Edward.

Mother put Baby Ethel's coat and bonnet on and put her in her carriage outdoors, and then went back in the house to lie down and rest, leaving Edward to take care of his little sister.

For an hour Edward wheeled her up and down and tried not to mind because he could not go to the school-yard and play ball with the other boys of the neighborhood. Then Mother came out, looking rested and happy.

"I went to sleep," she told him, "and when I awoke the headache was gone. I knew it was rest that I needed. You were a good boy to take care of Little Sister while I rested. Now you may go and play until suppertime."

As Edward was hurrying off to the schoolyard to play ball he met on the way a little boy of kindergarten age who was crying very hard. Edward stopped and asked him what was the matter.

"My mother gave me twenty-five cents to buy two loaves of bread at the store, and I just dropped it and lost it," wailed the little boy.

"Never mind. Don't cry," comforted Edward, "I'll help you find it."

He spent quite a long time searching in the grass and among some stones, where he thought the money might have rolled, and at last he found it.

The little boy smiled through his tears when Edward handed him the money, and he ran happily to the store.

By this time there was scarcely any of the afternoon left in which to play ball, and Edward went back home.

He went to look at his garden in the corner of the back yard and was delighted to see how large the leaves of lettuce and the tops of the radishes were. He

pulled up a radish that was round and firm and red, and bigger than a marble. Running into the house he showed it to his mother. "Why," said Mother, "I do believe we can have radishes and lettuce from your garden for supper."

"Sure we can," declared Edward, "I'll go and get some."

He came in presently with so many radishes and so much lettuce that Mother said there was more than enough for supper and suggested that Edward take some over to Steve's mother, which he did.

As Edward carefully washed the radishes and lettuce, Mother hulled some strawberries she had bought at the store, and put sugar on them, and brought rolls and butter and cheese from the pantry, and set the table. Then Father came home, and the family had a good supper.

TALKING TO OUR UNSEEN FRIEND

There were only two pictures on the burlap screen at Sunday school Sunday morning. One was of a man and a woman standing together in a field, with their heads bowed, praying to God. The other was of some little children kneeling together beside their mother, saying a bedtime prayer.

The first story Miss Hammond told was about some little children of today.

"A certain mother had to go away to see a sick friend," she said, "leaving her two children, Bessie and Jack, home with their auntie. One evening, just as the two children were getting ready for bed the telephone bell rang. 'Some one wants to talk with Bessie and Jack,' said Auntie.

The two children went to the telephone and took turns talking with their mother, who was more than thirty miles away. Bessie and Jack thought it was quite wonderful to be able to hear her voice.

"A little later, after they had said their prayers, Jack declared: 'Of course God can hear us! We could hear Mother and talk to her over the telephone, and God is more wonderful than anybody or all the telephones in the world; so of course he can hear us when we pray to him.'

"Jack was right," said Miss Hammond. "God does hear our prayers. At evening I think he loves to look down on all the little children who are saying their prayers to him. We know that he loves every child and hears every prayer."

"When you are alone and afraid, or cross and unhappy—yes, and when you are joyful and happy, too—you can talk to the heavenly Father. He is a dear Friend who is always near, though we cannot see him, and he is ready to help us to be brave and true and happy.

"Jesus knew that his followers would need to pray if they were to be brave and true and happy. So he

taught them the prayer that we say so often, which begins, ‘Our Father, who art in heaven.’

“Edward,” asked Miss Hammond, “which would you rather do, take a walk by yourself or with your father?”

“With my father,” answered Edward. “I always have a good time when I go walking with him.”

“One early spring day,” said Miss Hammond, “a boy went walking with his father. Far into the country they went. They talked together about the birds and trees they saw, and the father told the boy many things about the birds and trees. Presently they came to a brook.

“‘May I take off my shoes and stockings and wade in the water?’ asked the boy.

“‘No, indeed,’ answered the father. ‘The water is too cold. You would be sure to take cold and get sick. It is too early in the season to wade in the water.’

“Over in a field the boy spied some pussy-willows. ‘May I go and get them?’ he asked.

“‘Yes,’ answered his father, ‘you may go and get them.’

“When the boy and his father had walked a long way they sat down on a log to rest.

“‘I’m hungry,’ said the boy, ‘I wish I had something to eat.’

“Then what do you suppose that father did? He took from his big coat pocket a package containing a sandwich and a piece of milk chocolate, and gave it to

his son, saying, ‘I knew you would be hungry, so I brought you a little lunch.’

“‘ You’re the best daddy that ever was,’ said the boy, as he took a big bite out of the sandwich.

“ Though we cannot see him the heavenly Father is with us always, just as that boy’s father was with him that spring afternoon. You can ask him for all the things that you need, and he will give you all that is good for you.

“ One of the promises of Jesus was, ‘ Ask and ye shall receive.’ But of course if you should ask God for something that was not good for you he would not give that thing to you. Suppose a very little child asked his father or mother for a sharp knife or some matches to play with. Would the father or mother give him those things? No, because he might hurt himself with them. The father in the story would not let his boy wade in the cold brook because he would catch a cold and be sick, but he did let him gather pussy-willows, and he gave him food when he was hungry. So our kind, heavenly Father will give his children all the good and pleasant things they need. The boy’s father was really taking care of him, and God is really taking care of us.

“ What do people do when they go to church? Yes, they sing hymns and they pray. They thank God for taking care of them, and they ask him to help them to do what is right. Here in our Sunday school when we bow our heads and close our eyes we thank God for

taking care of us and we ask him to help us to do what is right. Are church and Sunday school the only places in which we can pray? No, we can pray to God at home when we go to bed at night, when we awake in the morning. At any time we can talk to him, for he is always near.

“If during the day a child feels like being bad-tempered and cross, he can say, ‘Heavenly Father, help me to be pleasant and kind.’ If he feels like being selfish, he can pray, ‘Help me to want to love and help others.’”

“When we are in trouble we sometimes ask mother to help us, or father, or big brother or sister, or a teacher or a friend. But sometimes none of these can help us. Then to whom can we go for help? Yes, then we can go to God. If a boy were lost in a big woods none of his earthly friends would be with him to help him, but God would still be with him and ready to help him. The boy would not need to feel frightened, but he might pray to God to take care of him, feeling sure that God would hear his prayer.”

THE THUNDER-STORM

Friday was as hot as a midsummer day. Edward could almost see his radishes and lettuce and nasturtiums and pansies grow. After school the children

played outdoors in thin summer suits and dresses, without hats or sweaters.

But about five o'clock clouds began to gather until they spread over all the sky in the west, and hid the sun. There were distant rumblings of thunder and now and then a flash of lightning.

The sky grew darker and the rumblings of thunder came nearer and nearer, and the lightning flashes were more and more sharp and vivid. The wind began to blow with a swishing sound through the leaves of the cherry tree in Edward's back yard, and it grew as dark as if night were coming on.

Then suddenly there came a loud clap of thunder and a downpour of rain that sent every one in the house or to some shelter.

Edward and Mother and Baby Ethel all sat on the couch in the living-room, with the electric light turned on. Louder and nearer came the claps of thunder. They seemed now to be almost over the house, and made a terrifying sound.

Edward wished his father were home. He sat very close to his mother. She was looking out the window, at the flashes of lightning, at the rain pouring down, at trees and bushes bending before the wind, as if she enjoyed the storm.

"Jimmy Dent says his mother is awful afraid of a thunder-storm," Edward remarked. "He says she takes the children in her bedroom and shuts the door and pulls down the shades and sits on the bed, far away

from the window, and is awful scared till it's over. Jimmy says he wouldn't go out in a thunder-storm for anything, for fear he'd be struck with lightning. You aren't afraid of a thunder-storm, are you, Mother?"

"No, I'm not afraid," replied his mother. "I think I might be afraid, though, if I did not know about the heavenly Father. The thunder and the lightning are his, you know, Edward, and we are his children, and he is not going to let his thunder and his lightning hurt us. That is the way I feel about it."

"But Mother," said Edward, uneasily, "Jimmy Dent says that lightning does sometimes strike people. He says his mother knew a man who was killed by lightning, and that is why she is afraid in a thunder-storm."

"Once in a great while we hear of a person being struck by lightning," admitted Mother. "But that happens very seldom. When lightning does strike and kill a person why I think that is just God's way of taking that particular person to the heavenly home. We must remember, Edward, that no matter what happens, and whether we live or whether we die, God is always taking care of us. Then we will never be afraid. But I do feel sorry for people who do not know about God's love and care. I don't wonder they are afraid during a thunder-storm."

Just then there came the very loudest clap of thunder, right close to the house, and the electric lights went out, leaving Edward and Mother and Baby Ethel in the

dark, with lightning flashing through the room, and the rain beating against the window-pane.

Edward sat up straight and bravely smiled. "Mother, I'm not afraid either," he said.

The next time the thunder sounded it was farther away. The lightning came less and less often. The sky grew lighter. The electric lights came on again. Presently there was a break in the clouds and the rain stopped. Then through the break in the clouds the sun shone forth in all its warmth and beauty.

And with gay, light hearts children the country over ran out again to play.

53

JALMER AND THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL PICNIC

Friday afternoon Edward was in high spirits because the next day was Sunday-school picnic day and the weather gave promise of being clear and pleasant.

Walking home with Jalmer Oquist he told him about the picnic and the good time he expected to have on the merry-go-round, on the shoots, and in races and games.

"I have never been to a Sunday-school picnic," Jalmer remarked.

"Then you've missed a lot of fun," declared Edward. "Why haven't you ever been?"

"Because I never went to any Sunday school," replied Jalmer.

At this Edward felt interested and concerned. Here was a boy in his own town who had never been to Sunday school. Jalmer needed to go to Sunday school to learn about the heavenly Father and the Lord Jesus. And the Sunday school needed Jalmer, needed him to help sing its songs of praise and carry on its missionary work. Suppose he could get Jalmer to come to Sunday school. That would surely be working for the Lord Jesus.

To be sure Jalmer was a little Swedish boy and had a funny time trying to say such words as "yellow" and "just," which he called "jellow" and "yust," but no one of the happy, friendly children at Sunday school would mind that.

Then Edward had a happy idea. He would invite Jalmer to come to the Sunday-school picnic the next day. And Jalmer would get acquainted with his teacher and with the other children and want to come to Sunday school.

"You come along to the Sunday-school picnic with my mother and me," he said to Jalmer, "and see if you don't have a good time!"

"You come and ask my mother and maybe she'll let me go," suggested Jalmer.

Edward got his mother's permission to go to Jalmer's house and ask his mother if he could go to the picnic.

Jalmer lived quite a way out in the country, near a stone-quarry. His mother had the same funny time

Stories for All the Year

saying y and j as did Jalmer. But she was a pleasant-looking blue-eyed lady, and her kitchen was very attractive with its clean, scrubbed floor and snowy tablecloth and window curtains.

"Yalmer go to the Sunday-school picnic?" she said. "Why, yes, if he will be a good boy and mind Edward's mamma. Some nice coffee cake I will put in his lunch, enough for you and your mamma too. And Yalmer must go to Sunday school the very next Sunday. It is time a big boy like him went to Sunday school."

Edward did not go directly home but went with Jalmer to the stone-quarry, where his father worked. Machinery was at work there, making a chugging, grinding sound, crushing rocks that were to be used, Jalmer said, in making roads and sidewalks.

"It is fun when the dynamite is put in the rocks to blast them," Jalmer told Edward. "Such a fine big noise that shakes the ground."

"I can hear it at my house," said Edward.

"There is my father," said Jalmer, pointing to a large, strong-looking man in overalls who was wielding a great sledge-hammer.

From far-away Sweden had Jalmer's father come to work hard in a stone-quarry in America, to help get out of the earth the stone that was to be used to make roads and sidewalks and buildings in America.

Jalmer was on hand early the next morning, looking very nice in his blue blouse and khaki knickers and

khaki hat to match. In a box under his arm he had enough lunch for two boys.

Steve and Doris, too, came over in picnic clothes and with lunch-boxes, to go to the picnic with Edward and his mother. Baby Ethel was, of course, to go too, but she was too little to understand or to take part in the fun of a Sunday-school picnic, which Edward thought was rather a pity.

That day Edward and Jalmer and Steve and Doris had just as good a time as they had expected to have. In the morning there were merry-go-round rides and a sail on the lake, and at noon there were cups of lemonade and bananas to go with the lunch. In the afternoon there were races and funny stunts that made every one laugh. One of the race stunts was to run to a certain tree, take off one shoe and put it on again and lace it, and run back. Edward and Steve and Jalmer had this kind of a race together, Steve winning by an arm's length, even though he was the plumpest of the three.

In the late afternoon it was a tired but happy company of boys and girls who rode back to town on the trolley-car and then separated to go to their own homes. When Jalmer parted with Edward he said, "If you like tomorrow I will come and go to Sunday school with." Which was Jalmer's way of saying he would go to Sunday school with Edward the next day.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

This is the story Miss Hammond told at Sunday school the following Sunday:

One day a certain lawyer came to Jesus and said, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

Jesus asked him, "What are the commandments?"

The lawyer answered: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself."

Now these were the very commandments that Jesus, himself, had given, and he said, "You have answered rightly. If you obey these commandments you shall have eternal life."

The man thought about that commandment which said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and he said to Jesus, "Who is my neighbor?"

For answer Jesus told him this story.

A certain man went on a journey from Jerusalem to Jericho. When he reached a lonely place thieves came upon him, and robbed him of his clothes and wounded him and left him nearly dead in that lonely place.

A priest happened to come that way, and he saw the wounded man. He did not stop to help him but passed by on the other side of the road.

Presently there came another man who was called

a Levite, but he, too, passed by without trying to help the wounded man.

Then a man who was called a Samaritan came along that road riding on a donkey. He saw the wounded man, and his heart was filled with love and pity for him. He got down from his donkey and knelt beside the poor hurt man. He took oil and wine from his bag and poured them on the man's wounds to make them better, and he bound up the hurt places. Then he lifted him and put him on his donkey's back, and took him to an inn where there was a room and a comfortable bed. "Take care of this man," he said to the innkeeper. And he gave him money and promised to give him more if he should need it in caring for the sick man.

When Jesus had finished telling this story he said to the lawyer, "Which of the three men do you think was neighbor to him who fell among thieves?"

The lawyer answered, "The one that helped him."

"Go thou, and be a helper," said Jesus.

So the lawyer learned that any one who needed his help was his neighbor, whom he should help.

The Good Samaritan helped the hurt man because he really loved him and felt sorry for him. If you and I love people we shall be sure to try to help them. If a boy loves his sister he will never want to tease or hurt her; if he loves the boy who sits next to him in school he will not want to treat him meanly; if he has in his heart a kind feeling for his neighbors living

in the next house, he will not want to break down their fence or hurt anything that belongs to them. We see that loving our neighbors makes us act toward them just the way Jesus wants us to act. So let us try very hard to have love in our hearts for every one, for our brothers and sisters, for our schoolmates, even for those we do not know whom we may be able to help. The Good Samaritan, it is likely, had never seen the hurt man before and did not know his name. Yet he loved him and helped him. Some day you may have an opportunity to help some one whom you do not know. When you do, think of this story about the Good Samaritan.

What do we call a place where people live near one another and are neighbors? We call it a neighborhood. And now let us think what we can do to be good neighbors in our own neighborhood. A good neighbor sometimes goes on errands. A good neighbor sometimes takes care of some one's baby. A good neighbor sometimes works to help some one who is tired or sick. Can you do any of these things this week?

If we are going to be good neighbors we must keep in mind these two Bible verses: THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR. WHATSOEVER YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO TO YOU, DO YE EVEN SO TO THEM.

A LONG JOURNEY

Vacation! No more arithmetic or spelling or geography for ten weeks! And just as if that were not enough to make a boy feel gay and happy here was Father going to take Edward with him on a long automobile trip to a distant city where he had some business to transact. On the way to the city they were to ride miles and miles through a big deep woods, and were to camp in the woods one night.

By seven o'clock Monday morning Edward was dressed and ready for the trip. He was too excited to eat any breakfast and Mother made some sandwiches for him and put them in his coat-pocket, to eat when he was hungry.

Tent and blankets and food were packed in the back of the car. Edward was to ride on the front seat beside his father.

Father and Edward bade Mother and Baby Ethel good-by and climbed in the car, and off they sped in the direction of the north woods, leaving Mother and Baby Ethel on the porch, waving last farewells.

The Ride

Through towns and villages the auto went, along country roads, past farmhouses and fields and orchards. Frequently they saw little children playing in yards

outside farmhouses, clean little children, dirty little children, wistful-looking little children, happy-looking little children, who all looked with eager interest at Edward as he sped by. Once Edward saw many sheep and lambs feeding on a hillside near a farmhouse.

By and by there were only thick woods on each side of the road, and Edward and his father would ride a long way before they came to a house.

By this time Edward was very hungry, and he gratefully ate the sandwiches his mother had made for him.

Presently they were riding through country so thickly grown with trees that their branches met overhead, along a road so narrow that it seemed only just wide enough for the passing of their car. Edward wondered what his father would do if they met another car coming from the opposite direction.

Presently they did meet, not a car, but two horses drawing a wagon loaded with lumber.

"Oh, Daddy, what are you going to do?" asked Edward excitedly.

His father did not answer, but backed his car along the road some distance till he came to a place that was wider, and went as far as possible to one side of the road and stopped, allowing the man in the lumber-wagon to pass by.

As he passed the driver of the lumber-wagon touched his cap and nodded pleasantly to Edward's father.

"Why did he do that?" asked Edward curiously,

when they were again riding along the wooded road.
“ You don’t know him, do you, daddy? ”

“ Oh, that was just a little act of courtesy on the part of the driver to show that he appreciated my stopping and letting him pass,” replied Edward’s father.

What a fine thing it was, thought Edward, for strangers to be polite and courteous to one another. How much more pleasant it made the long journey.

Once again they had to stop, this time to let a farmer with his horse and wagon go by. In the back of the wagon was a large box in which were bags of flour and groceries of various sorts. The farmer, too, nodded pleasantly as he was passing by.

“ That farmer,” remarked Edward’s father, “ had probably been to a city beyond this woods and sold his berries and vegetables, and with the money bought groceries which he is now bringing home to his family.”

“ It is a good thing there is this road through the woods,” said Edward. “ If there was no road the farmer could not take his horse and wagon to the city. People must have had a hard time before roads were made. They made them soon, I guess.”

“ Yes,” said Father, “ they made them soon. People could not always live near together, especially when they had big farms or cattle-ranches or cotton or lumber-mills, or timber-lands like this part of the country we are in now. But though they had to live far apart they needed each other. The farmer needed the clothes that were made in the cotton-mills, the man in

the cotton-mills needed some of the farmer's wheat and potatoes, and so on."

"And I guess they were lonesome and liked to see each other sometimes," added Edward.

"Very likely," agreed Father. "So they built roads and railroad trains and telegraph and telephone lines that they might visit and talk and transact business with each other. Then more and more they traveled about and traded.

"All the cities and towns and villages and farms of a country—do you know, Edward, what they are called? They are called a nation. A nation has a government that makes laws which all the people of that nation are to obey. The laws of our nation are made, you know, by our president and certain other men whom the people elect and send to the capital at Washington.

"Because we want our nation to be a good nation we try to send to Washington good men who will make good laws, and then as good citizens we try to obey those laws."

"How do people know how to make good laws?" asked Edward.

"Good laws," replied Edward's father, "are those that are founded on God's laws which we find in the Bible. A Christian nation makes Christian laws, and Christian citizens try to obey those laws.

"You and I, Edward, are a part of our great nation. And if we love God and try to obey his laws, we shall

be helping to make our nation a Christian nation, where all may be free and happy."

The Camp

In the afternoon Edward and his father came to a place where there was an open space on a hillside, not far from the road, and Father said that would make a good camping-place as it was not likely to be damp or have as many mosquitoes as a thickly wooded place. Water Father had brought in a large jar, because he did not think it safe to drink any water one might find near the roadside.

The auto was parked in among the trees to one side of the road, and tent and blankets and food were unloaded.

The tent was a small one that had once been used by a soldier in the late war. Edward helped his father to set it up, and he helped him to arrange the blankets and pillows on the grass under the tent, so their beds would be all ready when bedtime came.

Toward evening Edward helped his father gather sticks of wood in the woods at the foot of the hill, and he helped him to make a camp-fire a little way from the tent.

Then Father and Edward unpacked the bread and butter and beans and cakes and cherries that Mother had put in the lunch-basket for their supper.

Edward had a lonesome feeling when he thought how far away from his mother he was. In that wild

and lonely and beautiful place he was not a bit afraid. For was not his father right there with him, taking care of him? And was not God the heavenly Father taking care of them both? But he did wish Mother and Baby Ethel were there with them, to enjoy their camp-fire and their cozy tent.

Father put the beans in a frying-pan and heated them over the camp-fire, and they had their supper.

When the supper things had been cleared away Father went down to the auto and came back with two books, an autoist's Guide-book and a Bible.

"I shall have to study this Guide-book a little tonight to learn about the road we are to take tomorrow," he said. "But first we will read a chapter in this Testament. The Bible, Son, is a guide-book too, the greatest of all guide-books. It shows us the right road to take if we want to reach happiness. Some one said this Book tells about who made that road for us."

"I know," said Edward, "it was Jesus."

"You are right," said Father, "it was Jesus. He walked over rough places and lonely places and made a road for us. Sometimes he had a pretty hard time of it."

"He had enemies," put in Edward.

"Yes," responded Father, "he had enemies who would not be his friends, no matter what he did for them. But still he went on, making a road for us. By what he said and what he did he taught people how to live and made for them a road to happiness and to

heaven. Now we will read some things that he said one time when he was outdoors on a mountain with some of his friends. We will read the Beatitudes. Suppose you read them aloud, Edward."

Edward liked immensely to read aloud and he gladly took the Testament his father handed him and read a part of Jesus' Sermon on the Mount.

Nearing the City

Early the next morning Edward and his father had their breakfast of bread and bacon and cocoa, and took up their tent and rode on through the woods, coming soon to villages and towns on the other side. Hour after hour they rode, Edward's father carefully following the road marked out on a map in the Guide-book, getting nearer and nearer to Brighton, which was the city in which Father was to transact his business.

At last they came to a sign by the road which said, WELCOME TO BRIGHTON.

By this time both Father and Edward were tired of riding and very hungry for the good dinner they were to have at a big, comfortable hotel in Brighton, and that sign looked very good to them. How pleasant it was, Edward thought, to find such friendly words of welcome on a sign-post so far away from home. It made him feel that he was surely going to enjoy his stay in the city of Brighton. How pleasant it was, thought Edward, for people always to be friendly and

pleasant, like the lumberman and the farmer in the woods, like these people in the city of Brighton.

56

BEING A SOLDIER

Edward and his father were home again on the third of July, and in the afternoon Edward and Steve went to the store together to buy their fireworks for the next day. Before breakfast the next morning they were up and outdoors, shooting off fire-crackers.

At noon at Edward's house there was company to dinner, a very interesting gentleman, who had fought in the war. After dinner out on the porch Edward and this gentleman had a talk together about being a soldier.

"I should like to be a soldier," said Edward.

"Would you?" queried the gentleman, whose name was Mr. Bowen. "Well, there's a lot of unpleasant things about being a soldier. I wonder if you have heard of them. Sometimes a soldier does not get much to eat. For breakfast he often has only bread without butter and a cup of coffee. How would you like that?"

"I shouldn't like it," said Edward. "I like buttered toast for breakfast, and an egg and some fruit."

"When it is wet weather," went on Mr. Bowen, "a soldier often gets wet and stays wet a long time. In the winter he cannot keep warm."

"I'd rather be a soldier in the summertime," said Edward.

"It is just as hard then," said Mr. Bowen, "for then a soldier gets hot and dirty and uncomfortable, and often for a long time he cannot take a bath or have clean clothes."

"The hardest thing about being a soldier," said Mr. Bowen gravely, "is that you have to kill other people's fathers and brothers."

"Oh," said Edward soberly, "I don't think I want to be a soldier after all. I wouldn't like to kill other people's fathers and brothers. I think I would rather be a policeman, Mr. Bowen. I'd rather stand at the crossing and help people across the street, and tell the drivers of cars and automobiles when they could go on, and be a traffic policeman. When I did not have to stand at the crossing I'd take a walk around and see if everything in the neighborhood was all right."

"And if you saw boys fighting I suppose you would arrest them?" questioned Mr. Bowen, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"I don't know about that," said Edward. "I guess boys have to fight sometimes, Mr. Bowen."

"Do they?" inquired Mr. Bowen, smiling at Edward quizzically. "Do boys have to fight?"

"Of course all boys don't have to fight," said Edward. "There's a boy lives next door, and his name is Steve, and he's my friend and we don't ever fight."

"If all boys were friends then I should say none

of them would ever need to fight, wouldn't you?" queried Mr. Bowen.

"Maybe not," replied Edward thoughtfully. Then his mind went back to the attractive idea of being a policeman.

"If I were a policeman," he continued, "I wouldn't let boys play mean tricks on Hallowe'en. And I would wear a blue suit with shining brass buttons, and everybody would be afraid to do anything that was wrong when I was around. It would be pleasanter to be a policeman than a soldier, wouldn't it, Mr. Bowen?"

"It would be much pleasanter to be a policeman," replied Mr. Bowen.

"Or a doctor or a minister," said Edward.

"Or a grocer or a baker," added Mr. Bowen.

A GARDEN, A BOY, AND A FRIENDLY HOP-TOAD

Long sunny days! Long hot days! And Edward sought cool places on the porch or under the cherry tree or under the willow trees by the brook, and never once thought of his garden. One afternoon as he lay in the grass under the cherry tree his mother came out with a camp-chair and her sewing and sat down beside Edward and told him this story.

“Once there was a man who made a garden. In the springtime he dug up the brown earth and planted some seed. The rain fell, and the sun shone on the seed, and it grew and little green plants came up in rows all over the garden.

“At first the man worked in his garden every day. He kept the earth soft about the roots of the tender plants. When the weeds began to grow he pulled them up so they would not choke the little plants. When it was dry weather he watered the plants. The man wanted flowers and vegetables to grow in his garden, so he carefully tended it every day.

“Then came a very warm day, and the man said, ‘I am too hot to work in my garden today.’ And he kept cool in the shade of a tree.

“The next day the man said, ‘I am too tired to work in my garden today,’ and he rested on the cool porch.

“The third day he said: ‘I do not feel like working in my garden today. I am going to take a walk.’

“The following day the man said: ‘I haven’t time to work in my garden today. I am going to visit a friend.’

“So day after day and for many days the man neglected his garden.

“Then came a cool, pleasant day and the man said, ‘I guess I will go and see how my garden is getting along.’

“He went out to his garden and what do you think he found? Weeds, weeds, growing everywhere. There

were no flowers or vegetables. They had been dried up by the sun and choked by the weeds, all because the man had neglected his garden."

Then Mother began this other story about a garden that belonged to a boy:

"There was once a boy named John who had a little garden all his own. Lettuce and radish and nasturtium seeds and pansy plants had been planted in his garden.

"At first John took very good care of his garden pulling up the weeds and watering the plants when they were thirsty.

"But by and by John got tired of taking care of the plants.

"Then for days the hot sun shone, and there wasn't any rain. And the plants in the garden got so thirsty and dusty and dry.

"Every day John used to sit in cool, shady places and play and play, and when he was thirsty he would come in the house and drink glass after glass of cold water, but he never thought to take drink to the thirsty plants in his garden.

"Out in the garden the thirsty plants sighed, 'If only John would come with his watering-pot and give us a drink!'

"After a while the nasturtium plants got angry and complained bitterly. 'John does not care anything about us any more,' they said, 'He has forsaken us and left us to die of thirst.'

"'Oh, don't say that,' said a sweet-faced pansy.

'John has just forgotten us, that is all. When he remembers us he will come with his watering-pot and give us a drink.'

"'I've been doing my best,' went on the nasturtium plant, 'to try to put forth flowers, but I cannot do it when I am so hot and thirsty. And now I am not going to try any more.'

"'I, too, have been doing my very best to try to send forth more and more beautiful pansy blossoms,' said a pansy plant, 'but every day my blossoms are growing smaller and smaller, and I am afraid I shall not be able to bloom much longer unless I have water.'

"'Let us do our best and not get discouraged,' said the sweet-faced pansy. 'When John remembers about us I am sure he will come with his watering-pot and give us a drink.'

"'He'd better come soon, or we shall die,' said the nasturtium plant grimly.

"And now, Edward," said Mother, "I want you to finish telling this story."

"You made one mistake in the story, Mother," said Edward. "About the boy's name. It was not John but Edward. And the rest of the story is this:

"'Suddenly the boy remembered about the garden, that is, his mother made him remember about it, and he felt sorry for the poor thirsty plants, and he went and got his watering-pot and watered them *immediately.*'"

And Edward sprang up from the ground and ran and got his watering-pot and filled it to overflowing with water and carried it down to his garden. When he came back his mother said:

"There is still a little more to the story, Edward. After the boy had watered his garden the sweet-faced pansy smiled and looked very happy. ' Didn't I tell you,' she said, ' that Edward *would* come with his watering-pot and give us a drink, when he remembered about us? '"

There was a friend in the garden.

Who do you suppose it was? A little creature with crinkly brown coat and funny, bulging eyes—Mr. Hop-toad. During the night he roamed about the garden and ate beetles, spiders, and caterpillars that might have hurt the vegetables and flowers. During the day he kept moist and cool and took his naps in the thick grass near the garden water faucet, where Edward often saw him. When he came there with his watering-pot to get some water for his garden Mr. Hop-toad would stir a little and then settle down again, as if he said to himself: "Oh, it is just Edward. And he and I are friends, so I do not need to be afraid and hop away."

BEFRIENDING A RICH BOY

Lately there had come to Edward's Sunday school a boy who was having rather a lonely time of it, all because he was what the children called "a rich boy." His name was Rupert, and he lived in one of the largest houses in the town, and he wore expensive looking suits and caps and coats and shoes, and his father brought him to Sunday school in a big expensive car. He had been taught to be very polite and use the best of English. The other children in the primary class left Rupert alone because they felt that he was different from them. There was one thing, though, that they should have been glad about, and that was that Rupert always brought a very generous offering of money to Sunday school to help God's work. But Rupert never tried to show off when he gave his offering, so the children scarcely noticed how much he gave. Indeed Rupert seemed to be a nice boy and not at all proud, but still the other children would not talk to him.

One Sunday Miss Hammond let Edward and Rupert work together to help her give the children their lesson and story-papers, and Edward got better acquainted with the rich boy and began to feel quite friendly toward him.

After Sunday school Edward and Steve walked with Rupert up the stairs and out of the church, talking with

him in a friendly fashion. Rupert's father was waiting for him in his car, and when he saw the other two boys with his son he invited them to get into the car and ride home.

Rupert's father did not take Edward and Steve directly home but first gave them a ride through the park and along a shaded country road. By the time he did bring Edward and Steve to the street where they lived they felt quite well acquainted with Rupert. As they climbed out of the big limousine Edward said to Rupert, "Come on down to the brook tomorrow afternoon."

"Yes, come on," urged Steve.

Rupert's face brightened. "All right," he said, "I'll come."

The next afternoon soon after lunch Edward and Steve went over to the brook, and paddled barefooted in its cool waters and wondered if Rupert would come.

They did not have long to wonder for soon he appeared, carrying a toy sailboat that had three masts and a real cabin.

"Want to sail my boat?" he asked, and he turned the boat over to them and let them examine it and sail it as much as they liked, while he paddled barefooted in the cool stream.

"It's fine down here by the brook," he said happily.

"Yes, isn't it great!" said Edward enthusiastically. "The boys of this neighborhood play here a lot. Why didn't you ever come down before?"

"Oh, I don't know. Waiting for you to ask me, I guess," replied Rupert.

Rightly did Edward and Steve guess that Rupert had been lonely and was glad that they had become his friends. And that afternoon after the good time they had with Rupert and his sailboat Edward and Steve were glad, on their own account, that they had become friends of Rupert.

59

BESIDE THE BROOK

Mother did not feel well Monday morning, and she wanted Edward to stay at home and take care of Baby Ethel and do other things to help her. But Edward wanted to go and play with the other boys, and though he did stay at home as she told him to, he was so cross and fretful and careless about everything that he did that he was no real help at all, and at last she told him he could go.

That night Mother was very sick. Early in the morning the doctor was summoned, and he said she would have to go that morning to the hospital to have an operation.

Then Aunt Bertha came to take care of Baby Ethel and Edward, and Father and the doctor took Mother away.

That morning Edward felt sorrowful and frightened. What if his mother died in the hospital as Henry

Emmons' mother had, only a few months ago? How could he ever get along without Mother? Already the world seemed to be a different place from what it had been the day before. The sunshine did not look the same, the garden did not look the same.

He went over to Steve's yard and called for him to come out. But Steve did not appear. Feeling very lonesome and forlorn Edward went over to the brook, hoping to find Steve there. Somehow he thought he would feel better if he could see Steve's round, cheerful face, and hear his friendly voice. But Steve was not there.

The brook, too, looked different today. The little sound of its running, that he had before thought so happy, now seemed sad and mournful. The brook, too, was changed because his mother was sick and had gone away and might die.

One thing that made Edward feel very badly indeed was the remembrance that he had not really tried to help his mother the day before when she had been sick and needed his help. How he wished now that he had done his best to help her. If Mother got well and came home again how hard he would try to please her! But suppose she did not get well. Oh, he could not bear to think of that. His mother must not die. The doctors in the hospital must make her well.

Then Edward thought of God, the loving, powerful heavenly Father. He could make Mother well. He would pray to him. And he shut his eyes and silently

prayed: "Please, God, make Mother well. If you will make her well I'll be a better boy than I have been. I'll remember to say my prayers every night, and I'll help Mother, and I'll try not to do any bad things. If you will only please make Mother well!"

Presently as he sat sorrowfully on the bank he heard a step behind him, and there was Steve.

"Where have you been?" demanded Edward. "I couldn't find you."

"I had to go on an errand for my mother," replied Steve, "and I've been looking for you ever since I got back. It's too bad about your mother, Ed. But don't you feel so bad. She'll be all right again. Come on and play something."

"Gee," said Edward, "I don't feel like playing."

"Course you don't," said Steve, with ready sympathy. "But it won't do any good for you to think all the time about your mother being sick. That won't make her get better. I'll tell you what you can do. You can take my bicycle and have it as long as you like."

Edward began to feel cheered. Steve was right. He could not help his mother by being sad all the time. He would just try to feel sure she was going to get well. Hadn't he asked God to make her well? Yes, he would ride up and down the street on Steve's bicycle for a while. And wasn't Steve a friend worth having?

The next day Father came home looking very happy. Mother was going to get well, he told Edward and

Aunt Bertha. The operation was over, and she had come out of the ether and smiled at him and talked to him, and the doctor had said she was getting along finely. And she had sent her love to Edward and Aunt Bertha.

60

EDWARD HAS A NARROW ESCAPE

It was hard for Aunt Bertha to do the housework and take care of Baby Ethel too, especially when Baby Ethel was uncomfortable and unhappy because she was teething and the weather was hot, and she missed her mother. It was then that Edward proved to be a real blessing in his home. He took his little sister out in her carriage and made her happy. And he went on errands, too, for Aunt Bertha, going up-stairs and down-stairs and to the store, to save her steps.

Tuesday afternoon Father told him he was going to the hospital to see Mother, and would tell her what a good, helpful boy he was.

While Father was getting ready to go Edward went out to his garden and picked a large bunch of nasturtiums and pansies, and gave them to his father to take to Mother.

Two days later Edward received a letter from Mother in which she said:

“It has made me so happy to hear that you are a real helper at home while Mother is away. What

would dear little Ethel have done without her kind big brother to make her happy? And how tired Aunt Bertha would be if you had not gone on errands for her. It was so thoughtful of you to send the lovely flowers from your garden. There is a little girl here in this ward who did not have any flowers, and I gave her half of the nasturtiums and pansies, and she was so pleased! I was sure you would have liked to have me do that. And now I have good news for you. Saturday, if all is well, I shall be coming home. And I shall be so glad to see dear little Ethel and my fine big boy again!"

That letter made Edward very happy. He was so glad he had tried to do what was right and had pleased his mother. But the day before she was to come home he came very near to doing wrong and getting into trouble.

At noon of that day Aunt Bertha told Edward he might go out and play for the whole afternoon if he liked. He went to the woods and there met Jimmy Dent.

Said Jimmy: "Remember the afternoon we played hookey and went fishing, and made a fire and you burned your sweater? Say, let's make another campfire and roast some more potatoes. This time we won't have to play hookey."

But there was something else that Jimmy did want Edward to do that was not right. He wanted him to go with him to a near-by farm and dig up some of the

farmer's potatoes and take some cucumbers and berries from his garden, and some eggs from his chicken-coop, so they could have what he called "a regular feast."

"That would be stealing," objected Edward.

"No harm—if we don't get caught," laughed Jimmy. "That farmer has got heaps of potatoes and cucumbers and berries and eggs, and he'll never miss the little that we take."

"What if we get caught?" questioned Edward uneasily.

"Oh, we won't. I happen to know the farmer is away this afternoon. I saw him riding off to town. Come on, let's get the stuff before he gets back."

Edward discovered that he was hungry, and that baked potatoes and boiled eggs and cucumbers and berries would taste mighty good, and he thought it would be fun to join Jimmy in the adventure of getting the food from the farm. But a voice within him was saying, over and over again: "It certainly would be stealing, Edward. It certainly would be wrong. Don't do it, don't do it!"

"No, I don't want to do that," he said to Jimmy. "But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll go home and ask my aunt to let me have some potatoes to roast in the woods. I'm sure she will let me have some."

"Can you bring eggs and cucumbers and berries too?" asked Jimmy scornfully. "No, you can't. You better go home to your auntie," he jeered, "and I'll find a kid that ain't *afraid* to have a little fun."

Edward did not go home but went and found Steve, and together they went fishing in the pond.

That evening after supper Edward had to go to the store for a yeast-cake for Aunt Bertha. There he met a boy who lived next door to Jimmy Dent.

"What do you suppose?" said this boy to Edward. "Jimmy Dent and another boy were caught stealing eggs and things from a farm, and a cop came to see Jimmy's father about it, and Jimmy got an awful whipping and can't come out. Gee! I wouldn't like to have a policeman come to see my father about me!"

"Neither would I," said Edward soberly. He did not tell how very near he came to having that very thing happen to him. He was glad he had heeded the warning voice of conscience, God's voice within him, and had been saved the shame and trouble that had come upon Jimmy.

61

BEFRIENDING AN ENEMY ON GRANDPA'S FARM

Monday morning Aunt Marian took Edward with her for a visit to Grandpa's farm. All the family had expected to go, but Mother was not yet strong enough for a journey, so only Edward went with Aunt Marian to the old farm in the country where she and Edward's father had lived when they were children quite a number of years ago.

Away back in February, when Edward had been sick with measles, he and Aunt Marian had talked of Grandpa's farm and the good time they would have there when the summertime came. Now the longed-for summertime had come, and here they were visiting Grandpa and Grandma, and actually having that good time they had talked about.

There was one thing, though, that came near to spoiling Edward's good time. He found a strange boy living at Grandpa's, spending the summer there. The strange boy was a year or two older than Edward, but he was smaller than he, and pale and delicate, and quite unfriendly toward Edward. He did not seem to like the idea of another boy coming to live at the farm, and Edward did not like finding another boy staying at his grandfather's house in vacation time. The two boys had one quarrel after another. One afternoon as they were outdoors under the mulberry tree they had a quarrel that almost led to a fight. Grandma, coming out to stop the trouble, said: "Oh dear me! I am so surprised and so disappointed! I thought you two boys would be so glad to have each other to play with, and here you are quarreling all the time."

"I don't like Edward, and I won't play with him," burst out Rodney Blake angrily. And he went in the house and up the stairs to his own room and shut the door.

"Rodney is a sissy boy," said Edward hotly. "And I don't want to play with him!"

"Now, now!" said Aunt Marian, coming down the porch steps, "that's not the way to talk."

"I don't care," snapped Edward. "I'd like to know how anybody could like that boy. Every time I tell him about something that I have got at home he says he's got something better, and he always wants to have his own way. He makes me mad, he does!"

"I don't think you would be mad at him if you knew all about him," said Aunt Marian, sitting down on the grass beside Edward. "He never has been healthy and strong like you, and so he never has been able to have as many good times running and playing as you have had. It is because he has been sick so much, and is now far from well, that he is sometimes cross and selfish. Then, too, a little over a year ago his mother died, and now when he is home he has only a house-keeper to take care of him. His father is a traveling salesman, and seldom is at home. Rodney cannot see his father every day as you can. Of course, however, his father loves him, and does the best he can to have him well taken care of. He has sent him here to Grandpa's for the summer, hoping he will get well and strong."

"I guess I do feel sorry for him," said Edward thoughtfully.

"Be sorry for Rodney and try to love him, Edward, and then you will be sure to treat him kindly, and then I think you will have happy times together," said Aunt Marian. "Just remember, Edward, that there is noth-

ing Jesus wants us to do so much as to love people. If we try to do other things and yet do not love people, we are not pleasing him."

"Do I have to love Rodney when he treats me meanly?" demanded Edward.

"Jesus said, 'Love your enemies,'" replied Aunt Marian. "He did that very thing. He was sorry for the people who treated him meanly, and he loved them, and gave his life for them.

"Well, I am sorry for Rodney," said Edward.

"When you are sorry for people then it becomes easy to love them," said Aunt Marian. "You have heard, Edward, of the magic of wizards and fairies. The greatest magic of all is the magic of love. Did you know, Edward, that if all the people of the world loved each other we shouldn't have to lock our doors at night, and there wouldn't be any need of policemen, there would never be any quarreling or fighting, there would never be any wars? Love is just the kind of magic power that the whole world needs to make it a beautiful, happy world. So be sorry for Rodney and try to love him and make him happy. If he could be happy he would be more likely to get well and strong. Just see if you cannot make him happy."

Aunt Marian went in then, and Edward got a cup and went out to the berry patch to get some blackberries for himself, as his grandmother had said he might. He came back to eat them in the shade of the mulberry tree, and found Rodney sitting there on the

grass, leaning against the trunk of the tree, reading a book.

"Poor kid," thought Edward. "Kind of sick. Hasn't any mother."

He dropped on the grass beside Rodney. "Got a good book?" he asked pleasantly. His pleasant, friendly tone of voice quite surprised Rodney, and in a manner that was likewise pleasant and friendly he answered: "Pippin story. Robinson Crusoe. Ever read it?"

"No, but I've heard a lot about it," answered Edward.

"You ought to read it," said Rodney with enthusiasm. "It's awfully interesting."

"I'd like to read it some time," said Edward, peering over Rodney's shoulder at a picture of Robinson Crusoe dressed in skins, gun in hand, walking along the beach of his lonely island."

"I'll let you have my book sometimes if you want to read it," offered Rodney.

"Thanks, but I can't read very fast yet," said Edward. "I guess you're better at reading than I am. You see, I was only in the third grade at school, and I guess you're higher than that."

"I was in the fourth," replied Rodney, "and I'm going in the fifth in September. But then," he added, "that's because I am a year older than you are. I'll tell you what I'll do. There are a lot of colored pictures in the book and as we look at them together,

I'll tell you about Robinson Crusoe, if you would like to have me."

"Sure I would," replied Edward. "But before you begin I want you to help me eat up these blackberries."

When the blackberries were eaten, Rodney began with the story, he and Edward sitting quite close together, so they could both look at the pictures.

Grandma, looking out of the window, was quite amazed when she saw them.

"My gracious!" she exclaimed, "an hour ago those two boys were ready to fight one another, and now they are sitting there together like two lambs. I wonder what has come over them!"

62

COWS AND HENS AND KITTENS

In one of Grandpa's lots there was a spring with forget-me-nots and spearmint growing near it. Late on Thursday afternoon, while Rodney was reading a book he had found on Grandma's bookshelf, Edward wandered by himself down to the spring to get some spearmint for himself and some forget-me-nots for Grandma. While he was gathering the forget-me-nots he heard a sound behind him, and turning round he saw a great animal with horns and a swishing tail coming toward him. And behind that animal there was another and still another, all coming toward him.

The animals were only cows, but Edward was afraid of cows and he thought if a cow came near him she would surely hurt him with her horns. And here were several cows, all with long, sharp horns, coming nearer and nearer to him every second.

Edward tried to jump across the stream that flowed from the brook, to get away from the cows, but instead he stumbled into the stream. He climbed out, not much wet by the shallow stream, but more frightened than ever. Crying in a very undignified and little-boy fashion he ran on and on, into the barnyard where Grandpa was, greatly surprising that gentleman.

"Why what in the world is the matter, sonny?" he asked.

"The cows!" sobbed Edward. "I was down at the spring picking forget-me-nots, and they came after me."

"I guess you were mistaken, Edward," said Grandpa soothingly. "They were not going after you but were just going to get a drink from the spring. Every afternoon we let the bars down, and they go there to get a drink."

Edward stopped crying and looked somewhat abashed. "I thought they were after me," he said. "And I was scared because they were so close to me."

"Those cows wouldn't hurt you. They are nice, friendly cows," said Grandpa. "By and by the hired man will bring them home, and you may come to the barn and see us milk them."

Just then Grandma came out to the barnyard with a basket to get the eggs.

"What do you suppose?" laughed Grandpa. "Edward was down by the spring when the cows went there to drink, and he was scared half to pieces. But they wouldn't have hurt him a mite, would they, Mother?"

"Not a mite," said Grandma. "Come now, Edward, and help Grandma get the eggs."

There were nests in the barn as well as in the chicken-coop, and Edward thought it great fun to gather the smooth, white, new-laid eggs and put them in Grandma's basket.

"I like the nice eggs we have here for breakfast every morning," he said.

A hen that was quite tame and unafraid of people came close to Edward, and he put out his hand and stroked her feathers, saying, "I'm not afraid of hens, Grandma."

"No, of course not," said Grandma. "The hens are our good friends that lay the nice, fresh eggs for our breakfast. The cows, too, are our friends, very good friends indeed, for they give us butter and cheese as well as milk."

"I like milk, and I like butter," remarked Edward.

"God made many animals to be our friends," Grandma said. "One animal gives us warm clothes for the winter. Do you know which one that is?"

"The sheep," said Edward promptly.

"For many, many years," said Grandma, "the horse was one of man's greatest friends, carrying him and his heavy burdens, and working for him to plow the fields. Now many people have automobiles instead of horses, but years ago we could not have gotten along well without the faithful, hard-working horse."

"Dogs are friends of man," said Edward, "because they guard his property. Cats, too, because they keep mice away."

"Yes," said Grandma, "and that makes me think of a nice secret that I have for you. If you climb up those steps on the side of the barn to the hayloft you will find out about the secret."

Edward lost no time in climbing to the hayloft. Arriving there, he gave a squeal of delight for there in the hay was Grandma's Tabby-cat with four kittens.

Grandma gave Edward a basket and said he could put the kittens in it and bring them to the house. "One is for you, and one is for Rodney," she said, "whichever ones you want. They are six weeks old now, old enough to be taken from their mother."

"Oh, Grandma," said Edward, "why didn't you tell Rodney and me about them before?"

Grandma laughed. "Little boys are not always gentle with little cats," she said, "and I wanted them to get nice and strong before I let you have them. So no one but Grandpa and me and old Mother Tabby-cat knew they were here in the barn loft."

"I wouldn't hurt a little cat," protested Edward.

"Well, I'm glad to hear that," said Grandma."

Rodney was as delighted with the kittens as was Edward. "I would like the gray and white kitten for mine," he said.

"And I would like the black and white one for mine," said Edward.

"And now," said Grandma, "you might as well begin to take care of your kittens and give them a saucer of milk, and see that they have fresh milk two or three times a day. Grandpa has to take care of his cows and chickens if he wants milk and butter and cheese and fresh eggs, and you two boys will have to take care of your kittens if you want them to be nice playfellows for you, and keep the mice away."

"We will, we will," declared both boys. Edward went at once to the kitchen and brought the saucer of milk, and the boys watched the kittens as they lapped it with their little pink tongues. Presently Rodney got a string and began to play with the kittens, and he and Edward had a great time laughing at the antics of the graceful, furry little creatures.

HONEYBEES

The next afternoon Aunt Marian went with Edward and Rodney to see Grandpa's beehives, and this is what she told them about honeybees:

“Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!” Down flies a honeybee to a clover blossom or some other bright-colored flower. She puts her long tongue into the heart of the flower and finds there something sweet. It is a drop of honey. Do you think the bee eats up that honey? No, indeed. She puts it in a little bag that grows on her, and she puts some of the yellow powder of the flowers into pockets that grow on her legs. Then she flies away to her boxlike home, the beehive.

If we could follow her and go inside we would see that the house is full of little rooms. Some of the rooms are filled with honey. Some have little baby bees in them. Some are empty. In the hive there is a queen, or mother, bee.

Some of the worker bees are taking care of the baby bees, others are filling some of the little rooms with honey. These worker bees work very hard themselves, and they think every one else in the hive ought to work, except, of course, the babies. And sometimes, when the supply is scarce, they put out the drone bees, who do not work, and many of them die of cold or hunger.

Our honeybee, after visiting many flowers, has left her honey and some of the yellow powder in the beehive, and now she is flying away to get more honey from the flowers.

The flowers are glad to have the bees come. They seem to nod their heads and smile at them and invite them to come. They are glad to get the yellow powder

the bee brings from other flowers. They need it for making seed for new flowers.

So the flowers help the bees and the bees help the flowers. The heavenly Father has taught them to help each other.

64

A GAME OF CROQUET

On the wide lawn to the east of Grandpa's house were the wickets and posts of a croquet game. Whenever Edward and Rodney could not think of anything else to do they played a game of croquet.

On Saturday afternoon as Aunt Marian sat on the porch and watched them play a game she was surprised and grieved to see that both boys now and then cheated a little, taking an extra turn when the other was not looking, or moving the ball so as to have it in line with the wicket.

But she did not say anything to them about it then. She knew the next morning she was going to teach a class of boys and girls in a Sunday school in the white country church up the road a way. She decided she would take Edward and Rodney to Sunday school with her, and there tell a Bible story that would help them to see that the only wise and happy thing to do is to play fair in all the games and experiences of life.

The next morning in the Sunday-school room in the

white church near Grandpa's farm Aunt Marian told the story of Jacob, how he had cheated his brother Esau, how he had been very sorry, how Esau had at last forgiven him.

After telling the story Aunt Marian said:

"Do boys and girls of today ever try to cheat or be unfair? I will tell you about a little boy in a certain school who did. When this little boy came home from school he had many stories to tell his father and mother about other boys in his class who did not study their lessons and were naughty. You would have thought, to hear this little boy talk, that he was one of the best boys in his class, and that is just what he tried to make his father and mother think. But one day a letter came from his teacher, and his father and mother found out that he had really been one of the naughtiest and laziest boys in his class. Oh, that was a sad day for his parents when they learned that he had been trying to deceive them, and it was a long time before they could again believe what he said.

"In another school there was a little girl who did not understand how to do subtraction. She did not want to stay after school and ask her teacher to help her, but she did want her teacher and the other children in her class to think she was a bright scholar. So she did what she thought was the easiest thing, though she knew it to be wrong. She copied the answers to the examples from the paper of the girl who sat next to her. And this girl's teacher and all the children

did think she was a bright scholar until one day when she was asked to do an example on the blackboard. Then they all found out that she did not know how to do those examples at all, but had done wrong and cheated. The little girl was dreadfully ashamed that day and she made up her mind that she would never try to deceive any one again. And I am glad to tell you that after that she was an honest, truthful girl.

"Outside of school when we are playing games we should try always to be fair. If you were playing hide-and-seek and had agreed to count one hundred before you went to find anybody, would it be fair for you to go when you had counted only up to seventy? If a boy were playing croquet with a friend, would it be right for him to take an extra turn when his friend was not looking, or slyly move a ball so it would be in line with a wicket? If a boy went on cheating about his school work or in playing games, do you think he would be likely to grow to be a man who could be trusted? Edward, do you think he would?"

"I don't suppose he would," replied Edward thoughtfully.

"What do you think about it, Rodney?"

"I don't think he would either," said Rodney.

"When people are trying to be honest they never try to deceive or cheat others," said Aunt Marian. "So let us take for our motto this Bible verse, PROVIDE THINGS HONEST IN THE SIGHT OF ALL MEN."

PLAYING ROBINSON CRUSOE

By the first part of the week Rodney had finished telling Edward the story of Robinson Crusoe.

"Now why don't you play it?" suggested Aunt Marian.

"Play it? How?" asked both boys.

"Why, one of you be Robinson Crusoe and the other his man Friday. You can make believe about the cannibal savages. You might bring Tabby-cat and her kittens here and have them for the goats Crusoe found on his island."

"I'll be Robinson Crusoe," said Rodney to Edward, "and you can be the man Friday."

"All right," agreed Edward.

"I ought to have something for a raft," said Rodney.

"Down in the cellar in a corner there is an old express wagon that used to belong to Edward's father and me when we were children. You might use that for a raft. Of course in playing this game you will have to make believe about a lot of things."

"Of course," agreed the boys. "But it would be nice to have something for a raft."

"I'll go down cellar and get the express wagon," said Rodney, "and you, Edward, go and get the cat and the kittens. I think it is going to be jolly to play this game."

Presently Rodney came back with the express wagon, and Edward with the cat and the kittens.

Then the game began.

Rodney climbed up on a bank, pretending he was being cast ashore by the waves. The lawn seat where Aunt Marian sat was the ship. To it Rodney pretended to sail on his raft. Upon it he found imaginary food and clothes and tools and guns and ammunition, which he loaded onto his raft and brought to the shore (a grassy place near some lilac bushes). After making several trips he pretended to build a hut on the shore, the lilac bushes serving very nicely for the hut.

Then presently came imaginary cannibals to the shore with the poor savage Friday (Edward), whom Robinson rescued.

Such a funny time as Rodney and Edward had then, using signs to make themselves understood, as neither, of course was supposed to know the other's language. Aunt Marian simply had to laugh at the funny contortions they made with their hands and faces.

With signs Crusoe tried to explain that his man Friday was no longer to be a cannibal and eat human flesh, but was to eat the good corn bread that Robinson made from the corn that grew in his garden, and goats' milk, and broth made with the meat of the goats.

Robinson Crusoe pretended to shoot off his make-believe gun (a stick). The man Friday pretended to be terribly frightened. Then after a while Friday got over being frightened and took the gun and shot it off

himself, and was as proud of himself as little Jack Horner.

The end of the play came when a great ship (the back porch) hove in sight, and Robinson and Friday said good-by to their desert island and went aboard the ship and sailed for the civilized world.

"That was fun!" declared the two boys as they rushed back into the sea again to the ship where Aunt Marian still sat serenely mending silk stockings.

The next afternoon Edward and Rodney both wanted to play the Robinson Crusoe game again. But this time Edward thought he ought to be Robinson and Rodney the man Friday. "It's your turn to be Friday and mine to be Robinson Crusoe," he declared to Rodney.

At this Rodney looked quite dissatisfied and cross until Aunt Marian told them what she thought about it.

"I think," she said, "that it is only fair that Edward should be Robinson Crusoe today. Don't you think so too, Rodney?"

"Sure," agreed Rodney cheerfully. And the game began and ended without any quarreliing.

66

SWEET APPLES

On Grandpa's farm there were plenty of apples, but they were all winter apples and were not ripe yet.

There was, however, a summer apple tree on another farmer's lot right next to Grandpa's land. Big apples hung on that tree, and Edward and Rodney knew from their pale yellow color that they were sweet apples and were ripe.

One night a strong wind blew and the next morning many of those big, sweet apples lay on the ground under the tree. Edward and Rodney stood on Grandpa's land and looked longingly over into the next lot at the apples on the ground.

"Yum, yum!" said Edward. "Wish we had some."

"Fee fi, foo, fum, let's go and get some," suggested Rodney.

Just then Aunt Marian came along the path that ran through the field, carrying a book, on her way to the woods to read.

"Oh, Aunt Marian," said Edward, "do you think the farmer would care if we climbed over the fence and took some of those apples that are on the ground?"

"They do look good, don't they?" said Aunt Marian. "I wouldn't mind having some myself. But I don't think it would be right to climb over the fence and help ourselves to them. If the farmer wants them then it wouldn't be fair for us to take them just because the wind has blown them down. If he doesn't want them he will be glad to give us some. So let's go and ask about them. It seems to me that is the right and fair thing to do."

"Will you come too?" asked the boys.

"Oh yes, I'll come," said Aunt Marian.

They went around through the gate to the house. Aunt Marian took her purse from her pocket and had it ready in case the farmer was willing to sell some of the sweet apples.

It was the farmer's wife who answered their knock at the back door.

"Would you mind if we picked up some of the sweet apples that are on the ground?" asked Edward.

"I would be very glad to buy some of them," said Aunt Marian.

"You are welcome to help yourselves to them," said the farmer's wife. "They are not good to use for pie or apple sauce because they are so sweet, and this year they are so wormy they are not worth taking to market. So you are welcome to take all you want. Here, boys, is a paper bag for you to carry them in."

The boys took the paper bag and joyfully ran to the tree to fill it, while Aunt Marian lingered for a few minutes' pleasant conversation with the farmer's generous wife.

"It was better to ask for them," said Rodney, as they picked up the apples and put them in the bag.

"Yes," agreed Edward, "Aunt Marian's way was best."

A CAT AND A DOG BECOME GOOD FRIENDS

On Saturday Edward's father came in his car to take Edward home. Aunt Marian and Rodney were to stay at Grandpa's farm the rest of the summer.

"We are all going to miss you a great deal," said Aunt Marian, when the time came to say good-by.

"I wish you weren't going home," said Rodney dolefully.

"I'll send you a post-card sometimes," said Edward, "and you send me one sometimes. And I'll come here again next summer, and you come here again, and we will have more good times together."

"I'll come all right if my father will let me," promised Rodney.

"Rodney's health is already so much improved I think his father will quite likely want him to come here again next summer," said Aunt Marian.

Just as they were about to start Edward exclaimed, "My cat! I haven't got my cat!"

Every one scurried about then trying to find Edward's kitten, and at last he was found, and Grandpa put him in a cloth bag with only his head showing, so he would be warm and comfortable as Edward held him in his lap during the long ride home. Then good-bys were said and off they started.

At first the kitten looked about nervously as the auto sped by fields and trees and houses. Then he seemed to decide that he need not be afraid, and he cuddled close to Edward and went to sleep.

As they neared home Edward became quite excited at the prospect of seeing Mother and Baby Ethel and Steve again. "They will all be surprised to see that I have a cat," he said.

When he reached home, however, Steve had a surprise for him as well. For while Edward had been away Steve's father had brought home a little dog. So Steve had a dog and Edward had a cat.

"What if your dog hurts my cat?" asked Edward.

"What if your cat hurts my dog?" laughed Steve.

"They ought not to fight because you and I don't," said Edward.

"I don't believe they are going to fight," said Steve.

And it turned out that they didn't.

THE SWIMMING-POOL

Monday morning as soon as Edward could be spared from helping his mother he went over to his beloved brook and found Steve and Rupert there. Rupert, too, had been away on a vacation. Where he was there had been a brook, and he and some other boys had dammed it up in one place and had made a swimming-pool.

"Why can't we make a swimming-pool here in our brook?" he asked.

"We can and we will," declared Edward and Steve.

All the rest of the morning the three boys worked hard with their hands and with shovels, using clods of earth to dam up the brook in one place so as to check its flow and make the water deep enough for swimming.

Once during the morning Harold Johnson came up and looked on with curiosity and interest. "Want me to help?" he asked.

"No, we don't," said Edward shortly, remembering how disagreeable and quarrelsome Harold sometimes was. Then the three boys working in the brook paid no attention whatever to Harold, and he went away hurt and angry.

In the afternoon Edward and Steve and Rupert put on bathing suits and met at the pool. None of them could swim, but they were determined to learn. The greater part of that hot afternoon they spent splashing and ducking in the water, and had what Rupert called "a barrel of fun." From a distance Harold Johnson saw and heard them, and he became more angry than ever because they would not let him join in their fun.

The next morning when the three boys met at the brook they found that an enemy had been there before them and had spoiled the swimming-pool. The clods of earth had been pulled down, and now lay in the

stream, making it even more shallow than it had been before.

"It is easy to guess who did it," said Edward indignantly. "Harold Johnson! That's who did it."

"Let's go and tell his mother," suggested Rupert and Steve.

"No use," said Edward gloomily. "She always takes his part, no matter what he does."

"Let's make another pool," suggested Rupert.

"And have it spoiled and all our work for nothing?" demanded Edward. "You don't know Harold Johnson as well as I do. If you did you would know that he would keep right on spoiling the pool."

At noon, however, something happened that made Harold, and Edward too, forget about the swimming-pool. Harold came running over to Edward's house frightened and crying. "Something awful has happened to our baby," he told Edward's mother. "I guess he is dying, and my mother says will you please come over quick."

Edward's mother at once went over to Mrs. Johnson's house, and found the baby very sick, looking indeed as if he were dying. And Mrs. Johnson herself looked white and ill. She said she had been up all the night before with her sick baby.

Edward's mother gave the baby a warm bath, and soon he seemed better. Then she gave him some medicine that she sometimes gave to her own Baby Ethel, and did everything she could to help Harold's

baby brother to get well. She helped Harold's mother, too, making her go to bed and get some sleep while she took care of the sick baby. Harold stayed at home, ready to do anything he could to help. For though he was a teasing and quarrelsome playmate he was very fond of his mother and baby brother.

Edward, too, did something to help that afternoon. He stayed at home in the back yard and took care of Baby Ethel while Mother was at Mrs. Johnson's. He was sorry for Harold and glad if his mother could help the sick mother and baby at his house.

Baby Ethel was in her carriage in the shade of the cherry tree, happy with some playthings. Steve came over, and he and Edward sat on the grass near the carriage and whittled sticks with their jackknives. They spoke of Harold and his sick mother and brother.

"I'm sorry for him," said Steve, "but just the same I think it was awful mean of him to spoil the swimming-pool."

"Maybe we should have let him help make it and have some fun in it," said Edward. "I guess I made him pretty mad and that's why he did it."

"Maybe so," said Steve.

The next day Harold's mother and his baby brother were better. Mrs. Johnson was able to be up and take care of the baby. She was very grateful to Edward's mother because of what she had done to help her, and she said to Harold, "if I ever hear of your teasing her boy again I'll punish you, see if I don't!"

"I won't tease him any more," promised Harold. He was glad his mother did not know that he had spoiled the swimming-pool. He was sorry, now, that he had done it. But then, he told himself, Edward shouldn't have treated him the way he did. "I suppose he wouldn't have done it if I had not been mean to him a lot of times and teased him," he had to admit.

Thursday afternoon Edward and Steve and Rupert met at the brook and presently Harold joined them there, and offered to repair the damage he had done to the swimming-pool.

"I'll build that dam again," he said. "I wouldn't have broken it down if I hadn't been awful mad because you fellows wouldn't let me help make it."

"Well, you can help make it now if you want to," said Edward good-naturedly. "Let's all pitch in and make a bigger pool than we had before. Then we can all have more fun in it."

"All right," agreed Steve and Rupert.

They all worked hard, and Harold hardest of all.

"Let's put some big sticks and stones with the clods of earth to make the dam stronger," suggested Harold.

"Good idea!" said the other boys. And they all set to work to find the sticks and stones and with them they built up a dam and made a swimming-pool that lasted the rest of the summer. The enemy who had once spoiled the pool was no longer an enemy. He had become a friend.

GERANIUMS FOR A WINDOW GARDEN

It seemed early indeed to be thinking about winter when the glory of midsummer was on garden and field and wood. But Mother told Edward that if they wanted a window-garden in the house during the winter months it was high time they were starting one.

So Edward brought flower-pots from the cellar and helped Mother to put fine, rich soil in them. Then Mother broke off green slips from the geraniums in her flower garden, and she and Edward planted them in the flower-pots, and Edward watered them with his watering-pot.

Some of the slips had red blossoms on them, and looked very beautiful and gay in the flower-pots that were to be their winter homes.

The new plants were put in the shade of a tree and were to be left there and watered night and morning until they took root in the new soil. Then they were to be put where they would have plenty of sunshine as well as water. And by the time winter came they would be strong, sturdy, beautiful plants for the window of the living-room.

“WHAT, FATHER?”

“Edward!” called Father from the garage.

“What!” sharply answered Edward from the porch where he was looking at a book.

Father came to the garage door and looked reprovingly at Edward.

“Edward!” he called again.

“What, Father?” Edward answered respectfully, looking a bit shamefaced.

“I want you to help me for a few moments out here in the garage,” said Father.

When Edward came back to the porch he found Mother sitting there.

“I was glad,” she said, “to see that you knew why it was Father called you a second time.”

“It does sound a lot more polite to say, ‘What, Father,’ ” admitted Edward.

“And to say it in a respectful tone of voice,” added Mother. “Do you remember the Bible story of Joseph and how he honored his father? I cannot imagine that he ever answered him in anything but a respectful manner. Can you?”

“No,” replied Edward.

“And because he honored God and honored his parents,” went on Mother, “he himself became a man who was greatly honored. Boys and girls of today

who honor God and their parents are just as likely to become honored men and women."

Just then Father called again from the garage.

"What, Father?" promptly answered Edward. And he sprang up quickly and went to the garage to see what it was his father wanted.

71

A DAY IN THE WOODS

Early Tuesday morning rugs and cushions and a hammock and a basket of lunch were packed in the auto, and the family rode off to spend a day in the woods. They went to a place where they had been on other summer holidays, a grassy place shaded by pine and oak and chestnut trees, with a spring of pure, cold water not far away. A lovely place it was for children to romp and play in and grown folks to rest and read.

The hammock was for Mother, and Father swung it in the shade of two chestnut trees and made her comfortable in it with cushions for her back and head. For himself and Edward and Baby Ethel he spread rugs and cushions on the ground.

Baby Ethel lay on a rug beside her father and kicked her little slippered feet and said "Da-da-da," to show how happy she was.

Edward, however, had then no use for rugs and

cushions. He ran down to the spring and got a drink. He ran to a knoll of oak trees and picked up acorns with which he filled one of his pockets. He hunted until he found some birch saplings, and he broke off some of their tender twigs and chewed their bark. He picked a bunch of exquisite little ferns. These he brought to Mother, and he declared to her that he was so hungry he just couldn't wait for lunchtime, and she gave him from the picnic basket a ham sandwich and a banana.

He sat on the grass to eat the sandwich and the banana. After he had eaten the sandwich he noticed that little black ants were carrying the crumbs away. Presently he called to his father: "Oh, Daddy, what do you suppose? The ants are carrying away the crumbs I dropped. And here are two ants each taking hold of one big crumb to carry it away together. The crumb is a lot bigger than the ants are."

Father came and watched the ants, as much interested in them as Edward.

"Where are they taking the crumbs?" asked Edward.

"To some ant-hill where they have a home, or colony, as it is often called. There must be one near by. Let us find it."

They followed the little black ants and soon found it. It was a small mound of sand, raised just a little above the ground. The ants were busily going and coming, to and from it.

"Those ants are the worker ants," explained Father, "and they are working to find and bring home food for the baby ants and the mother ant. Ants are wonderfully wise and industrious creatures. They know how to make tunnels and rooms under the ground, storehouses for food and nurseries for the babies of the colony. Besides this they work outside the colony, hunting for food and bringing it home. If a dead insect is on the ground, or a bit of fruit, or food of any kind, it isn't there long before the worker ants find it and carry it to their colony. If some one steps on their mound of sand and it tumbles in the workers will build it up again. If their mound is so much disturbed that they think the lives of the babies are in danger, the worker ants will carry the hundreds of eggs and baby ants to a place of safety. The ants believe that every one should work, and they sometimes put out all the lazy ones."

"The bees do that, too," put in Edward. "Aunt Marian told me about them."

"Yes, the bee workers do that too," said Father. "One good thing about the ants is that they work together to build their underground tunnels and rooms, and to bring food to the colony. That crumb you dropped was too big for one ant to carry home, so another ant came and took hold of one end with his jaws, and the first ant took hold of the other end and away they went.

"To all the creatures he has made God has given

special wisdom so they know how to find food and shelter for themselves and their babies. And he has protected them from their enemies by making them look like the ground and grasses and bushes and trees in which they live so their enemies cannot easily find them, or he has given them swift feet or wings so they can get away from their enemies, or sharp teeth or claws or horns, or powerful hoofs, with which to protect themselves from their enemies.

"So in a wonderful way God takes care of all his creatures, teaching them what to do. The squirrel knows how to find nuts and store them away in a hole in a tree for food for the winter. The bird knows how to find seeds and bugs and worms for food, and how to build a nest for her eggs and baby birds. The bee knows how to get honey from the flowers and make a wonderful beehive house in a box or a hollow tree. And the ant knows how to find berries and dead insects and other kinds of food, and she knows how to build a marvelous house underground."

In the afternoon Edward lay face downward on a rug, glad now to rest for a while. He looked off into the grass and thought of the ants that ran about there and had houses under the ground. He looked off up to the branches of the big trees and thought of the squirrels and birds that flitted about and had their homes there. He thought how wonderful it was that God took care of all the many, many creatures he has made, insects and squirrels and birds, and boys and

girls, teaching them all to do the things that give them safety and happiness.

Now and then Edward heard a bird, somewhere among the trees, calling clear and sweet, "Pee-ee-wee!"

"If I were a bird," thought Edward, "I would have my home right here in this woods."

72

THE SEASHORE

In the middle of the week there came a letter for Father from a friend of his, offering him and his family the use of a cottage on the shore for the following Saturday, Sunday, and Monday.

A letter of thanks and acceptance of his kind offer was at once sent to the friend, and preparations were joyously made for the visit to the seashore.

The family arrived at the little seashore cottage at noon. The minute the automobile stopped Edward jumped out and ran down to the beach where a strong wind was blowing. So entranced was he by the sight and the sound of the big foaming waves, washing against the rocks and upon the sandy beach, that he did not want to come when he was called back to the cottage for lunch.

But when he got back to the cottage he found pleasure in exploring every corner of the place, and climb-

ing up and down a ladder built in the wall to an attic room above.

On the wall of the living-room was a picture of a man walking beside the great, gray rocks and the green-blue waves of the sea, and under the picture was printed this Bible verse: THE LORD ON HIGH IS MIGHTIER THAN THE NOISE OF MANY WATERS, YEA, THAN THE MIGHTY WAVES OF THE SEA (Ps. 93:4).

In the afternoon when Edward was again on the beach playing in the sand and watching the waves he thought of that picture and Bible verse about God and the sea.

One thing he noticed that afternoon which he thought quite strange. The sea seemed to be slipping away from the land, leaving more and more of the sandy and pebbly beach. Father explained this when he and Mother and Baby Ethel came down to the beach. "The tide is going out," he said. "For six hours the waves will be slipping farther and farther out to sea, leaving a wider and wider stretch of beach. Then they will begin to come back again. We call it the tide going out and coming in. Day and night the tide rises and falls in this way."

"What makes it?" asked Edward.

Father had stretched himself on the warm sand and put his hat over his eyes. "The moon has something to do with it, son," he replied sleepily. "Some time I'll explain it to you."

While Father and Mother rested on the beach and Baby Ethel played in the sand Edward took off his shoes and stockings and waded out a little way into the water and played tag with the coming and going waves. Then he walked up and down the beach and picked up shells and pebbles of beautiful shape and color, some of which he planned to give to Steve.

The next morning Edward was for running down to the beach immediately after breakfast. But Mother said : "It is Sunday, Edward, and we must have a Bible story before you go to play on the beach. Don't you want to hear a Bible story? Then dry the breakfast dishes for Mother and we shall have the story, and then you may go to the beach."

When the dishes were dried Edward and Mother went out on the little porch of the cottage, and Mother told him a Bible story.

Monday morning Father took the family on the water in a rowboat. It was the first time Edward had ever been on the "big sea water." It seemed to him to be quite dangerous and thrilling to be in a little boat out there on the moving water that was, Father said, deeper than the cottage was high.

No strong wind blew that morning, but still the green-blue waves seemed big, and they moved with considerable force against the little boat. Sometimes one side of the boat dipped down to the water, almost, it seemed to Edward, as if it were going to tip over. How awful it would be, Edward thought, if the boat

did tip over, and they were all thrown into the deep water.

But then, he told himself, his father knew how to row the boat and could swim. And there on the shore, not so very far away, were other strong men who would come out and help Father save Mother and Baby Ethel and him, if they were in danger.

Then, too, the loving, powerful heavenly Father took care of his children when they were on the sea as well as when they were on the land. He was, as the Bible verse under the picture said, "mightier than the waves of the sea." Once when he had sat in church with his father he had heard the choir sing, "THE SEA IS HIS, IS HIS, AND HE MADE IT."

He remembered a Bible story about Jesus that told how he had been in a boat on the sea when a storm came up, and had said to the wind and the waves, "PEACE, BE STILL," and they had obeyed him.

With the heavenly Father and the Lord Jesus taking care of him, and his own strong father right there in the boat beside him, he told himself that he did not need to be afraid. Then he settled down in the boat in comfort, and greatly enjoyed sailing over the green-blue waves.

EDWARD CLIMBS A FORBIDDEN TREE AND EATS TOO MANY APPLES

In one corner of Edward's yard was a Bartlett pear tree. When the family returned from the shore the pears were beginning to get ripe. Edward found quite a few ripe ones on the ground, and saw more high up in the tree. After he had eaten those he found on the ground he wanted some that were up in the tree.

But Mother said: "Wait until Saturday. Then Father will pick the pears, and you may have some of the ripe ones. Don't shake the tree or throw sticks up into it because you might knock down some green pears as well as ripe ones. And don't climb up the tree because you might fall and get hurt."

Edward did not want to knock down any of the green pears, so he did not shake the tree nor throw sticks up into its branches. But he thought no harm could come of his climbing up the tree and getting some of the ripe pears that hung far out on the branches.

So he disobeyed his mother and climbed up the tree. He found one ripe pear and ate it while he was up there. Then he reached out to get another that hung on the edge of the limb, and he lost his balance and fell out of the tree, landing heavily on the ground with one of his feet doubled up under him.

When he tried to walk he felt a dreadful pain in that foot, and he had to call his mother to come and help him get back to the house.

She told him he had sprained his ankle. She put hot cloths on the ankle and rubbed it with liniment and bandaged it, but it was almost a week before it was well enough for him to walk with it.

Day after day he had to sit on a chair with his aching foot on another chair, and he got pretty tired of it, even though Father and Mother were very kind to him, and Steve, like the good friend he was, came often to see him.

One afternoon after Mother had read him a story she had a little talk with him about his climbing the pear tree.

"You see, dear," she said, "when you did that you were disobeying Mother. Now you have to suffer because of your disobedience. So it is all through life. When we are disobedient we are likely to get hurt and be very unhappy."

No one should eat many sour apples that are scarcely ripe, and Edward knew that well. But one noon on his way to school he and Steve found some that had fallen from a tree to the roadside. They filled their pockets and ate them during the rest of the noon hour. After school they went and got some more, filling their pockets and blouses with them, and ate many more of them.

About suppertime Edward began to have a pain in

his stomach, a queer, crampy pain that made him feel quite sick.

"I don't want any supper. I can't eat any supper," he wailed, when Father and Mother were about to sit down to the evening meal.

Presently he was very sick indeed, and had to have soda and peppermint, and go to bed with a hot-water bottle on his stomach.

The next day he was better. But all that day he would not eat a single apple. And the next day he ate only two. He had learned a lesson in self-control where sour apples were concerned.

74

THE PICTURE STORY-PAPER

On the way home from Sunday school Edward and Steve were looking at a picture in their story-papers that amused and pleased them. It was a picture of a dog and a cat sitting peacefully together, and under the picture were the words, "We are friends."

"Just like my dog and your cat," remarked Steve.

When they came to Harold's house they saw him in his front yard and they showed him the picture. Harold laughed at the picture and then he looked at other pictures in the two-page picture story-paper.

"Do you get a story-paper every Sunday?" he asked.

"Every Sunday," said Edward. "You would get one too if you went to our Sunday school."

"Guess I'll ask my mother if I can go," said Harold.

"Next Sunday would be a good time to start," said Edward, "because it's Rally Day."

75

A DREAM IN THE GARDEN

Wednesday was as hot as a midsummer day. It was hard for Edward to sit still in school when he wanted to be out in the open air, running and playing and resting as he had during the vacation months. When school was out he and Steve and Harold shouted and ran here and there and played tag and chased each other all the way home. By the time Edward reached home he was, of course, hot and tired, and did not feel like doing any work. And then Mother told him to go and pick lima beans in the garden, so she could cook some for supper.

Very unwillingly he took the pan she gave him and went out to pick the lima beans. He felt lazy and not a bit like doing any kind of work.

Not far from where the beans grew was Mother's flower garden of petunias and asters and geraniums, and near the flower garden was a shady, grassy place that looked very inviting on that warm afternoon.

Edward put the pan on the ground and lay down on

the grass, thinking he would rest a while before beginning to pick the beans.

As he lay there, comfortable and cool and drowsy, he watched some bees in Mother's garden, flying here and there in and out the fragrant, gay-colored flowers, working hard to get honey for their hive.

Presently it seemed to Edward that he, too, was a bee, and that he was in a beehive. And he was having a very hard time of it, for it was a time when food in the hive was scarce and the bee workers were scolding him and stinging him and driving him out of the hive, saying: " You are a lazy drone, that is what you are. You do not work to get food for yourself or any one else. Yet you want to live in the hive and eat the food we have stored away. But we will not let you do that. Out you must go!"

" But soon it will be winter," said Drone-Edward. " And if you put me out I may die of cold or hunger, or something may eat me!"

" We cannot help that," said the bee workers. " Out of the hive you must go because you do not work."

They buzzed at him and stung him and made him so miserable that he was at last mournfully making his way to the door of the hive, when all at once he discovered that he was not really a drone bee but a lazy boy taking a nap in the garden when he should be picking lima beans for supper. He heard his mother calling: " Edward! Edward! Have you picked the beans?"

He jumped up and called back cheerfully: " Not yet,

Mother. But I'm going to pick them right now, honest I am."

And he did pick them, a heaping panful of them. And at suppertime they did taste so good, cooked tender in milk and butter.

"Edward picked them," said Mother to Father, looking at Edward proudly and fondly. "He is getting to be more and more of a help to me."

But Edward did not feel a bit puffed up by that bit of praise. *He knew a thing or two!*

76

MONEY TO SAVE AND GIVE AND SPEND

That evening when Mother was helping Edward to get ready for bed she said to him, "Father and I have decided, Edward, that you are now old enough to have a regular weekly allowance of money. So we are going to give you twenty-five cents every week. Some of the money you must put in your savings-bank every week, some you must give for an offering at Sunday school to help God's work, and the rest you may spend, in any way that you choose."

Edward thought he would be quite rich if he had twenty-five cents of his own every week. "When do I begin to get it?" he asked excitedly.

"This week, on Saturday," replied his mother.

“I will put five cents in my bank, and five cents in the offering basket at Sunday school, and spend the rest,” said Edward.

“Very well,” said his mother.

77

THE CHURCH ON A WEEK-DAY

On Saturday afternoon some of the children came to the church to review songs and Bible verses they were to say on the following day, which was Rally Day.

It was early, and their teacher had not yet come. Some of the boys began to run up and down the aisles; then more of the boys did it, and some of the girls, too. Next the children began to play tag and hide-and-go-seek right there in God’s house, and what a lot of running they did, and what a noise they made!

Suddenly the door opened, and there in the doorway stood Mr. Brent, the minister. Now all the children loved Mr. Brent, and usually were very glad to see him and have him talk to them. But today they were frightened and ashamed when they saw him standing there in the doorway, looking surprised and grieved.

“Children,” he said, “I certainly am surprised that you should run about and make such a noise in the church. Why, I thought every one of you had respect for God’s house.”

“We have,” said tall, manly Rupert Carlton, “we

just didn't think when we were running about and making a noise."

Just then timid little Grace Stannard ran up to Mr. Brent and hid her face in his coat and began to cry. "I'm sorry," she sobbed.

"We are all sorry," said Edward.

Mr. Brent patted Grace's golden head to comfort her, and he smiled at all the other children. "I'm sure you are sorry," he said, "and I'm sure after this you will try to remember to show reverence and respect for God's house on week-days as well as on Sundays."

78

A BAG OF SUGAR AND A WET AFTERNOON

All day Monday and all Tuesday morning it rained. Everybody was glad to see the rain because the country had been very dry and greatly needed it. But everybody was glad, also, when on Tuesday afternoon the clouds lifted, and it stopped raining, and the sun came out.

When Edward came home from school his mother told him she wanted him to go to the store for sugar so she could make some cake for supper. Edward was glad to go to the store and be out again under a blue sky.

"Here is an extra paper bag," said Mother, "for

you to put the bag of sugar in, so you will be sure not to spill it. Two bags will be stronger than one. Don't stop to play. Come right home with the sugar."

As he was walking to the store Edward took the bag Mother had given him and began to blow it full of air. It got big and round, like a balloon. Then Edward gave it a hard punch with his fist. Bang! went the bag, and there was a big hole in it. "It's no good now," thought Edward. "Anyway I don't need an extra bag." And he threw it away.

Coming home with the sugar he met Jimmy Dent, who took a ball out of his pocket and said, "Let's have a catch."

Edward set the bag of sugar on the ground and caught the ball and threw it back to Jimmy. They played for quite a while, when Edward suddenly remembered that his Mother wanted the sugar to make a cake for supper. He picked up the bag of sugar and said "So long" to Jimmy and hurried homeward.

He had not gone far when he was startled to see the sugar running from the bottom of the bag down to the ground. He had set the bag on the wet ground, and it had gotten wet, and the sugar had pushed through the soft, wet paper and some was now being wasted every step he took. Now Edward wished he had that extra bag his mother had given him. He wished, too, that he had not stopped to play. He put his hand over the hole in the bag and tried to keep the sugar from running out, but the hole kept getting bigger and bigger,

and more and more of the sugar was wasted. By the time he reached home he had lost nearly half of it.

Mother was very much vexed because Edward had been gone so long and because he had wasted the sugar. She sent him to his room and told him he would have to stay there till suppertime.

Sitting in his room and thinking over what he had done Edward began to feel quite ashamed and sorry.

He began to wish that he could let Mother know that he was sorry. He tried to think of something he could do to show her he was sorry.

Then he noticed that papers were scattered over the floor of his room. He had left them there when he had been cutting out pictures the afternoon before. He noticed that some of his clothes were thrown on the bed and some on the floor. He knew that in the top drawer of his dresser his handkerchiefs and stockings and ties were all mixed up. He had left them in disorder after he had found a tie and a clean handkerchief that morning.

Mother had been too busy sewing that day to put his room in order. By and by, before he went to bed, he knew she would do it.

Then all at once he saw what he could do to show Mother he was sorry. He would put the room in order himself, that was what he would do.

He began with the top drawer. He folded the ties and put them all together. He made a neat little pile of his handkerchiefs. Over in one corner of the drawer

he put his stockings. He picked up all the papers on the floor and put them in his waste-basket. He picked up all of his clothes that were lying on the bed and on the floor and he hung them in his closet. He smoothed the sheets and blankets and pillow on his bed.

He had just finished and was thinking how much nicer his room looked when it was orderly, when his mother came in.

She looked about the room, surprised and pleased.

Edward pulled open the top drawer of the dresser.
“I put this in order, too,” he said.

“It looks very well,” she said.

“It took me a long time to do it,” said Edward.

“Yes,” said Mother, “it often takes me a long time to do it.”

“I’m going to try to keep my room in order after this, Mother,” said Edward.

And though Edward had not said a word about it Mother knew that he was sorry.

THE RIGHT KIND OF FUN WITH A B-B GUN

Harold had an air-rifle, and Steve was going to get one, and of course Edward wanted one. Father said he thought it would be all right for Edward to have an air-rifle if he was careful in using it, and he bought

one for him. When they gave the air-rifle and the B-B shot to him Father and Mother both told him he was never in fun or in earnest to point it at any one.

However, Edward and Harold and Steve soon got into trouble with their B-B guns. They went over to the brook one afternoon to play soldiers. They got into a real fight with some other boys they found there, and finally pointed their rifles at them and shot at them and frightened them away. That evening a father of one of the boys came to see Edward's father, and declared that his boy had been hit on the face with one of the B-B shots, and if anything like that happened again he would send the police down to that neighborhood.

Father and Mother told Edward there was no excuse for what he had done, because he had been told not to point his gun at any one and he had disobeyed. And they took the gun away from him.

A day or so later Steve sent a shot through a pane of window glass, and his parents took his rifle away from him.

Then an indignant neighbor came to Harold's house and told his father and mother that he had been shooting at her chickens and frightening them, and then Harold's rifle was taken away from him.

After a while Steve and Harold were allowed to have their B-B guns again, and Edward wanted his. Presently Edward's, too, was restored to him, and Father talked to him and Steve and Harold about the

right use of a B-B gun. Trying to hit a certain mark, he said, was good practise for the eye and hand, and would help both to be true and steady.

"I have," said Edward's father, "a proposition to offer you boys. I will put up a target on the back of my garage. During the week you boys can practise shooting at it and trying to hit the mark in the center. Then on every Saturday afternoon for a month we will have a shooting-match, and I will give a prize of a box of B-B shot to the boy who comes the nearest to hitting the mark. How would you like that?"

"We'd like it all right," said the boys with enthusiasm.

"And we are not to hear any more about the boys of this neighborhood frightening children or chickens or putting holes into window glass," said Edward's father firmly.

"It isn't much fun to do those things anyway," said Steve.

"No, it isn't," agreed Edward and Harold.

"Not the right kind of fun, that is certain," said Edward's father. "The right kind of fun with a B-B gun is to practise to hit a certain mark that you may learn to have a true aim and a steady hand."

THE MIND TREASURY

Mother was quite distressed because of late Edward had been very careless about his language, using many slang expressions and saying many senseless, silly things. One afternoon when he had used a new and very silly expression his mother said, "Where in the world do you hear those things, Edward?"

"At school," Edward replied. "The boys say them."

Mother thought long about this and presently she said, "Edward, I have a story to tell you.

"One summer day a certain boy took an empty basket and went out to the fields and woods to find some things to put in the basket to take home with him. First he found some stones by a roadside, and he put them in the bottom of the basket. He came to a tree that had green apples on it, and he picked some of them and put them in his basket. In a field he found a dead field-mouse, and he put that also in his basket. Then he went home. Do you think his mother was pleased with what he had brought with him? No, indeed she was not. 'Were there no beautiful things in the fields and the woods?' she asked him.

"'I did not notice any beautiful things,' replied the boy.

"'Ah, that was because you did not look for them,'

said his mother. ‘Now, my dear boy, I want you to empty your basket on the rubbish heap, and I want you to go again to the fields and woods and see if you can find beautiful things to put in your basket and bring home.’

“The boy did as she told him. He went to the woods and this time he looked for something beautiful with which to fill his basket. He noticed some broad shining green leaves growing on a bush, and with some of these he lined his basket. On the edge of the woods he found ripe berries, and he picked enough of them to almost fill his basket. In the fields he saw blue cornflowers and golden-rod. He picked some of these and put them in his basket until it overflowed with the lovely colors of blue and gold. Then he took the basket home. Do you think his mother was pleased with it this time?”

“I think she was,” said Edward.

“Yes, she was indeed pleased, because this time he had brought home good and beautiful things. The flowers and leaves she put in a vase in water on the window-ledge, and the berries were eaten with sugar and cream for supper.

“Now when a boy goes to school,” said Edward’s mother, “or when he goes anywhere else, he carries with him something that is like that boy’s basket. We might call it the treasury of his mind. In it he stores away the things that he hears and remembers. Day after day he is putting things in his mind treasury.

They may be good things; they may be bad things. It all depends upon what the boy himself chooses to put there.

"But in one respect the mind treasury is different from the boy's basket. It cannot be so easily emptied of rubbish the boy may pick up. So a boy would better be very careful not to put into his mind treasury silly, useless, or evil thoughts, lest they should stay there and do him a lasting harm."

Edward looked very thoughtful. Presently he said, "I guess I'll try not to say those silly things any more."

The next day when Edward came home he said:

"Mother, this time I have brought home in my mind treasury something good. It is a poem about 'October's bright, blue weather.' "

WHO GAVE IT ALL?

It was Friday evening, just after supper, too late to go outdoors to play and too early to go to bed.

Said Mother to Edward: "This would be a good time for you to review your Memory Verses and study your Sunday-school lesson for next Sunday. Get your note-book and your lesson story-paper, and I will help you."

"I don't want to study the Memory Verses or the

Sunday-school lesson," said Edward fretfully, "I'm too tired."

"And last night you said you were too tired to say your prayers," Mother reminded him. "If you are so tired I think you would better go to bed right away."

"It isn't my bedtime yet," protested Edward. "I am not tired enough to go to bed."

"What are you going to do tomorrow?" asked Mother.

Edward's face brightened. "Steve and Harold and I are going to make a hut among some bushes in the woods near the pond, and we are going to play there, and have a camp-fire and catch some fish. Maybe we won't catch any fish, but anyway we are going to roast some corn and potatoes and have some bread and butter and cookies. Harold's mother is going to give us some corn, and Steve's mother is going to give us some potatoes and cookies, and they want me to bring some potatoes and bread and butter. May I have some potatoes and bread and butter, Mother? We want to have a regular picnic."

Mother was silent for a while. Then she said: "I was just thinking, Edward, what would you do if God was too tired to think about you and do things for you? Take tomorrow, for instance.

"In the first place you couldn't go to the woods and the pond because there wouldn't be any. And you couldn't have for a picnic dinner any corn or potatoes

or bread and butter or cookies because there wouldn't be any. For you know as well as I do that God makes to grow the trees that make the woods, and he sends the rain that fills the ponds and brooks with water, and he makes to grow all the good things that we have to eat. And how could you ever have any fun at all if God had not given you a strong and wonderful body that can run and play and have a good time? All the things that make these October days so enjoyable God gives to us, beautiful things to look at, good things to eat, health and strength.

"All this God does for us because he loves us and thinks about us, and he never gets tired of doing things for us and taking care of us. But you are too tired sometimes to say your prayers at night and thank him, or to study his Word that tells about him and what he wants us to do."

Edward did not say anything. But he went and got his Memory Verse note-book and his lesson story-paper and cheerfully sat down beside his mother and began to study the Memory Verses.

FINDING A LOST PURSE

In the window of a hardware store Edward saw some fine knives for only fifty cents apiece. He had lost the one that had been given him on his birthday

and he wished he could buy one of those new knives. But he had only ten cents left of his spending money for that week. If he wanted one of those knives he would have to wait until he had saved enough from his weekly allowance of twenty-five cents to get one.

The next morning on his way to school, on the street quite near to the school, he found a small blue purse with a fifty-cent piece in it.

"Finders are keepers," he thought, and he put the purse with the money in it in his pocket and planned to spend the fifty cents that afternoon for the jack-knife.

When the attendance slip was ready that morning his teacher let him take it to the office. As he stepped into the office he saw a tearful little girl standing beside the principal's desk.

"I lost it on the way to school," she was saying. "It was a blue purse and it had fifty cents in it that mother gave me to buy some bread and meat for dinner, on my way home from school."

"I'll send a messenger around to the different rooms to see if any one has found it," said the principal.

Edward laid the attendance slip on the desk and quickly went out. The principal hadn't noticed him. The girl hadn't noticed him.

At first Edward was not going to tell that he had found that purse. He had found it in the street, he told himself, not in the schoolyard. If he had not picked it up some one else would have done so, some

one, perhaps, who did not go to the school, and the little girl probably would never have heard of it again. Anyway she should not have been so careless as to lose it. She should have taken better care of her money. And he wanted that knife very much. If he should spend that fifty cents for it he could have it now, and not have to wait two or three weeks.

Edward supposed that soon the messenger would be coming into his classroom and asking if any one had found a blue purse with fifty cents in it. Well, he would keep still, that's what he would do.

He would feel pretty mean, though, keeping still when that blue purse was right there in his pocket. And there was the little girl. He remembered how unhappy she had looked. He wondered if her mother would punish her because she had lost the money. Perhaps her mother didn't have much money. Perhaps there would not be anything for dinner if the little girl did not bring home bread and meat. Of course it really would not be right for him to keep the fifty cents now that he knew just who had lost it.

He took the little blue purse out of his pocket and went back to the office. The little girl was still there, waiting for the principal to send a messenger to inquire about her lost purse. Edward went to the principal's desk and laid the blue purse on it. "I found this on my way to school," he said.

The little girl jumped up. "That is my purse," she said, all at once looking relieved and happy.

The principal opened it and found the fifty-cent piece and gave the purse and the money to the little girl. To Edward he said, " You were a fine, honest boy to bring that purse to the office after you found it."

Edward was glad the principal did not know how near he had come to not being an honest boy.

83

LONG DIVISION AND A BOY OF THE MOUNTAINS

When Edward came home from school on Monday afternoon he had in his pocket a paper with examples in long division on it. " Take them home and ask your father or mother to help you with them, so you will understand long division better," his teacher had said.

But Edward, eating the peanut-butter sandwich his mother had given him, had no intention of showing her, or his father either, that piece of paper with the examples in long division on it. He did not want to spend time outside of school learning to do arithmetic. If he couldn't learn it while he was in school why then he wouldn't know it, that was all. The next time his teacher explained that kind of examples to the class he would listen a little more carefully, and would perhaps learn how to do them. It was a rainy afternoon, too, when Edward could not go out to play, just a nice time for Mother to give him a little help with his

arithmetic. But he went to the bookcase to look for a story-book, one that had a lot of pictures in it. He wished he didn't ever have to go to school, but could stay home and look at picture-books or play games, every day of the week.

Mother was reading a home missionary magazine which the postman had brought that day. Presently she said: "Here is a little story, Edward, that I think would interest you. It is about a boy who lived far away from any city, in a lonely mountain district. Sit down and I will read it to you."

"Martin lived up among the mountains, far away from any city or town. He did not have lessons to learn, because there was no school and no teachers of any kind near his home. He had to help with the garden work and do the chores, but that did not take all of his time. When his work was done and he was tired of running and playing he did not know what to do with himself. Of course there were no books for him to read, and even if there had been he could not have read them. Sometimes Martin felt very cross and unhappy, though he could not tell why. Sometimes he quarreled with his sister; sometimes he was ill-tempered toward his father and mother.

"Now I will tell you why he was cross and unhappy and ill-tempered. It was because he was growing in just one way when he should have been growing in three ways. That is, his body was getting to be big and strong; so he was growing in that way, but he was

Stories for All the Year

not growing at all in mind and spirit. But how could his mind grow when he could not read books and could not go to school? And how could his spirit grow loving and helpful and joyous when there was no one to teach him about Jesus, the Saviour, who came to earth to *help* people to grow loving and helpful and joyous?

“ Well, all this was changed when a Christian missionary came to live in the mountains. A school was started in a log cabin, and Martin and some other boys and girls of the mountains went to school for the first time in their lives. And on Sunday the Christian missionary and his family held Sunday school in the log schoolhouse, and the mountain boys and girls at last heard about their best friend, the Lord Jesus, and about his happy way of living.

“ Martin was delighted because he could go to school and Sunday school and learn things like other boys and girls in the outside world. There were so many things he wanted to know: about the cities and towns and villages that lay beyond the blue mountains, and about the people who lived in those places. He hoped he might some day go to live in a big city, and he worked hard to learn arithmetic so he would be able to do some work in a big city. Martin wanted to know about the seas, and the far-away countries beyond the seas. He wanted to know, too, about that country beyond the stars, and what would happen to him when he grew old and died, as his grandfather

had. Now in his school and in his Sunday school he could learn all those things, and he could learn, too, how to follow Jesus and be happy and useful every day of his life. And Martin was one of the happiest of boys because he could at last learn things.

"When we give money to home missions we are helping boys like Martin, and girls too, to learn about God and his world, and live happy, useful lives."

As Mother finished reading about the boy in the mountains Edward said: "Sunday I am going to put ten cents of my allowance in the missionary box."

Then he thought of something else. He reached into his pocket and took from it the paper that had the long-division examples on it.

"Will you show me how to do these examples, Mother?" he asked. "The teacher explained to the class how to do them, but I guess I didn't listen hard enough, and I don't know how to do them."

Mother spent a few moments showing Edward how to do one of the long-division examples. Then he did all the rest of them himself, and had them finished by suppertime.

TWO NEW BLOUSES AND A WOOD-PILE

When Edward came home from school Wednesday afternoon the first thing he did was to eat a thick slice

of bread with jelly on it and drink a glass of cold water. Then he tried on the new blouses that Mother had bought for him that afternoon.

One blouse was green and white with a round collar, and the other was blue with a sailor collar, and both were made of smooth, cotton cloth.

"They are both so nice I can't tell which I like best," declared Edward.

"They are nice," said Mother. "I was going to make you two new blouses, but I found these in a store when I was shopping this afternoon, and they are just as good as any I would make, and were not very expensive either. It is remarkable how many nice things one can buy in the stores nowadays all ready made."

"Did they make these blouses in the store?" asked Edward.

"Oh no," replied his mother. "They were made in some factory where people work all day long running machines that make many, many such blouses as these."

"I should think," remarked Edward, "that people would get tired of just doing nothing but make blouses all day."

"Oh yes, of course they get tired," said Mother. "But then every one gets tired when they work hard. Father gets tired as he works in the factory. Mother gets tired as she does her housework, but we rest and then we are ready to do more work."

"I get tired doing arithmetic, and studying spelling and geography, and sweeping porches," said Edward.

"But you would not be so happy, Edward, if you did not do some work. You would not enjoy your playtime nearly as much. Every one is happier when they do some work. It is God's plan that every one should work. He gives the soil and the seed and the rain and the sunshine, but people have to do some work or else they could not get food from the ground."

"I know," said Edward. "Miss Hammond told us Sunday how we get bread. The farmer has to plant the seed."

"And he has to harvest it," added Mother. "And the miller has to work to turn the seed into flour, and the baker has to work to turn the flour into bread.

"It is this way also with the cotton clothes we wear. God makes the cotton seed to grow, but men and women have to plant the seed and gather the cotton from the plants, and make cloth out of the cotton, and make clothes out of the cloth, clothes like your two new blouses.

"And now, Edward, there is some work I want you to do this very afternoon. The coal and wood man brought some wood for our living-room fire, and he unloaded it on the ground just outside the cellar window. I want you to throw this wood through the window down into the cellar, and get it all done before supper."

"All right," said Edward cheerfully. And out he promptly went, to do the work his mother had told him to do.

THE STORY OF THE RECHABITES AND OTHER TEMPERANCE STORIES WHICH EDWARD HEARD AT SUNDAY SCHOOL

Long ago, in the land of Canaan, there lived some people called the Rechabites. "We will drink no wine. We will always live in tents," they had said, and year after year they had kept these two promises.

One day Jeremiah, a great prophet and teacher, came to these people.

"Let all the sons of the Rechabites come with me to the Lord's house," he said.

The men went with Jeremiah to the house of the Lord. Jeremiah took them to a room where stood a large table on which were cups and a large vessel all filled with wine. "Here is plenty of wine," said the prophet, "you may drink all you want of it." But the Rechabite men turned away. "We will not drink it," they said, "for we have promised we would never drink wine all our days."

Now it was really God who had sent Jeremiah to offer wine to the Rechabites, and he had done this to show other people of Jerusalem that the Rechabites would be true to their promise. God was pleased indeed because the Rechabites stood firm for what they believed to be right, and he sent Jeremiah to tell other

people how strong and true and obedient they had been. There were other people in Jerusalem and in the land of Canaan who had not done what was right, and God wanted to show them how much better it was to be self-controlled, temperate, and obedient, as the Rechabites, who would not use God's good gift of grapes for making intoxicating wine.

Can you think why it was the Rechabites would not drink wine? They had seen that it hurt other people, making them weak and foolish and sick, and they did not want it to hurt them, so they would not drink it. This is what wise King Solomon said about drinking wine:

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath quarrels? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?

They that tarry long at the wine.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, . . . At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

These words were written for the boys and girls of Israel. Today they are also a warning for boys and girls of America. It is only temperance boys and girls who can make and keep our nation strong. It is only temperance boys and girls who will ever themselves find happiness.

The Rechabites knew that drinking wine was a dangerous thing to do, and they decided not to drink any wine. Today we know that drinking wine, or any other alcoholic drink, and smoking cigarettes too, are

such dangerous things for boys or girls to do that the only safe way is for them to refuse to drink any wine or smoke any cigarettes.

"But," said Miss Hammond, "there are other things about which we should be self-controlled. How many of you children like jelly or jam? Does your mother give you a lot of it in a big dish and do you take a spoon and eat it by the spoonful?"

Said Edward, "My mother spreads some on bread, and I eat it when I come home from school, or for supper." And a number of other children said that was just the way they ate jam. And Miss Hammond went on with her talk.

"There was once a little boy named Albert who was very fond of jelly and jam. His mother, too, used to spread jelly on bread and give it to him to eat, and he used to call it 'jelly bread,' and how he did like it! But some times he wished he could have the jelly without the bread. Sometimes he wished he could take a spoon and eat a whole jar of jelly without any bread!"

"Well, one time this little boy went to visit his aunt. Now his good aunt did not stop to think that too much jelly might not be good for a little boy, and she put a big jar of it beside his plate and during the three days of his visit let him help himself to just all he wanted. And the little boy did not use self-control at all, but ate that jelly by the spoonful, without any bread!"

“When this little boy came home his mother was surprised and worried to find that he was cross and seemed quite sick. ‘My head aches,’ the boy said fretfully.

“His mother put her hand on his head and found that it was quite hot. ‘Why, you have a fever,’ she said. ‘I think I had better have the doctor come in to see you.’

“The boy did not want to have the doctor come to see him. ‘If you give me some medicine I think I will get better without the doctor,’ he told her.

“‘Perhaps,’ said his mother, ‘you ate something at Aunt Ellen’s that did not agree with you.’

“‘I ate a lot of jelly,’ confessed the boy.

“The boy’s mother gave him some medicine and did not send for the doctor. The next day he was better. But it was a long time before he again enjoyed ‘jelly bread.’

“Did you ever hear of a ‘piggish’ boy or girl? How does a ‘piggish’ child act? He tries to get the most of a good thing for himself, doesn’t he? He is greedy and his greediness makes him intemperate, and he usually eats more than is good for him, and so hurts himself. Often, too, a greedy boy or girl hurts others by taking *their* share of a good thing.

“A little girl once went to a birthday-party. She greedily ate all her sandwiches and cake and ice-cream, and then she asked for an extra dish of ice-cream and ate that. And another little girl, who had been helping

to wait on the table, did not have any ice-cream at all, just because that other little girl had been greedy.

“ God has made to grow so many good things for us to eat. But he wants us to use his gift of food wisely, and eat to get strength and enjoyment from our food. To do this we must eat slowly and stop when we have had enough. It would be wrong to make ourselves sick by eating too fast and too much.

“ What good appetites boys and girls have! And sometimes, when they are very hungry, or when they want to hurry back to their play, they are tempted to eat too fast, and too much. But let us remember that when we eat slowly then we get enough food to satisfy us before we have eaten too much. Let us remember that it is foolish and wrong to be greedy.

“ We may think of our bodies as houses that we, ourselves, live in. The eyes are the windows of the body-house, the hands are its keepers. It is you who live in your wonderful body-house and look out of its windows; it is you who tell its keepers what to do.

“ If you lived in a beautiful house made of brick or wood or stone you would try to keep the windows clear and shining and all the house clean, wouldn’t you? Drink plenty of pure water, eat just enough bread and fruits and meats and vegetables that God made to grow for you, and then you will be able to keep beautiful and strong the wonderful body-house that God has given you.

“ God has given to boys and girls their bodies for

their spirits to dwell in. The Bible tells us, ‘YE ARE THE TEMPLE OF GOD.’ His loving presence also dwells within us.

“Our heavenly Father wants each one to take good care of the body-house and keep it pure and healthy that it may be a good dwelling-place. Only pure food and drink can help it to grow strong and healthy and beautiful. If you lived in a house that was broken down, and allowed the wind and rain to enter, you would get sick and not be able to enjoy work or play. So if you let your body-house get worn out and broken down by eating or drinking hurtful things, or by eating too much, you will not be able to do your best work and fully enjoy the beautiful things in life.”

When the lesson stories were finished the children memorized these Bible verses:

WHETHER THEREFORE YE EAT, OR DRINK, OR WHATSOEVER YE DO, DO ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

Then Miss Hammond pinned on the screen two pictures, one of a strong and beautiful house, and one of a healthy, beautiful child, to help the children remember what she had told them about rightly using God’s good gift of water and food.

A HUNGRY BOY AND A CHOCOLATE CAKE

Sometimes Edward remembered the lessons he learned at Sunday school, and they helped him to do the things that are right. But sometimes he seemed to forget them and act as if he had not heard them. Tuesday afternoon was one of the times when he seemed to forget.

That afternoon when he came home from school he found that his mother had company in the living-room, two ladies whom he did not know, and she was serving them with tea and cake.

Edward went into the pantry and found there a chocolate cake from which his mother had cut several pieces. He knew he should not help himself to the chocolate cake. He knew he was not allowed to have cake after school, but was to wait until suppertime for his piece. And there on the pantry shelf was the thick slice of bread and peanut butter that he knew was meant for him.

He looked longingly at the chocolate cake and he heard a voice say to him: "Help yourself to some of it, Edward. Maybe your mother won't notice that you have taken any." Whose voice do you suppose it was? It was the voice of Satan, the tempter.

Then he heard another voice say to him: "Don't

take any of the cake, Edward. Be self-controlled, and leave the cake alone, and eat your slice of bread and peanut butter." That was the voice of conscience, which God has put in each one of us.

Edward heeded the voice of the tempter and cut off a big piece of cake and ate it there in the pantry. Then he went outdoors with his slice of bread and peanut butter. He wasn't hungry for it now, but he thought he would have to eat it, lest his mother suspect what he had done.

He found his cat on the back porch and he had what he thought was a good idea. He put half of the slice of bread on the floor of the porch for the cat. Then he quickly ate the rest of the bread to get rid of it, and went off to find Steve and play with him.

When her guests had gone Mother went out on the back porch to call Edward, and she saw the half-slice of bread and peanut butter lying on the floor. The cat had simply smelled of it and had then gone off and left it, for, as most people know, cats do not like bread spread with peanut butter. Mother wondered why Edward had not eaten all of his slice of bread. But when she went into the pantry and saw the chocolate cake she knew the reason why.

And when Edward came in he was given only bread and milk for his supper, and was sent at once to bed. And when he said the Lord's Prayer that night he realized how much he needed to pray, "Lead me not into temptation."

A MAN WHO DID NOT SAY NO

Coming home from school Thursday afternoon Edward and Steve and Harold saw ahead of them a man who was acting very strangely, swinging his arms and staggering from one edge of the sidewalk to the other.

"He's drunk," said Harold. And when they went by him he said, "Hello, drunken man!"

The man stopped and looked angrily at Harold. "What's that?" he mumbled. "You call me a drunken man? I'll teach you not to call me names!"

With that he ran after Harold. Edward and Steve were frightened, but Harold laughingly dodged his pursuer, saying scornfully: "You can't catch me. You couldn't catch anybody, 'cause you're drunk."

"I'll teach you!" roared the man. But the next instant he fell and rolled over on the grass. He did not try to get up, but just lay there, breathing heavily, his face all red and puffy. As Edward looked at him he felt shocked and sickened. He had never before seen a man who was drunk. He thought of his own father, clear-eyed, clear-skinned, and tall and straight. How proud he was of his father. How sorry he was for the wretched man lying helpless on the grass.

As soon as Edward reached home his mother sent him to the store. On the way home he met Henry Emmons. Henry had a cigarette in his mouth and

was trying to look very grown-up and important. He took another cigarette from his pocket and offered it to Edward, saying, "Want to try one?"

"No, I don't," snapped Edward. "You ought to know better, Henry Emmons, than to smoke cigarettes. If a boy smokes cigarettes his body don't grow right and his mind don't grow right. Haven't you heard the teacher say that?"

"Oh yes," said Henry, "but I don't have to believe all I hear. I haven't ever smoked a cigarette before, though. I just found this one and the other one I've got in my pocket in a package somebody dropped or threw away."

Just then Edward and Henry saw their teacher coming down a side street. Quickly Henry took the cigarette from his mouth and threw it, together with the other one he had, into the ditch, before his teacher had come near enough to see what he had been doing.

"Anyway, I didn't care much for it," he told Edward.

That evening Edward told his father about the drunken man, how strangely he had acted and how shocking he had looked.

"Drinks that had alcohol in them made him act and look like that, son," said Father. "Years ago he took one drink of alcohol, and then another. Then he wanted more and more of it, and he took more and more. After a while he felt that he could not be happy unless he had had a drink of alcohol. And all the

while the alcohol was making his body and brain weak and feeble. But he did not think about that nor care about that. All he thought about was getting more alcohol, and he would sell his clothes or do anything to get more. And at last he became as you saw him this afternoon. A drunken man is truly a pitiful sight."

"There is one thing I am never, never going to do," said Edward earnestly. "I'm never, never going to drink alcohol."

HALLOWE'EN AND THE GOLDEN RULE

On the afternoon of the thirty-first of October Edward and Steve and Harold went to the store together, and each bought a mask for Hallowe'en, a funny goblin face. On the way home they put the masks on, and each one laughed at the funny sight of the other.

A little girl came along, on the way to the store for her mother. Edward and Steve went up to her. "The goblins are goin' to get ya," they said in strange, unnatural tones.

The little girl began to cry loudly in great fright.

"Don't let's scare her any more," said Steve.

"No, she's too little," agreed Edward. "She thinks we are real goblins."

Then off came the goblin faces, Harold's too, and the boys said: "Don't cry. We're not going to hurt you.

We're not real goblins. These are only funny faces that we put on because tonight is Hallowe'en."

The little girl stopped crying and went happily on her way, thinking that she need not be afraid of goblins that turned out to be just nice, jolly boys.

After supper Edward and Steve and Harold put on some grown-up's old clothes, and their funny faces, and went out to have some fun.

Said Harold, "I've got my knife and I'm going to cut somebody's clothes-line."

"You aren't going to cut my mother's clothes-line," declared Steve.

"If you cut my mother's clothes-line you will wish you hadn't," threatened Edward.

"Oh, I'm not going to cut your mothers' clothes-lines," Harold assured his friends.

"Going to cut your own mother's?" queried Edward.

"Of course not," said Harold indignantly.

"You better not cut anybody's clothes-line," said Steve decisively. "That's no fun."

"All right then, I won't," said Harold, "if that will make you goodies feel any better. Let's stop at this house and ring the door-bell and run away. What do you say to that?"

"Sure, we'll do that," agreed Edward and Steve.

They tiptoed up on the porch, and one of them gave a good push to the bell. To their surprise the door opened instantly, before the boys had time to turn

around. A man stood in the doorway and said pleasantly to them: "Good evening, boys. Come to make me a Hallowe'en call? Let me get a good look at you. Goblins, eh? You certainly do look great. I take it that you are the kind of goblins that get after foolish boys who think it is fun to damage other people's property and make bonfires too near houses and garages. Well, I'm glad you're out tonight. And I'm glad you came to see me. Now here's a bag of candies. Just take out a handful of them and put them in your pocket."

"Thanks," "Thanks," "Thanks," said the three goblins. "We will have to be going now," they added.

"Of course, of course," agreed the man. "So good-night and good luck to you."

"Wasn't he nice, and funny?" said Edward.

"Gee, yes, wasn't he?" responded Harold.

The three goblins went to another neighborhood where some boys had a big bonfire. As the bonfire was out in a field, a good distance from any house or garage, of course it was perfectly all right to have it, and the three goblins did not make the slightest objection, but stayed there for awhile and enjoyed it with the others.

Presently the three goblins went back to their own neighborhood. There they saw a strange and awesome sight. In the fields in back of Steve's and Edward's houses there prowled what looked to be a real ghost, a white-robed figure that moved back and forth and

moaned: "Who's got my gold tooth? Who's got my gold tooth?"

Greatly excited and interested, and half afraid, the boys watched it.

"Let's go up to it," said Harold, presently.

"I'll go and get my father and ask him to come with us," said Edward.

He hastened into the house to tell his mother and father about the ghost and ask his father to come out.

Father, however, was not to be found anywhere in the house. And all Mother would say when he asked about him was, "Why he must be somewhere around, Edward."

Then Edward got suspicious and began to laugh. "Father is the ghost, isn't he?" he questioned.

But all Mother would answer was, "How should I know?" However Edward saw a twinkle in her eyes, and he was sure his father was the ghost. He ran back to Steve and Harold.

"That ghost is my father, that's who it is," he informed them. "Come, let's run and see if we can't catch him."

But they could not catch the ghost. He slipped out of the fields and around to the front yard and in through the front door of Edward's house.

"There, didn't I tell you?" said Edward triumphantly. "It *was* my father."

A little later Mother invited the three goblins to come in and bob for some apples. And there was Father,

sitting by the table, reading the evening paper and looking very innocent.

"We know you were the ghost," the boys declared.

"Was I?" asked Father, still looking innocent.

But Edward, looking close, saw a twinkle in his eyes, and rightly guessed that he had been the ghost.

CRUEL PLANTS AND TRAPS

One of the things Edward liked best to do was to sit on the couch beside his mother with the big "Book of Knowledge" and look at its pictures and have Mother tell him about them. Saturday evening they looked at pictures of plants, some of which were colored and very beautiful. There was one page that showed cruel plants that entrap and kill animals. Mother told him about one of those plants, the "death-pitcher," which grows in some parts of North America.

"It is beautiful in shape and color, and many insects are attracted to it," said Mother. "The insects find honey on the pitcher's edge and down a little way on the inside. But alas for any poor insect that goes inside that pitcher, for never again does he come out! Sharp bristles, all pointing downward, are on the inside, and try as he will, the poor insect cannot climb between them and out again into the free air. In the bottom of the pitcher there is a watery fluid, and

into this the weary insect at last falls and dies. The pitcher, you see, is really a death-trap.

"There are many, many sad stories of men and women who have been led to their death by something that at first looked to them very attractive. Alcoholic drink has been the cause of many being caught in a trap and dying in misery and shame. There are other evils, too, that have looked bright to people and attracted them, and then killed them."

"There are evils that entrap even children. A child may begin by saying a little swear-word, and end by being a profane and very wicked man. A child may begin by telling one little falsehood, and end by having such a habit of telling lies that no one can believe him. A child may begin by stealing some little thing, and end his life in shame and sorrow behind prison bars. The only safe way is not to *begin* to do wrong, and then you will not be caught in some trap of sorrow and trouble that may lead to death."

EDWARD'S PART IN A PLAY AT SCHOOL

At school Edward's class was to give a play. It was to be in the evening, and parents and friends were to pay fifteen cents to come and see it, and the money was to be used to buy a stereoscope and some pictures

for the school. The play was to have in it a king and a queen, two pages, and a number of other characters.

Now Edward hoped very much that he would be chosen to be the king. But he was chosen, instead, to be a page. This made him feel disappointed and hurt and cross, and he told his mother he wasn't going to be in the play at all, and wasn't going to try to sell any tickets.

But Mother said, "Would you not enjoy having the stereoscope pictures to look at?"

Edward said that he would.

"Then," said Mother, "don't you think you ought to be willing to do your share toward earning them, even if you do have to be just a page in the play?"

"Harold Johnson is the other page, and he says he thinks he'll tell teacher he don't want to be in the play either. Neither one of us wants to be a page."

"The two pages are needed in the play, are they not?" asked Mother.

"Oh yes, they have got to have two pages," replied Edward.

"In the Bible story you had Sunday," said Mother, "Nehemiah and his friends all had to work together. His friends had to do anything they were told to do. Suppose the people of Jerusalem said, 'If we can't be leaders like Nehemiah we are not going to do any work at all?' Then the city walls would not have been rebuilt, and the homes of the people would not have been safe. If the other children in your class refused

to help with the play just because they could not be the king or queen, why then there wouldn't be any play, and there wouldn't be any stereoscope and pictures for all of you to enjoy. If I were you I would cheerfully take the part of a page and do my best to make the play a success. If you are willing to be a page then probably Harold will be willing to be one."

"He said he'd be a page if I would be one," said Edward.

"Well then I would be one," said Mother, "and help earn the stereoscope and pictures. Then you will have a right to enjoy them."

Edward did as his mother advised him.

Soon he was very glad he had stayed in the play. For it was great fun to be in the rehearsals. And the part of a page was not nearly so hard to learn as the parts of the king and of some of the other important characters. After a while neither he nor Harold minded a bit because they had not been chosen to be the king or some other important character.

Many fathers and mothers and friends came to see the play, and declared that it was very enjoyable and a great success. It certainly was a success so far as the returns in money were concerned. For there was enough money to buy the stereoscope and pictures, and some left over which was put in the school bank.

And when the stereoscope and pictures came none of the children enjoyed them more than did Edward and Harold.

A BROKEN WINDOW

Edward went to school early one morning of the following week, taking his baseball with him. There was no other child in the schoolyard when he got there, and while he waited for other boys to come he played a game of ball with himself, throwing the ball against the side of the schoolhouse and catching it as it bounced back. Then he accidentally threw the ball against one of the windows and broke it. For an instant he looked up in dismay at the broken window. Then he picked up his ball and ran out of the schoolyard, and did not come back again until there were many children in the yard and it was almost time for the bell to ring.

As soon as the bell did ring and the children were assembled in their classrooms the teachers inquired about the broken window and tried to find out who had broken it.

Suspicion fell upon Tony Riski, a Polish boy in Edward's room. Tony was rather a naughty boy, and several children said they had found him playing in the schoolyard that morning when they had arrived. Tony declared that he had not broken the window, but neither the teacher nor the children believed him. For, sad to tell, Tony had more than once told a falsehood about something that he had done.

Edward did not want to own up that it was he who

had done it. For one thing if he did own up the teacher would expect his father to pay for the broken window. So he kept still, and no one guessed that he had done it.

But all that morning Edward felt very guilty and miserable. And at noon as he walked home the world seemed somehow changed. The crisp air and the blue sky and the gold and brown beauty of the autumn world could no longer make him happy, because he had a burden of guilt on his heart.

It was Aunt Marian, who was having dinner at Edward's house that noon, who finally got the truth out of Edward. "Why are you so blue, Edward?" she had asked, when she was alone with him. And her voice was so kind and sympathetic that he just had to tell her.

"Of course you know what you are going to do about it," said Aunt Marian, looking straight into Edward's eyes.

"Yes, I know," said Edward. "It isn't fair to let them think that Tony did it. I'll own up that I did it, though it will be harder now than if I had done it this morning. And I'll pay for a new window-glass myself, too, with some of the money I have saved in the bank."

"Now you are talking!" said Aunt Marian.

Edward went back to school and confessed that it was he who had broken the window, and he agreed to pay for it. And he was once more light-hearted and happy.

A HUT AND A HOME

The hut among the bushes beside the pond had been a favorite resort of the boys during October. But when November came the leaves of the bushes began to be nipped by Jack Frost and blown off by Mr. Wind, and the hut looked every day more exposed and uninviting. Then too the weather was daily growing colder.

On Saturday afternoon Edward and Steve and Jimmy Dent went there, taking with them some sandwiches and apples, intending to stay there the rest of the afternoon. But the weather was cloudy and windy and cold, and sitting still in the hut with the cold wind blowing through it they found was no fun at all.

Before eating their lunch the boys ran around the pond to get warmed up. Then they sat down in the hut and munched their sandwiches and apples. Before they had finished eating their lunch they were cold again.

"A hut in the bushes isn't a very good house in the wintertime," remarked Steve.

"No," agreed Edward, "it lets in the wind. And you can't have a fire in a hut."

"A cave would be a warmer place," said Jimmy. "The wind couldn't blow through that."

"I wouldn't like to live in a cave," said Edward.

"It would be dark there, and cold too, 'cause you couldn't have a fire."

"Why couldn't you have a fire?" questioned Jimmy.

"Smoke. Get in your eyes," replied Edward briefly.

"That's right. I hadn't thought of that," said Jimmy.

Rain began to fall outside the hut. Presently big drops of water were coming through the burlap roof of the hut.

"If we stay here much longer we shall get wet," said Jimmy. "Let's beat it for home."

"I'm agreeable," said Edward.

"Me too," said Steve.

And through the cold wind and rain each boy ran home as fast as he could, Jimmy going in one direction and Edward and Steve in another.

"So long," said Edward to Steve, as he ran up the steps to his door. "See you tomorrow."

"See you tomorrow," responded Steve, as he ran into his yard and up on his porch.

Mother and Baby Ethel were sitting in the living-room, beside a cheerful, crackling wood-fire, and Mother was mending stockings.

"I am so glad you have come in," said Mother. "I have been trying for a long time to mend stockings but I have not made much progress because Ethel wants me to amuse her. You play with her, like a good boy, so I can get this mending done. She grows tired of playing all alone."

Ethel was sitting on a rug on the floor, with a pile of blocks beside her which she did not want to play with all by herself. When, however, Edward began to build a house with the blocks she was quite interested and gleeful, and handed him block after block so he could build the walls of the house.

Edward placed the blocks close together, "So the wind can't blow through the house," he explained to Mother. "Our hut by the pond was cold today because the wind blew through it. And on this house I am going to put a good roof, too, so the rain can't come through the ceiling. The rain was beginning to come down through the roof of our hut today."

"In cold and stormy weather there is no place like a house," said Mother.

"Miss Hammond told us Sunday," said Edward, "that at first people lived in caves or tents, and they were not satisfied with them, so they cut down trees and made houses."

"Yes," said Mother, "that is one big reason why God made trees to grow, so people could use them for building homes for themselves. Bears live in caves, squirrels live in holes in the trees, birds find shelter from the wind and rain and cold and snow among the thick branches of the evergreen trees or in the eaves of a house or barn. But people cannot live in any of these places. The heavenly Father knew his children would need houses to live in, so he made to grow big trees that could be cut down and sawed into boards

and made into houses. And if men will work with their axes and saws and planes and hammers and nails they may build from the trees comfortable, beautiful homes.

"The trees give us not only houses but furniture too. Here in this room there are many things that have been made from God's trees."

Edward looked about and began to enumerate the things. "A table," he said, "chairs, desk, bookcase, couch."

"The fire-wood also," added Mother, "that keeps our fire burning and makes the room so warm and cheerful, that came from the trees."

Edward's eyes rested on the geranium plants in the window, looking very beautiful with their abundant green leaves and their red blossoms. "The geraniums make the room look nice and cheerful," he said. "They are not made of wood, though," he added.

"No," said Mother, "but they are another one of God's gifts to us, to cheer and brighten the indoor winter days. God knew some of his children would have to live where the winters were cold. So he gave them trees with which to build and furnish comfortable homes. And he gave them wood and coal with which to make fires to keep them warm. And he gave them plants that would live through the winter, and many other beautiful things, to make them happy."

Just then there was a crash, and a merry sound from Baby Ethel. She had given the house of blocks a

push and knocked it down, just for the fun of seeing it tumble.

But Edward loved his little sister, and had, these days, much patience with her. And he began all over again to build a house of blocks, while little Ethel again looked on and helped with charmed interest.

"There is one thing I am glad of," said Edward to his mother. "I am glad the house we live in doesn't tumble down."

93

EDWARD'S THANKSGIVING GIFTS

Into the cellar went Edward with two paper bags, to the storeroom where the winter vegetables and fruits were kept.

It was the Sunday before Thanksgiving Day, and Miss Hammond had told the children they might bring to Sunday school, if they wished, some vegetables or fruit as a thanksgiving gift to a children's home where lived many orphan boys and girls. Mother had given Edward the two bags, and had told him he might fill them with any vegetables or fruit from the storeroom.

Edward was very fond of apples, and very fond of potatoes cooked and mashed with milk and butter. He did not like carrots and he did not like beets. One of the bags he filled with apples, the other he filled with potatoes. Not a single carrot and not a single beet went into the bags.

The two bags, full to the top, made quite a heavy load for him to carry to Sunday school, but he carried the load gladly because he wanted to share some of the good things in his cellar with the boys and girls of the children's home.

Many other children of Edward's class had brought gifts of vegetables and fruits. Some had brought canned vegetables, some had brought jelly, some oranges, some bananas.

94 ✓

NEIGHBORS ACROSS THE STREET

The house across the street had been vacant for more than a month. A middle-aged couple with no children had for years lived there, but Edward had not seen them much or come to know them very well. When, in October, these people had moved the blinds had been closed and the doors locked, and for weeks there had been no sign of life there.

On Monday afternoon of Thanksgiving week a truck stopped before the house, and two men unloaded and carried into the house a stove, a table, and chairs and beds, and other household furniture. That evening there was a light in the house, and Edward, watching from a window, could see a man moving about in it and coming out and going in. But he could see no other person. He felt disappointed because he had hoped there would be children.

"No children, no mother, just a man," Edward told his mother, who was busy getting supper ready and had no time to watch at the window.

"I hardly think a man would be coming to live alone in that house," said Mother. "It may be that he is getting the place ready for others who are coming later to live there."

It turned out that Mother was right. The man had been getting the house ready for his wife and children, who arrived the next day after a long journey over the sea and on a train.

When Edward came home from school the next afternoon he found three dark-eyed children, two girls and a boy, walking about in the front yard, looking eagerly at every bush and tree and corner of it. Eagerly they talked together, but Edward could not understand what they said.

"Hello. You going to live here?" he inquired in friendly tones. The three children did not answer, but looked at him, not rudely, but questioningly.

"You going to live here?" repeated Edward.

The boy, who looked to be seven or eight, smiled broadly then and said, "No speak Englese. Speak Italian."

Then Edward smiled back and pointed to his house to show that he lived there. And the three Italian children pointed to the house on their side of the road to show that they were going to live there.

Later that afternoon when Edward went in and told

his mother about the Italian children across the street and how they did not understand English she said: "Poor things. How strange they must feel here in this new land. I have for supper some nice soup with tomato in it, and I will send some of it over to them. Italian people are very fond of tomato. They like macaroni, too, and there is plenty of macaroni in the soup. And I will send them also some nice ginger cookies that I made this morning."

At suppertime Edward carried a pail of soup and a dish of cookies to the neighbors across the street.

The children's father opened the door. He could speak English, and he urged Edward to come into the kitchen while his wife emptied the soup from the pail and put the cookies in another dish.

The three children sat at the kitchen table eating bread and cheese. Their eyes shone hungrily as their mother poured the hot soup into a dish on the table and put the cookies on a plate beside it.

Said the children's father: "I live in America two, three, five year. My wife and my children live in Italy two, three, five years. I send letter, I send money, tell my wife and children to come America. In letter I say America good country. Plenty work, plenty bread, plenty cheese, plenty macarone, plenty schools. Now all in America, me, my wife, my Louis, my Rosa, my Mary. All happy together in America."

Yes, they were all happy together. One had only to see their happy faces to believe that.

That evening Edward asked his mother what they were going to have for their Thanksgiving dinner.

"Chicken," replied his mother; "we are going to have nice roast chicken with dressing and cranberry sauce."

"I wish we were going to have turkey," said Edward discontentedly. "Steve is going to have turkey, and so is Jimmy Dent."

Wednesday morning the father of Louis and Rosa and Mary came to Edward's back door and smilingly held out to Mother a one-dollar bill and asked her if she would buy for his family some time that day a pot-roast of beef for their Thanksgiving dinner. "Because my wife no can speak English and no can buy," he explained, "and tomorrow American holiday."

Mother said she would indeed be glad to buy the meat for his family and help them in any other way that she could.

At noon Edward took the meat over to the little Italian mother, who smiled at him gratefully and gave him a cake of chocolate. As he was leaving their kitchen he saw the three Italian children gather about the meat and look at it with joyous anticipation.

On the way home Edward thought of the roast chicken he was going to have for his Thanksgiving dinner. "That's a lot nicer than just pot-roast of beef, which I can have any day," he said to himself. "I ought to be thankful that I am going to have roast chicken. And I ought to be thankful that I live in

America. And I ought to be thankful for a lot of other things. And I am!"

95



THANKSGIVING DAY

On Thanksgiving morning Edward stood at the kitchen table and watched his mother as she stuffed the chicken and sewed it up with a needle and a long thread and put it in the roasting-pan and set it in the oven. He then went into the living-room where Father sat holding Baby Ethel and reading a magazine and announced: "Chicken is all stuffed and in the oven. Yum, yum, I can hardly wait till it's done."

Presently arrived Aunt Bertha and Uncle John, who had been invited to dinner. Aunt Bertha took the wrapper and the cover from a box of fudge and put the fudge on the sideboard, saying it was for the whole family.

"May I have some now?" Edward asked his father.

"One piece," replied Father. "After dinner you may have more."

"May I have all I want after dinner?" questioned Edward.

"I think I would better tell you a little story, Edward," said Father. "Once upon a time there was a little boy who was quite well and jolly and happy on Thanksgiving morning. Then when dinnertime came

he sat down with the rest of the family and some company to eat a Thanksgiving dinner. He ate some white meat and some brown meat of the turkey, he ate some dressing, he ate some potatoes and turnips, some pickles, some cranberry sauce, and some pumpkin pie."

"He was awful hungry, I guess," put in Edward, "that was why he ate so much."

"I guess he was hungry," said Father. "And of course it was perfectly right for him to eat just all the Thanksgiving dinner that he wanted. But after the dinner was over he went on eating things. He ate some apples, some nuts, and many pieces of rich candy. After a while he felt very uncomfortable, and became quite cross and unhappy."

"Daddy," said Edward, "you need not tell any more of that story because I know it. That boy was me, last year. But it isn't going to be me this year."

And it wasn't.

96

HELPING A FRIEND

"Come on and play ball," called Edward to Steve on Wednesday afternoon.

"Can't," replied Steve mournfully. "Got to work. Got to put a lot o' potatoes in bins. Take me till suppertime, I guess."

Edward went with Steve to the cellar of his house and saw lying on the floor bushels of potatoes which he

had to carry in basketfuls to bins in the cellar store-room.

"I'll help you," said Edward, "and then it won't take you till suppertime."

"If you help me I'll give you this," said Steve, taking from his pocket a small magnifying-glass.

Edward waved it away, saying: "You don't have to give me anything for helping you. I'll help you just 'cause I want to. See!"

"You're a friend worth having," said Steve gratefully.

Of course two boys can get a piece of work done in just half the time it would take one boy to do it, and the winter potatoes were in the bins, and Steve and Edward were playing ball together long before it was suppertime.

97

FORGIVING A FRIEND

"Don't forget that we are going nutting tomorrow afternoon," said Edward to Steve, as the two boys parted company Friday evening.

"No, I won't forget," responded Steve.

But at noon on Saturday Steve went over to Edward's yard and whistled for him to come out and then told him he could not go nutting that afternoon because he was going to the moving pictures with his father and Doris.

"You said you would go nutting with me," said Edward.

"I didn't know my father was going to take me to the pictures when I said that," replied Steve.

"You don't have to go to the moving pictures, do you?" demanded Edward.

"Oh, I don't suppose I have to," said Steve, "but I want to. I haven't been to the moving pictures in a long time and I want to go."

"If you go I'll be mad at you," threatened Edward.

"Get mad if you want to," said Steve; "I'm going just the same."

That afternoon as Edward saw Steve go off with his father and Doris he felt very cross and ill-tempered and much vexed with Steve.

"I'm mad at Steve," he told his mother. "He said he would go nutting with me this afternoon, and then he wouldn't go because his father said he could go to the movies. He wouldn't stay home and go nutting with me when I wanted him to. And Wednesday I went down in his cellar with him and helped him put potatoes in bins so he could come and play. I'm mad at him, and I'm not going to speak to him when he comes home."

"Suppose," said Mother, "that Father had offered to take you to the moving pictures this afternoon. Wouldn't you have gone?"

Edward thought hard for a moment, and then he answered, "I suppose I would."

"Then you should not blame Steve for going," said Mother, decisively.

Edward was out on his front porch when, a little after five, Steve came home with his father and Doris.

"Hello, Steve," Edward called cheerfully. "Have a good time?"

Steve's round face beamed, and he came over and sat down on the porch step beside Edward. "Had a pippin time!" he declared. "Some of the pictures were so funny I most laughed my head off. Wish you could have seen them. I'll tell you about them."

Therewith Steve began to tell Edward about what he had seen at the moving-picture theater. Suppertime came before he was half through, but he promised to tell him the rest the next time he saw him.

And as for Edward being mad at Steve, well, he never said another word about it.

98

A CAN OF PINEAPPLE

When Edward went in the house he found his mother standing in the pantry before a shelf on which were tin cans of vegetables and fruits, trying to decide just what kind of fruit she would have for supper.

On one of the cans Edward saw a picture of a large pineapple and the words HAWAIIAN SLICED PINEAPPLE.

"Let's have some pineapple for supper," he said.

"Very well," said Mother, and she took the can of pineapple from the shelf and reached for the can-opener.

When the slices of pineapple and syrup had been transferred to a fruit dish Edward took the can and looked curiously at the label. He read aloud some more words he found on it: "Picked when ripe, canned same day, canned where grown."

"That means," said Mother, "that this pineapple was grown and canned in far-away Hawaii. People in far-away Hawaii raised it and canned it and shipped it to the United States that we might have it for our supper this evening."

"I'll say those people are my friends," said Edward, "because I do like pineapple."

99

ENEMIES

"I just had a fight with Harold Johnson," announced Edward as he came in from school on Monday afternoon.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mother. "What hope is there for the peace of the world if boys in a Christian neighborhood will fight?"

"Well, is wasn't my fault," declared Edward. "He started in to fight me, and I had to fight back or get

hurt. You wouldn't want me just to stand still and let him punch me, would you?"

"What started the fight?" questioned Mother.

"Harold got mad because I put his name on the board for being disorderly in school. And he was disorderly, and I had to put his name on the board. The teacher had to go out of the room, and she put me in charge of the class and told me to write on the board the names of any children who were disorderly. As soon as she was out of the room Harold began to talk and laugh out loud. I guess he thought I wouldn't put his name on the board because we were friends. And he got worse and worse, and if I hadn't put his name on the board the other children would have talked and laughed too. So I had to put his name on the board if I was to keep the class orderly. And when the teacher came in and saw Harold's name on the board and heard what he'd been doing she said he would have to stay after school every afternoon for a week beginning tomorrow because she had to go home early today. Harold was awful mad. And after school he caught up to me when I was half-way home and called me a squealer and began to punch me. And I punched him back, good and hard. And now he's mad at me, and I'm mad at him."

"You would better forgive each other and be friends again," advised Mother.

But day after day went by, and Edward and Harold continued to be enemies.

THE OTHER BOY

"I can't think what is the matter with Edward lately," said his Mother to Aunt Marian one afternoon. "He acts discontented and unhappy. I can't understand why he should act that way when he has so much to make him happy."

"Perhaps he has too much," suggested Aunt Marian.

"You would not think so if you should hear him tell what he wants for Christmas. Why, I simply could not afford to buy him all that he wants."

"I think," said Aunt Marian, "that he may be getting to think too much about himself and what he wants. He may be getting a little selfish. That will make any child discontented and unhappy."

"Very likely that is what is the trouble," said Mother.

"I think," said Aunt Marian presently, "that I know of a cure for Edward's discontent."

The following afternoon she took Edward with her when she went to see a boy who used to be in her school and was now sick and almost helpless. On the way she told Edward about him. "His name is Earnest," she said, "and though he is sick in bed he has to stay alone all day while his mother is away at work, with only a neighbor coming in now and then. He is very brave and tries to take care of himself until his mother

comes home at night. But he is a sad little chap, as you will see. And you don't wonder at that when you think how he cannot get up and run and play like other boys but just has to be sick and lonesome all day long."

They climbed two pairs of stairs to the third floor where they found the sick boy in his bed alone.

Edward was quite shocked to see how very thin and pale he was. He did not smile at all, and would answer only yes or no to Aunt Marian's kind questions. But a pleased look came into his face when she put a large orange on the table beside his bed.

On the way home Edward asked his aunt if the boy was going to die.

"The doctor thinks he will in time get better," replied Aunt Marian. "He did almost die a few weeks ago when he had the pneumonia. He got over the pneumonia and is now suffering from another disease which the pneumonia left him. The fact is the poor boy has not had the right food nor the right care, and that is why he got the pneumonia and is now so sick. His father is dead, and his mother has to work to support her boy and herself. But since the boy has been sick a kind doctor and some kind friends are doing everything they can to help him, providing medicine and good food for him, and the doctor thinks he will get better, though it will be many weeks before he will be able to get up and walk about."

"He looks so solemn," remarked Edward, "but then I don't blame him for being solemn."

"He is a sad little child," said Aunt Marian. "If he would only cheer up a bit and be happy he would be likely to get well sooner. I will take you to see him again, and perhaps as he gets better acquainted with you he will talk to you and be glad to have a boy of his own age come to see him. Wouldn't you like to go and see him often and try to help him to be happy?"

"When I go again," said Edward, "I will take him some of my picture story-books for him to look at while his mother is away."

"That would be a nice thing to do," said Aunt Marian. "And I will tell you of something else you might do for him. You might make a picture scrap-book for his Christmas, cutting out bright and interesting pictures from magazines and pasting them on sheets of paper and making a book of them. Would you like to do that?"

"Sure I would," said Edward. "There is a lot of old magazines up in our attic that I could cut pictures from."

"Some day next week I will go up in your attic with you and help you to select some pictures and start making the book," promised Aunt Marian.

CHRISTMAS SECRETS

Monday afternoon found Edward and Aunt Marian busy up in the attic, looking over old magazines and cutting out bright and interesting pictures for a scrap-book that was to be a Christmas present for Earnest.

Some of the magazines had whole columns of jokes in them, and this made Aunt Marian think of another nice thing for Edward to do.

"Why not make a funny story-book for a Christmas present for your father?" she suggested.

Edward became enthusiastic about this. "I will make a nice cover for it," he said, "and put on the outside, 'A BOOK OF FUN.'" And he began to tear off the pages on which were the columns of jokes.

When they had many pictures and many joke pages they carried them down-stairs to the warm living-room to the table where Edward was to do his work.

Mother was much interested in both the scrap picture-book and the book of funny stories, and said she would help Edward with both.

"I will have to work some on them every day if I am to get them done by Christmas," said Edward, as he began to paste the first pictures and the first jokes of the scrap-book and the book of fun. "Of course I must not let Father see me working on the joke-book, so I will have to make that when he is not around."

One good thing had already happened. Edward had been cured of being discontented and unhappy and thinking too much of himself.

Friday afternoon Edward went Christmas shopping with Aunt Marian, to spend fifty cents which he had saved for Christmas presents. He had saved in all sixty cents, but he had put aside one dime to take as a missionary gift to the Christmas party the next day, and that left fifty cents for him to spend.

For his mother Edward bought at the ten-cent store a framed picture of a beautiful sunset. For Baby Ethel he bought a rubber doll that made a whistling sound when you squeezed it.

On one counter he saw some pencil boxes. Each one had a pencil, a pen, a ruler, and an eraser in it, and was only ten cents. "Steve would like one of them," thought he, and he bought one for Steve, wishing he had enough money so he could buy one for himself also.

For his father Edward bought a large white handkerchief to go along with the joke-book.

For other friends he bought ten Christmas postcards, for which Mother had agreed to give him the stamps.

Aunt Marian had an errand in a store where a make-believe Santa Claus was giving candy canes to children, and Edward received a candy cane.

Close to a building on a corner they saw a blind man sitting on a box selling shoe-laces and lead-pencils. Aunt Marian bought a pair of laces and two lead-

pencils from him and gave them to Edward, and Edward felt quite rich because those were two things he seemed always to be in need of.

They started for home then, Edward carrying proudly the Christmas presents he had bought. "I'll put these presents on the top shelf of my closet," he said, "so no one will see them." He thought of another present he was going to hide there, one for Aunt Marian herself, a beautiful star calendar which he was making for her at school.

"I wish," said he, "that I had saved more money so I could have bought more presents for Mother and Daddy."

"I am sure they will be delighted with what you have for them," said Aunt Marian. "But if you want to give them more you may *do* things for them, and so give them gifts of service, that will make the days of Christmas month pleasanter and happier for them. A gift of service is indeed a splendid gift to give to any one."

102

GIFTS OF SERVICE

Such a nice spicy smell in the kitchen when Edward came home Tuesday afternoon and found Mother baking Christmas cake. But also a lot of dishes waiting on the kitchen table to be washed, and a kitchen floor to be swept, and Baby Ethel creeping about after

Mother and crying because she wanted somebody to play with her.

"I am so glad you have come," said Mother. "Now I can finish up my work while you take care of Baby Ethel."

Edward had planned to work on the scrap-books which were now almost finished. But here indeed was an opportunity to render a gift of service to Mother, and he said not a word about what he wanted to do, but took his little sister in the living-room and played with her till nearly suppertime. The Christmas cake was baked and frosted then, and the kitchen was in order, and Mother was not too tired.

"I will try to get time to sweep out that garage before Christmas day," said Father as he was going to work the next morning. Edward heard him, and after breakfast he took a broom and swept the garage. "This is my gift of service to Dad," thought he.

The week before Christmas Edward and Steve went to the woods to get evergreens for Christmas.

Frost and cold and wind had taken away the flowers and hardened the ground and swept the leaves from most of the trees. But the branches of the evergreen trees were green and beautiful, and on the ground in sheltered places were scarlet berries growing amid small, glossy, dark green leaves, and Edward and Steve brought home armfuls of the evergreen branches and scarlet berries and leaves, with which to decorate their homes for Christmas day.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

On the way to the Christmas party Edward and Steve met Uncle John and Aunt Bertha.

"Where are you going and what are you carrying in those big bundles?" asked Uncle John.

"We are going to a Christmas party at our church, and we are taking some fruit and some story-books as gifts for some orphan children," replied Edward.

"I would like to go to that party," said Aunt Bertha, "but I must do some Christmas shopping this afternoon. Uncle John and I would like, though, to send a gift to that party. Would a gift of money do?"

"Oh yes," replied Edward, "we could put that in the missionary box for a Christmas missionary offering." And he took the fifty-cent piece his aunt gave him and slipped it inside his glove and held it tightly in the palm of his hand so he would be sure not to lose it and not to forget to put it in the missionary box.

Doris, walking on ahead, was carrying a doll which she had dressed herself, and was going to put under the Christmas tree, her gift for some orphan girl.

When they were half-way to the church Henry Emmons caught up to them. He, too, had a Christmas gift, a half dozen oranges for some one who was sick.

Just as they reached the church Rupert Carlton jumped out of his father's automobile and joined them.

He was not carrying a bundle. "Haven't you brought a gift?" asked Edward.

"Father gave me this to put in the missionary box," said Rupert, taking from his pocket a dollar bill.

In the vestibule of the church little Grace Stannard was looking on the floor for something. "My ten cents for the missionary box," she said tearfully. "I dropped it and I can't find it."

Doris and Edward helped her to look for it, and at last it was found, and they all went to their Sunday-school room where many other children were already assembled.

First of all the children sang Christmas songs about the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem. Then while some music was played they marched around the Christmas tree, and those who had gifts for Jesus left them at the foot of the tree, after which they all stood quietly with bowed heads and sang:

Jesus, Saviour, loving King,
Bless each Christmas gift we bring;
They are very small we know,
But our loving hearts they show.

When the children were again in their chairs Miss Hammond told a Christmas story. Then a number of children who knew Christmas songs and verses came, one by one, to the front of the room and sang their songs and recited their verses.

Miss Hammond then held up a toy Santa Claus and announced that they would play "Hide the Santa

Claus." While one child was out in the hall another child hid the Santa Claus right there in the room. Then the child in the hall was allowed to come in and hunt for the Santa Claus. What fun it was for the class to call "Cold!" when the seeker was far away from the hidden Santa Claus, and "Hot!" when he was right near it.

Last of all the children again marched around the Christmas tree and this time each one received gifts from their Sunday school—a handkerchief, and orange, and a candy cane. And every child went home happy.

104

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS BETWEEN ENEMIES

On Sunday afternoon Edward addressed his Christmas post-cards, one to his grandma and grandpa in the country, one to Rodney Blake whom he had played with on Grandpa's farm in the summer, one to his grandma and grandpa in a neighboring city, one to Uncle John and Aunt Bertha, one to Miss Hammond.

"I have one left, and I don't know who to send it to," Edward told his mother. "I have a Christmas present for Steve so I don't need to send him any."

"How about sending one to Harold?" suggested Mother.

"Harold and I are not friends any more," said Ed-

ward. "Ever since we had that fight we don't speak to each other."

"I think that is a great pity," said Mother. "Especially at Christmastime one ought to be forgiving and friendly. If I were you I would send him a card."

"All right," said Edward, "I'll send him one." And he wrote Harold's address on his last Christmas post-card.

Early on Monday morning he mailed the cards.

When the postman came on Tuesday he had a surprise for Edward—a Christmas post-card from Harold!

That very afternoon Edward and Harold were happily playing together.

105

EDWARD PLAYS SANTA CLAUS

Coming in from outdoors the day before Christmas Edward found his mother filling a basket with apples and oranges and bananas and nuts.

"It is for the Italian family across the street," she told him. "Do you want to play Santa Claus and take it over to them?"

"Wish I had a present to give to each one of the children," said Edward.

Mother thought a moment, then she said: "We might give the boy that gray woolen waist that you

wore just a few times and then outgrew. It would fit the boy nicely because he is smaller than you. And I have two pretty cups and saucers, just as good as new, that would make nice presents for the girls."

The waist and the cups and saucers were wrapped in white paper and tied with green cord, and Edward took them, together with the basket of fruit, to the house across the street.

The Italian family received Edward with delight, saying, "He is the good St. Nicholas!"

They took Edward to a little room off the kitchen and showed him something he thought was quite remarkable. It was a model of the town of Bethlehem, as it was long years ago, when the Baby Jesus was born there. The stone houses, the stable, the cattle, the manger, all were shown. And in the manger was a tiny baby doll to represent the Baby Jesus. And Edward knew, from their shining eyes and tender voices when they spoke of the Baby Jesus, that Louis and Rosa and Mary also loved him, even though they were Roman Catholics, and went to a church that was quite different from Edward's.

It was still dark, but Edward was wide awake. He got up softly and put on his bedroom slippers and his

bathrobe. He reached to the top shelf of his closet and took down the Christmas presents he had for Mother and Father and Baby Ethel. He crept downstairs and into the dining-room and put the presents at his mother's and father's and sister's places at the table. Then with his heart beating fast with excitement and anticipation he stepped into the living-room and pushed the electric light button.

No light shone in the accustomed place over the table, but over by the window on a lovely Christmas tree shone many lights, red, blue, orange, lighting up the branches of the little evergreen tree and revealing other lovely, shining things that hung from it. Edward gave the tree one long, enthralled look, and then went over to the fireplace where, the night before, he had hung his stocking. The stocking bulged with candy and nuts and oranges, and there beside it stood the new flexible flyer sled that he had wanted. And beside the sled the train of cars with its circular track that he had wanted. And on the back of a chair a new red sweater and a pair of leather gloves.

Edward threw off his bathrobe and kicked off his slippers and dressed himself, putting on the new sweater. Then he wound up the spring of the train of cars and set the train going round and round on its circular track.

“Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!” said gay voices, and there in the doorway were Mother and Father and Baby Ethel.

Everybody was delighted with their Christmas presents. Mother said she thought the picture Edward had given her was very beautiful, and said she would hang it in the living-room where they could all see it and enjoy it. Father said he guessed Edward had given him the big handkerchief along with the book of fun so he could use it to wipe away the tears when he laughed hard at the jokes. Baby Ethel had two dolls, one that said "Mamma" and the one that Edward had given her that made a whistling sound when you squeezed it, and she hugged them both and laughed joyously. It was indeed a happy family that sat down to breakfast a little later.

Edward wanted to eat only candy and nuts and oranges for his breakfast, but Mother insisted upon his having some oatmeal and toast and bacon.

After breakfast Edward went over to Steve's house to wish him a merry Christmas and take his Christmas gift to him.

"I was just this minute coming over to see you to bring you a Christmas present," laughed Steve.

Edward gave Steve a package wrapped in white paper and tied with green cord, and Steve gave Edward a package wrapped in white paper and tied with red cord. The funny thing about those packages was that, except for the difference in the color of the cord, they looked exactly alike.

Edward opened his and Steve opened his and then both boys laughed merrily. For each one had given

the other the same kind of a present, a pencil-box containing a pencil, a pen, a ruler, and an eraser.

"How did you know I wanted a pencil-box?" asked Edward.

"How did you know I wanted one?" asked Steve.

In the middle of the morning Aunt Marian came bringing Edward another Christmas gift, a book that told about the Knights of King Arthur.

"Suppose we go now to see Earnest," said Aunt Marian. "I have some Christmas presents for him, and you have the scrap picture-book."

"And I am going to take him some white grapes, too," said Edward.

"Good," said Aunt Marian. "I have some oranges for him, and a nice warm bathrobe. I think he will smile and look happy when he sees what we have brought him."

The joyous spirit of Christmas had already come into Earnest's heart. His mother was home with him and he was happy, he told Aunt Marian and Edward, because she was going to stay with him all day and they were going to have chicken for dinner. He was happy, too, because a neighbor had that morning given him the beautiful plant that now stood on the table near his bed. When Aunt Marian and Edward gave him their Christmas gifts he was happier than ever.

"The doctor said he could begin to sit up in bed awhile each day," said his mother, "and he will need the nice warm bathrobe to keep him warm."

Stories for All the Year

With pleased interest Earnest turned the pages of the scrap picture-book.

"I made it for you myself," said Edward.

"It is a peachy book," said Earnest, "and I will look at it a lot when my mother is away."

"I thought you would," said Edward.

In the afternoon Mother said Edward might invite other children in to see his Christmas tree, and he invited all the children of the neighborhood, his Italian neighbors, and Harold, too. Harold brought Edward a Christmas present, a puzzle game, and Edward was quite distressed because he had no present for Harold until Mother slipped into his hand a nice boy's handkerchief and whispered, "Give him this."

After a while Mother played some Christmas hymns and the children sang "Long Ago on Christmas" and "Away in a Manger." Then everybody had an orange and some candy from the Christmas tree.

At evening Edward said: "It has been a glorious Christmas day. There is only one thing more I want now, and that is some snow so I can go coasting with my new sled."

"I am thinking you will get that before long," remarked Father.

“WHEN I GET BIG”

It was Sunday afternoon, and Steve and Doris and Harold were all in the living-room of Edward's home, helping him to make another scrap picture-book.

“Maybe we will give it to Earnest and maybe we will give it to some one else who is sick,” said Edward, as he held up a picture of a boy fishing in a pond, and trimmed it neatly.

“Maybe some child in our neighborhood or Sunday school will get sick with whooping cough or measles or something, and we can give it to him,” remarked Harold.

“It won't be me who will get sick with the measles because I had them last winter,” said Edward triumphantly.

“Nor me either,” said Steve.

“But there is sure to be some one who will be glad to have the book,” said Edward's mother. “We might send it to some children across the sea who would love to see pictures of America.”

Presently Doris held up a picture of a nurse in her white cap and apron.

“When I get big,” she remarked, “that is what I am going to be, a nurse.”

“When I get big I am going to be a storekeeper,” said Edward.

"I'm going to be a sailor," said Harold.

"When I get big I am going to be the best thing of all," said Steve, "I am going to be a minister and preach the gospel."

Doris and Harold and Edward looked a little troubled. It certainly was a fine thing to be a minister, and then had not Jesus told his followers to preach the gospel?

Then up spoke Edward's mother. "I don't see why you cannot all preach the gospel," she said, "by each one of you doing just whatever you want to do. People can preach the gospel, even if they are not ministers, by living just the kind of life Jesus would have them live, and showing to the world what it means to be a Christian. Edward could do that by being honest and fair in all his dealings with people. Wherever Harold went he could live a Christian life, and he might have the chance to tell the story of Jesus to some sailor friend. And no one has a better opportunity to be loving and helpful and patient like Jesus than a nurse. It is true that Steve could spend much of his life *telling* the gospel story, which would indeed be a happy thing to do, but Edward and Harold and Doris, as well as Steve, could all *live* the gospel story, which would be the happiest thing of all to do. So you can all be what you want to be, and preach the gospel too."

Of course they could! Doris and Steve and Edward and Harold all saw that now.

COASTING ON EVERGREEN HILL

When Edward looked out of the window in the early morning of the last day of December he saw the snow he had been wanting ever since Christmas day.

He gave a whoop of delight as he ran down to the warm living-room. He ate a good breakfast of corn-meal muffins and bacon and egg and cocoa. Then he put on his warm coat and cap and overshoes and gloves and took his beautiful new "flexible flyer" and went outdoors.

For a while he had the snowy, white world all to himself. He ran around the back yard, pulling his sled after him, crunching the snow under his feet and making paths.

The back yard had a gentle slope and he picked up his sled, ran a few steps with it, and then flopped down on it and coasted a short distance.

He longed to try his sled on a real hill, like Evergreen Hill a quarter of a mile distant, so called because of the tall evergreen trees at its summit. But he wanted Steve to go with him to Evergreen Hill, and he whistled and called to him to come out.

Presently Steve appeared at a window, half dressed, and called out, "Coming!"

Soon Steve came out with his sled, and Doris with hers, and Harold with his. The Italian children came

Stories for All the Year

out too, though they had no sled. Edward went down cellar and got his old sled and let them have that, and off they all went to Evergreen Hill.

There they found many other children. Isadore was there, and Jalmer Oquist, Henry Emmons, Jimmy Dent, Rupert Carlton, big children, little children, children of different nationalities. And all were friendly and happy together, coasting down Evergreen Hill.

TOPICAL ETHICAL INDEX

(Arabic numerals refer to pages in the book.)

- ANIMALS, THEIR VALUE AND THEIR CARE:** Cows and Hens and Kittens, 173.
- APPRECIATING WHAT PEOPLE WHO ARE FAR AWAY DO FOR US:** A New Coat, 1; A Can of Pineapple, 262.
- BIBLE, THE:** A Wonderful Book, 13; Coming Home in the Dark, 17; When Father Was Away, 61; A Long Journey, 146.
- CHRISTMAS:** Christmas Secrets, 268; Gifts of Service, 270; The Christmas Party, 272; Edward Plays Santa Claus, 275; Christmas Day, 276.
- EASTER:** Nature Easter Stories, 82; Bible Easter Stories, 83; Grandma MacKay Goes to Another Home, 99.
- FORGIVING OTHERS:** When Edward was a Truant, 71; Forgiveness, 106.
- FOURTH OF JULY:** Being a Soldier, 153.
- FRIENDLINESS TO ALL:** Isadore, 49; New Neighbors, 76; The Good Samaritan, 143; A Long Journey, 146; Befriending a Rich Boy, 160; Befriending an Enemy on Grandpa's Farm, 168; The Swimming-pool, 188; Neighbors Across the Street, 254; Christmas Greetings Between Enemies, 274; Coasting on Evergreen Hill, 283.
- GARDENS AND THEIR CARE:** What Edward and Steve Planted in Their Gardens, 102; Weeds in the Fields, 118; A Garden, a Boy, and a Friendly Hop-toad, 155; Geraniums for a Window Garden, 193.
- GOD, GRATITUDE TO:** Who Gave It All? 218; Neighbors Across the Street, 254.
- GOD, PRAYING TO:** Talking to Our Unseen Friend, 132; Beside the Brook, 162.
- GOD THE GIVER OF ALL GOOD GIFTS:** Edward's New Coat, 1; The Giver of All Good Gifts, 2; The Magic Airship, 31; A Hut and a Home, 249; Gardens—Rain—Sunshine, 103; Cows and Hens and Kittens (animals to be our friends and helpers), 173.
- GOD'S CARE:** A Walk in the Deep Snow, 4; When Edward Was Afraid, 7; In the Hospital, 44; The Thunder-storm, 136; A Day in the Woods, 195.
- GOD'S POWER AND LOVE, NATURE STORIES SHOWING:** A Walk in the Deep Snow, 4; The March Wind and the Seeds, 41; A Story About Seed and Soil, 52; Nature Easter Stories, 82; A Ride Through the Country, 89; Birds in the Rain, 96; Honeybees, 177; A Day in the Woods, 195; The Seashore, 199; The Thunder-storm, 136.
- HELPING OUR NEIGHBORS ACROSS THE SEA:** The Story of Jonah, Neighbors of Other Lands, 113; The Story of Robert Morrison, 116; The Missionary Party, 119;

Topical Ethical Index

- The Story of the White Lamb and the Black Lamb, 128.
- HELPING TO MAKE THE KINGDOM OF HAPPINESS GROW (SERVICE): Making the Day Happy, 9; St. Valentine's Day, 28; A Doer of the Word, 55; What Edward Did with His Easter Plant, 88; The Christmas Stories, 272-276; "When I Get Big," 281; Edward Has a Narrow Escape, 165; Befriending an Enemy, 168; Edward's Thanksgiving Gifts, 253.
- HONESTY AND FAIR PLAY: Edward Has a Narrow Escape, 165; A Game of Croquet, 179; Sweet Apples, 184; Finding a Lost Purse, 220; A Hungry Boy and a Chocolate Cake, 235; A Broken Window, 247.
- JESUS THE GREATEST HELPER AND FRIEND: The Kingdom of Happiness, 22; The Good Shepherd, 35; Stories of Jesus' Last Days on Earth, 78; Jesus Living Again (Bible Easter Stories), 83; A Breakfast on the Shore of Galilee, 93; The Children's Friend, 124; Edward Sees a Big Parade, 26; Memorial Day, 111.
- JESUS IN EVERY-DAY LIFE, HONORING: A Game of Croquet, 179.
- JESUS, STORIES OF. (See topic "Jesus the Greatest Helper and Friend.")
- LIFE AFTER DEATH: Nature Easter Stories, 82; Bible Easter Stories, 83; Grandma MacKay Goes to Another Home, 99.
- LIVING THE GOLDEN RULE: Making Others Happy, 130; Hallowe'en and the Golden Rule, 239; Edward's Thanksgiving Gifts, 253; Gifts of Service, 270.
- MISSIONS, FOREIGN. (See topic "Neighbors Across the Sea.")
- MISSIONS, HOME: Long Division and a Boy of the Mountains, 223.
- NATION AND ITS LAWS, A: A Long Journey, 146.
- NEIGHBORS, FRIENDLY: Grandma MacKay, 30; A New Friend, 101; A Dog and a Cat Become Good Friends, 187; Beside the Brook, 162.
- NEW YEAR, THE: A New Coat, 1; The Giver of All Good Gifts, 2.
- PEACE BETTER THAN WAR; BEING A SOLDIER, 153.
- PENITENCE FOR WRONG-DOING: A Bag of Sugar and a Wet Afternoon, 210.
- SCHOOL, APPRECIATING: Long Division and a Boy of the Mountains, 223.
- SELF-CONTROL, STORIES OF: The Blue Necktie, 19; Building a House, 37; Learning the Multiplication Tables, 58; Edward Climbs a Forbidden Tree and Eats too Many Apples, 203; The Mind Treasury, 216; The Story of the Rechabites, 229; A Man Who Did Not Say No, 237; Thanksgiving Day, 258; Money to Save and Give and Spend, 208; The Right Kind of Fun with a B-B Gun, 213; Hallowe'en, 239; Edward Has a Narrow Escape, 165; What Came Up in Edward's Garden (keeping out evil and helping the good to grow), 63; Cruel Plants and Traps (keeping away from evil), 243; "What, Father?" (showing respect for parents), 194; The Church on a Week-day (showing reverence for God's house), 209.
- SHARING FOOD WITH OTHERS: Edward's Thanksgiving Gifts, 253.
- SUNDAY SCHOOL, INFLUENCING OTHERS TO COME TO: Jalmer and the Sunday School Picnic, 139; The Picture Story-Paper, 205.

Topical Ethical Index

SYMPATHY FOR OTHERS: Befriending an Enemy on Grandpa's Farm, 168; The Other Boy, 265.

UNHAPPINESS THAT COMES FROM QUARRELING, THE: The Quarrel, 90; Enemies, 263.

VALENTINE'S DAY: Saint Valentine's Day, 28.

WORKING, THE NEED OF (see stories under topic "Gardens and Their Care"): A Dream in the Garden,

206; Two New Blouses and a Wood-pile, 226.

WORKING AND PLAYING WITH OTHERS, COOPERATION IN: Playing Robinson Crusoe, 182; The Swimming-pool, 188; Edward's Part in a Play at School, 244; Helping a Friend, 259.

WRONG-DOING, SUFFERING FOR: Edward Has a Narrow Escape, 165; Edward Climbs a Forbidden Tree and Eats too Many Apples, 203.

LIST OF STORIES

Of Special Interest and Teaching Value for Children Six and Seven Years of Age

- A New Coat, 1.
The Giver of All Good Gifts, 2.
A Walk in the Deep Snow, 4.
When Edward Was Afraid, 7.
Making the Day Happy, 9.
The March Wind and the Seeds, 41.
A Ride Through the Country, 89.
Birds in the Rain, 96.
Gardens—Rain—Sunshine, 103.
The Missionary Party, 119.
The Children's Friend, 124.
The White Lamb and the Black
Lamb, 128.
Talking to Our Unseen Friend, 132.
The Thunder-storm, 136.
The Good Samaritan, 143.
A Garden, a Boy, and a Friendly
Hop-toad, 155.
Cows and Hens and Kittens, 173.
Honeybees, 177.
Sweet Apples, 184.
A Dog and a Cat Become Good
Friends, 187.
A Day in the Woods, 195.
The Picture Story-paper, 205.
The Church on a Week-day, 209.
A Bag of Sugar and a Wet After-
noon, 210.
A Hungry Boy and a Chocolate
Cake, 235.
Thanksgiving Day, 258.
The Other Boy, 265.
Christmas Secrets, 268.
Gifts of Service, 270.
The Christmas Party, 272.
Edward Plays Santa Claus, 275.
Christmas Day, 276.
Coasting on Evergreen Hill, 283.

LIST OF STORIES

Of Special Interest and Teaching Value for Children Eight and Nine Years of Age

- A Wonderful Book, 13.
Coming Home in the Dark, 17.
The Blue Necktie, 19.
The Kingdom of Happiness, 22.
Edward Sees a Big Parade, 26.
St. Valentine's Day, 28.
Grandma MacKay, 30.
The Magic Airship, 31.
The Good Shepherd, 35.
Building a House, 37.
In the Hospital, 44.
Isadore, 49.
A Story About Seed and Soil, 52.
A Doer of the Word, 55.
Learning the Multiplication Tables, 58.
Making the Kingdom of Happiness Grow, 59.
When Father Was Away, 61.
What Came Up in Edward's Garden, 63.
Honoring the King, 65.
When Edward Was a Truant, 71.
New Neighbors, 76.
Stories of Jesus' Last Days on Earth, 78.
Nature Easter Stories, 82.
Bible Easter Stories, 83.
What Edward Did with His Easter Plant, 88.
A Ride Through the Country, 89.
The Quarrel, 90.
A Breakfast on the Shore of Galilee, 93.
Birds in the Rain, 96.
- Grandma MacKay Goes to Another Home, 99.
A New Friend, 101.
What Edward and Steve Planted in Their Gardens, 102.
Forgiveness, 106.
Memorial Day, 111.
Neighbors of Other Lands, 113.
Robert Morrison, 116.
Weeds in the Fields, 118.
The Missionary Party, 119.
The Children's Friend, 124.
Talking to an Unseen Friend, 132.
The Thunder-storm, 136.
Jalmer and the Sunday-school Picnic, 139.
The Good Samaritan, 143.
A Long Journey, 146.
Being a Soldier, 153.
A Garden, a Boy, and a Friendly Hop-toad, 155.
Befriending a Rich Boy, 160.
Beside the Brook, 162.
Edward Has a Narrow Escape, 165.
Befriending an Enemy on Grandpa's Farm, 168.
Cows and Hens and Kittens, 173.
Honeybees, 177.
A Game of Croquet, 179.
Playing Robinson Crusoe, 182.
Sweet Apples, 184.
A Dog and a Cat Become Good Friends, 187.
The Swimming-pool, 188.
Geraniums for a Window Garden, 193.

List of Stories

- "What, Father?" 194.
A Day in the Woods, 195.
The Seashore, 199.
Edward Climbs a Forbidden Tree
and Eats too Many Apples, 203.
A Picture Story-paper, 205.
A Dream in the Garden, 206.
Money to Save and Give and Spend,
208.
In the Church on a Week-day, 209.
A Bag of Sugar and a Wet After-
noon, 210.
The Right Kind of Fun with a B-B
Gun, 213.
The Mind Treasury, 216.
Who Gave It All, 218.
Finding a Lost Purse, 220.
Long Division and a Boy of the
Mountains, 223.
Two New Blouses and a Wood-pile,
226.
The Story of the Rechabites, 229.
A Hungry Boy and a Chocolate
Cake, 235.
- A Man Who Did Not Say No, 237.
Hallowe'en and the Golden Rule,
239.
Cruel Plants and Traps, 243.
Edward's Part in a Play at School,
244.
A Broken Window, 247.
A Hut and a Home, 249.
Edward's Thanksgiving Gifts, 253.
Neighbors Across the Street, 254.
Thanksgiving Day, 258.
Helping a Friend, 259.
Forgiving a Friend, 260.
A Can of Pineapple, 262.
Enemies, 263.
The Other Boy, 265.
Christmas Secrets, 268.
Gifts of Service, 270.
The Christmas Party, 272.
Christmas Greetings Between En-
emies, 274.
Edward Plays Santa Claus, 275.
Christmas Day, 276.
"When I Get Big," 281.
Coasting on Evergreen Hill, 283.

LIST OF STORIES

Complete in Themselves, That May Be Selected from the
Book and Told to Children Eight, Nine, and Ten
Years of Age

- A Wonderful Book, 13.
The Blue Necktie, 19.
The Kingdom of Happiness, 22.
The Magic Airship, 31.
Isadore, 49.
A Story About Seed and Soil, 52.
Making the Kingdom of Happiness
Grow, 59.
When Edward Was a Truant, 71.
Stories of Jesus' Last Days on
Earth, 78.
Nature Easter Stories, 82.
Bible Easter Stories, 83.
A Breakfast on the Shore of Galilee, 93.
Grandma MacKay Goes to Another
Home, 99.
Forgiveness, 106.
Neighbors of Other Lands, 113.
Jalmer and the Sunday-school
Picnic, 139.
A Long Journey, 146.
A Garden, a Boy, and a Friendly
Hop-toad, 155.
Befriending a Rich Boy, 160.
Beside the Brook, 162.
- Edward Has a Narrow Escape, 165.
Befriending an Enemy on Grandpa's
Farm, 168.
Cows and Hens and Kittens, 173.
Playing Robinson Crusoe, 182.
The Swimming-pool, 188.
A Dream in the Garden, 206.
A Bag of Sugar and a Wet After-
noon, 210.
The Right Kind of Fun with a B-B
Gun, 213.
The Mind Treasury, 216.
Finding a Lost Purse, 220.
Long Division and a Boy of the
Mountains, 223.
The Story of the Rechabites, 229.
Hallowe'en and the Golden Rule,
239.
Edward's Part in a Play at School,
244.
A Broken Window, 247.
A Hut and a Home, 249.
Christmas Secrets, 268.
Gifts of Service, 270.
"When I Get Big," 281.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STORIES

- Bag of Sugar and a Wet Afternoon, A, 210.
Befriending an Enemy on Grandpa's Farm, 168.
Befriending a Rich Boy, 160.
Being a Soldier, 153.
Beside the Brook, 162.
Bible Easter Stories, 83.
Birds in the Rain, 96.
Blue Necktie, The, 19.
Breakfast on the Shore of Galilee, 93.
Broken Window, A, 247.
Building a House, 37.
Can of Pineapple, A, 262.
Cat and a Dog Become Good Friends, A, 187.
Children's Friend, The, 124.
Christmas Day, 276.
Christmas Greetings Between Enemies, 274.
Christmas Party, The, 272.
Christmas Secrets, 268.
Church on a Week-day, The, 209.
Coasting on Evergreen Hill, 283.
Coat, A New, 1.
Coming Home in the Dark, 17.
Cows and Hens and Kittens, 173.
Cruel Plants and Traps, 243.
Day in the Woods, A, 195.
Doer of the Word, A, 55.
Dream in the Garden, A, 206.
Edward Climbs a Forbidden Tree and Eats too Many Apples, 203.
Edward Has a Narrow Escape, 165.
Edward Plays Santa Claus, 275.
Edward Sees a Big Parade, 26.
Edward's Part in a Play at School, 244.
Edward's Thanksgiving Gifts, 253.
Enemies, 263.
Finding a Lost Purse, 220.
Forgiveness, 106.
Forgiving a Friend, 260.
Friend, A New, 101.
Game of Croquet, A, 179.
Garden, a Boy, and a Hop-toad, A, 155.
Gardens—Rain—Sunshine, 103.
Geraniums for a Window Garden, 193.
Gifts of Service, 270.
Giver of All Good, The, 2.
Good Samaritan, The, 143.
Good Shepherd, The, 35.
Grandma MacKay, 30.
Grandma MacKay Goes to Another Home, 99.
Hallowe'en and the Golden Rule, 239.
Helping a Friend, 259.
Honeybees, 177.
Honoring Jesus on the Playground, 69.
Honoring the King, 65.
Hungry Boy and a Chocolate Cake, A, 235.
Hut and a Home, A, 249.
In the Hospital, 44.
Isadore, 49.
Jalmer and the Sunday-school Picnic, 139.
Kingdom of Happiness, The, 22.
Learning the Multiplication Tables, 58.
Long Division and a Boy of the Mountains, 223.
Long Journey, A, 146.
Magic Airship, The, 31.
Making Others Happy, 130.

Alphabetical List of Stories

- Making the Day Happy, 9.
Making the Kingdom of Happiness Grow, 59.
Man Who Did Not Say No, A, 237.
March Wind and the Seeds, The, 41.
Memorial Day, 111.
Mind Treasury, The, 216.
Missionary Party, The, 119.
Money to Save and Give and Spend, 208.
Nature Easter Stories, 82.
Neighbors Across the Street, 254.
Neighbors of Other Lands, 113.
New Neighbors, 76.
Other Boy, The, 265.
Picture Story-paper, The, 205.
Playing Robinson Crusoe, 182.
Quarrel, The, 90.
Ride Through the Country, A, 89.
Right Kind of Fun with a B-B Gun, The, 213.
Robert Morrison, The Story of, 116.
Saint Valentine's Day, 28.
Sandwiches and Chocolate Cake, 57.
Seashore, The, 199.
Seed and Soil, A Story About, 52.
Stories of Jesus' Last Days on Earth, 78.
Story of the Rechabites, and Other Temperance Stories Which Edward Heard at Sunday School, 229.
Sweet Apples, 184.
Swimming-pool, The, 188.
Talking to Our Unseen Friend, 132.
Thanksgiving Day, 258.
Thunder-storm, The, 136.
Two New Blouses and a Wood-pile, 226.
Walk in the Deep Snow, A, 4.
Weeds in the Fields, 118.
What Came Up in Edward's Garden, 63.
What Edward and Steve Planted in Their Gardens, 102.
What Edward Did with His Easter Plant, 88.
"What, Father?" 194.
When Edward Was a Truant, 71.
When Edward Was Afraid, 7.
When Father Was Away, 61.
"When I Get Big," 281.
White Lamb and the Black Lamb, The Story of, 128.
Who Gave It All? 218.
Wonderful Book, A, 13.

